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July 1935
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★ PHOTOPLAY



Esther Williams
By Paul Hesse

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MRS C GLOSBERG
CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Softer, Smoother Skin can be yours with just One Cake of Camay!



Lady, if you'd be lovely, look to your complexion. A soft, clear skin is beauty's first essential. Yes, and you can have a softer, smoother skin with just *one cake* of Camay...if you'll forego careless cleansing...go on the

Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Just follow directions on the Camay wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can give your skin a thrillingly softer look!



MEET THE BAUDOS

Kay met Joe, a doctor, at a hospital dance. This was it! Kay is tall, dark and stunning—one of the most interesting-looking girls you ever saw!



The site is chosen for the Baudos' home on Long Island. They'll build soon. And in the meantime, Kay stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you too!

MRS. JOSEPH S. BAUDO
the former Kathryn M. Cheetham of Forest Hills, N. Y.
Bridal partrairt painted by

Alex Ross.





"What d'you do — Poison those arrows?"

CUPID: Sure! Arsenic, strychnine — take your pick. I aim to please.

GIRL: Verr-ry funny. But you know darn well you're not aiming to please *me*! Huh—and the folder said, "Cupid always gladdening the days at Mountain View Inn"...

CUPID: Now *wait* a minute! You go around looking like the meanest trick of the week, and you expect *me* to—. Look, cookie, try *smiling* at men for a change!

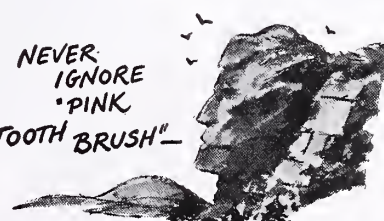
GIRL: It'd be a change for the worse. My smile's the original tattle-tale gray. I brush my teeth, mind you—

CUPID: Don't mind me. Just answer this: Do you see "pink" on your tooth-brush?

GIRL: Well—

CUPID: Well, *that's* a warning to *see your dentist* — but *pronto!* Let *him* decide what's wrong. Maybe it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise—and if so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

NEVER
IGNORE
"PINK
TOOTH BRUSH"—



GIRL: Please try to concentrate. We were speaking of my *smile*.

CUPID: First things first, feather-brain. Sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy *gums*. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. So if your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, then *massage with Ipana*, Sis...and you'll be started on a smile that'll slay the men—the way you *want* 'em slayed!

For the Smile
of Beauty—

Ipana and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is not a bad idea.

It involves embracing life. Recommended for those who like embracing.

M-G-M's new musical, "Living in a Big Way" will make you merrier. It may make you live in an even bigger way.

Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald are the "Boy-meets-Girl" of this hearty, happy picture.

Gene is the shiniest dancer—the best "timer" of scenes—and, to our and the public's mind, one of the very top stars in pictures. He has never been better, not even in "Anchors Aweigh". How the boy can dance!

What originality characterizes his dance plots! The scene in, which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week's movie allowance.



He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders. Sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as "The Body". Her curves are classic and where she walks one hears a whistle.



In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, "Is life worth living?" he said, "It all depends on the liver".

And if the liver is "living in a big way", then life has its worth. So roar with the Lion among philosophers—

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Esther Williams, star of "This Time for Keeps"
Miss Williams's sun suit designed by Marusia of Beverly Hills
Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

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LIVING IN A BIG WAY

When a gal who's
got curves... meets
a guy who's got
angles... it's loving
... laughing... living
in a big way!



M-G-M's
new, gay,
tip-topical
musical!

starring

GENE KELLY  **Marie McDonald**

with

CHARLES WINNINGER · PHYLLIS THAXTER · SPRING BYINGTON

A GREGORY LA CAVA PRODUCTION

Directed by **GREGORY LA CAVA** • Original story by GREGORY LA CAVA • Screen play by GREGORY LA CAVA • Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**
and IRVING RAVETCH • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Valerie Hobson, John Mills—enchanting couple in a thrilling, suspenseful film

✓✓ Great Expectations (Universal-International)

LET your expectations rise as high as they want—you'll not be disappointed for even a single moment in this film that's based on the Dickens novel. It has all the Dickensian moods and turns and twists of plot that you'd expect; you'll relish them all right up to the last exciting moment.

This is about *Pip*, a "young man of great expectations," who falls heir to a fortune from an anonymous patron and goes to live in London. He's just a blacksmith's apprentice, but he takes to London life with the greatest of ease and sees in it the chance to win the fair hand of his

childhood playmate Valerie Hobson. The mystery of his patron—as well as the mystery in Valerie's life—will take you from the foggy English marshes to life in the Temple, the London courts and a gruelling scene in a deserted old English country house.

The first scene sets the mood and when we tell you that most of the audience screams involuntarily you'll get a good idea of the very excellent type of film-making you'll find in this laurel-winner.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll hold on to your seat.



Best fun in years: Betty Hutton and John Lund in the saga of nickelodeon days

✓✓ Perils of Pauline (Paramount)

TAKE along a bag of peanuts and the biggest laugh you own. The laugh you'll need almost constantly; the peanuts are just to put you in the mood of the picture—a marvelous mood that takes you back to the old nickelodeon days when Pearl White as the serial heroine *Pauline* got rescued once a week from the wicked villain as the piano played madly on.

Pauline is back again and Betty Hutton has her. It's this bundle of blonde energy that takes over the role of Pearl, the little stage-struck girl who walks right into the lead of the famous early-day thriller. This is Hutton's meat; she does it up brown with every trick in her raucous category

going to make for some of the best fun you've ever had at a movie. Backing her up are Billy De Wolfe, a genuine sort of a gagster, John Lund and veterans William Demarest and Constance Collier to flavor this old-time dish.

Pauline does just about everything and the movie has just about everything, too. Its scenes of the first films in the making are something to paste up in your album with great big gold stars.

If this one doesn't make you laugh, you're lost.

Your Reviewer Says: Go yourself and take everybody.



Triple shot: Harold Lloyd, Frances Ramsden, Arline Judge in reel fun fest

✓ The Sin of Harold Diddlebock (California-UA)

HAROLD LLOYD and his horn-rimmed glasses come out of retirement and set up active business again as motion-picture entertainers. How entertained you'll be depends on how you react to Lloyd and his impetuous solemnity; also to the idea of people dangling from skyscrapers attached to a lion. Yes, that's what we said—attached to a lion. His name is Jackie and he's Lloyd's most efficient prop.

Forget common sense and you may have an uncommonly good time if you can imagine one *Harold Diddlebock*, a worn-out bookkeeper, taking to the bottle and buying a circus. There are some funny scenes, some not so funny and some down-

right silly, but Lloyd's there all the time, playing away for dear life. One Frances Ramsden, a new and provocative personality, is the heroine, but she doesn't have much to do. Jimmy Conlin, Raymond Walburn and Franklin Pangborn fill in some comedy spots and Arline Judge adds her bit to the fun. The rest is all handled by the maestro himself and if you feel as silly as he looks, the picture's all yours.

Some scenes drag, but one is a bell-ringer—the opening shot, lifted right out of Lloyd's old picture, "The Freshman."

Your Reviewer Says: Sin without punishment.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 11

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 13

DON'T DARE MISS THIS **CLASH!**

You'll see the
tensest star-teaming
in years!

You'll see
excitement to
"Keep your
pulse
jigging!"

(WALTER
WINCHELL)

**HUMPHREY
BOGART**
**BARBARA
STANWYCK**
**ALEXIS
SMITH**

IN
**"The TWO
Mrs. Carrolls"**

DIRECTED BY
NIGEL BRUCE · PETER GODFREY · MARK HELLINGER
Screen Play by Thomas Moby · From the Stage Play by MARTIN VALE · Music by Franz Waxman

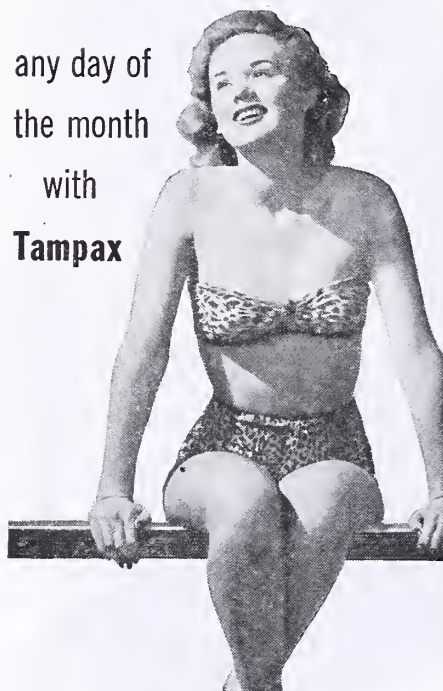


Violent love, violent thrills!
Another terrific treat from
WARNERS



SWIM

any day of
the month
with
Tampax



BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 4)

✓ Down to Earth (Columbia)

SOME people "up there" may get a little annoyed one of these days if Hollywood keeps bringing celestial denizens down to earth. This time, it's Rita Hayworth—pardon us, the Muse Terpsichore, who gets Mr. Jordan to let her come wafting down with Messenger Edward Everett Horton.

Larry Parks is the reason—he's putting on a musical in which the muses sing such songs as were never heard in Greek mythology and Rita's pretty mad about it. Once on earth she gets things her own way, which means the show's a flop and gangster George Macready will shoot Larry. But here comes Mr. Jordan again—he's distinguished Roland Culver in this one—to set Rita straight on the path of love.

The Broadway background is, of course, the cue for lots of songs, dances, Technicolor costumes and big sparkly sets. Rita is certainly just the ticket to portray a heavenly creature and James Gleason as her manager has had just enough practice to be able to deal deftly with a Muse. Larry Parks looks sincere and able as ever; unfortunately he gets crowded right out of the picture by the big song-and-dance acts.

Shots of white airplanes full of spirits heading upward into the unknown still make us a little nervous, especially when all this earthly merry-making and torch-singing are going on at the same time.

Your Reviewer Says: Glitter, glitter, little ghost.

Honeymoon (RKO)

THIS is on the fantastic side, but the trouble is it's not supposed to be fantasy. Rather, it's obviously designed to be a winner starring Shirley Temple and Guy Madison, with Franchot Tone playing their sophisticated sponsor. Shirley looks trim and trig and Madison handsome; Tone looks mostly harried, which might be expected from any actor trying to keep up with the haphazard happenings of a film that's merely a futile attempt at fun.

Shirley's a Minnesota girl who's supposed to meet and marry Madison in Mexico City; she misses him but finds vice-consul Tone. Lina Romay has previously discovered Franchot, so naturally she resents this, as does the audience when things keep going on and on and Shirley and Guy are no nearer getting married than they were two reels before.

There are lots of shots of Mexican background with flowers and serapes and upper-class garden parties, but this doesn't make a picture. Both Shirley and Guy act a little as though they were repeating lines the way somebody told them to; you have an idea if they'd only let loose and be themselves everything might pick up. But then, they have such silly things to do—as does that poor Tone—they probably never would have a chance to make this anything but a lame effort.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing good doing here.

✓ The Trouble with Women (Paramount)

WHO'S "dabbling" now? Teresa Wright, newspaper reporter, says it's Ray Milland, a psychology professor who's getting into a lot of ladies' hair by claiming they should be shaved around more. But it really looks as though Paramount has done the dabbling what with using the Wright-Milland talent, plus a touch of Brian Donlevy, in a film that's just a time-passer.

Take the story—a light little touch about a girl reporter who's after a story from a publicized professor. She enrolls in his class; he thinks she's a cute little student and pretty soon in comes love. The big bad wolf is shouting city editor Donlevy who wants his story—and Teresa.

It all sounds fairly amusing, and it is—fairly. But all the contrived little funny business seems to be an echo of bigger and better comedies and though the dialogue gives off an occasional spark there's still the feeling that Ray and Teresa are too grown up to be playing around this way.

Iris Adrian acts just as though she really were a burlesque dancer, which is a great pick-up, seeing as how everyone else is just sort of kidding around.

Your Reviewer Says: Women have been in better trouble than this.

The Homestretch (20th Century-Fox)

THE homestretch is the best part of this Tracy story. Don't get us wrong—it's "racy" only insofar as it makes a Technicolor tour of all the famous tracks. Maureen O'Hara, looking lush in lush outfits, and Cornel Wilde lag along for half the picture, not acting well enough to make the audience do more than start to squirm. Then the film gets a shot in the arm that carries it along fairly well; by the time the homestretch is reached in the last race, it's ready to take its place as a fair picture.

A genteel Bostonian like Maureen should not have listened to the wiles of race-track follower Wilde. She knew she shouldn't all the time, so when she sees the life she has to lead, decorated constantly by conniving Helen Walker, she just packs her bags and leaves for home. This is where everything picks up, since the life has just been a series of would-be romantic incidents that never quite came off. When the film gets down to concentrating on the horses and Wilde's reform you can begin to sit up and take a little notice.

Cornel Wilde is wasted; he just doesn't belong here, acting like a hare-brained wastrel. James Gleason looks in now and then trying to make it all worth while. There are love scenes and beautiful clothes, but it's still a jittery off-the-track film.

Your Reviewer Says: Loses by more than a nose.

✓✓ The Adventuress (Eagle-Lion)

THIS is the Deborah Kerr who's going to take over Clark Gable in "The Hucksters." If you want an idea of how she's going to go about it, just watch her take over this slightly incredible story and make high entertainment of it.

She's the little Irish Bridie who wants to be a big black rebel. She can't manage that directly, so lets herself be taken in by a German spy and there she is caught in a lot of trouble about a little black book that presumably is the key to the fate of the Allies.

But never mind the plot; just watch the picture and Deborah. She acts with a finished tautness that makes every incident a shiver of suspense. Trevor Howard, whom you may remember from "Night Train," goes right along with her. The British flavor, her nicely finished Irish accent and the sly little humor that comes grinning in now and then make this a starrer that's worth robbing your piggy bank to see.

Your Reviewer Says: Out for a good time.



**HE WAS
EVERYTHING
THAT MOST
WOMEN DESIRE!**



From out of the past,
came the ghosts of the
women he had spurned...
to be deadly witnesses
at his trial of life!



ROBERT YOUNG ★ SUSAN HAYWARD
JANE GREER in

They Won't Believe Me!

with **RITA JOHNSON • TOM POWERS**
Directed by **IRVING PICHEL** • Produced by **JOAN HARRISON**
Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** • Based on the Story by **GORDON McDONELL**

**THE SHOCK OF
A LIFETIME
AWAITS YOU IN
THE STARTLING
CLIMAX!**



*She's sure—
are you?*



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .

It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



*24-hour protection
with
Odorono Cream*

✓ Blaze of Noon (Paramount)

THEY'RE flying the mail again, but this time they have a new angle that's an interest-getter. The cast is an interest-getter, too—to wit, Anne Baxter, William Holden, Bill Bendix, Sonny Tufts and Sterling Hayden. The picture marks the first appearance of Holden and Hayden since their war days. It's a story about the first mail planes in the days when pilots still had the yen to sweep low and frighten the chickens.

There are four flying brothers who sign up as mail pilots. You know something's bound to happen to some of them—especially after you get a good look at those open-cockpit planes. That's the one trouble with this—you're sitting and waiting every minute for big black tragedy to strike, so that when it does you're just not up to being as shocked as you should be.

Anne Baxter, as Holden's wife, who puts up with the strain of his job—plus all his brothers' belongings strewn around her room—makes everything consistent, Bendix, Tufts and Holden don't try to steal scenes from each other, either, which makes for a good movie. You'll get excited about the flying sequences; also by that pretty blonde Poppy (Jean Wallace); and you'll certainly breathe a big sigh every time that mail does come through.

Your Reviewer Says: Good people; good film.

Christmas Eve (Bogaus-UA)

EVERY so often there comes along a film that makes everyone wonder just why it was produced. "Christmas Eve" is such a movie. It has George Raft, George Brent, Randolph Scott, Joan Blondell and Ann Harding to head its cast; they might as well have spent their time knitting for all the good they've done in this.

The plot is incredibly confused—old lady Ann Harding, who tries her best to talk with a squeak and walk with a cane, has three foster sons—Raft, Brent and Scott. She's in trouble and needs them and she's sure they'll come to her on Christmas Eve. Getting them there involves some terrible suffering for the audience. First of all, they have to watch Brent and Blondell make fools of themselves in some "playboy" sequences; then they have to watch Raft shoot it out with a bad German down in South America, after which Virginia Field expires in his arms. The final blow is the adventures of Scott, who steals some babies with the help of Dolores Moran.

After all this, everybody walks in calm-



Peter Lawford, home again, shares chow and laughs with piquant Terry Austin at Chanteclair restaurant

ly on Christmas Eve. The only pleasant thing there seemed to be in this was Dolores Moran's dimple.

Your Reviewer Says: Take it away.

✓ The Other Love (Enterprise-UA)

FROM a sanitarium in the Alps to the fabulous life of the Riviera jumps this woman's picture, with Barbara Stanwyck pulling the strings as the pianist of Erich Maria Remarque's novel. Up on the mountaintop lie health for her and the love of doctor David Niven; down in bad old Monte Carlo is certain death, masquerading in a champagne glass and the love-making of Richard Conte, which certainly would be enough to make any girl disobey her doctor's orders.

This all goes to make up a good old-fashioned "drawing room" movie, with plenty of glitter around the edges. The accent goes to the love-and-romance note rather than to Stanwyck's personal tragedy; the film turns out to be a surface picture that's not in the least emotionally disturbing. If it had gone a little deeper, there would have been lots of tears shed; as it is, nothing rings the bell loudly enough—neither Stanwyck's love for her music, Niven's love for her, nor her desperate attempt to escape her date with death.

Richard Conte is a tall and handsome temptation; Joan Lorrying makes a nice *Celestine*; and Gilbert Roland is there, too, to look darkly impassioned. It's a "romantic" movie that should have been played as tragedy and wasn't.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

✓ Children on Trial (English Films)

ENGLAND shares her juvenile delinquency problems with America in this documentary about the reformation of two slum children through "approved schools." The court procedure of commitment of the children, their actual training in the schools and the two sample cases are shown realistically with enough punch to hit home for both parents and children.

You see the patient efforts of the magistrates and the reform-school workers to bring the children to a clearer view of their

Joan Lorrying, as a Venetian servant girl in "Lost Moment," cops Bob Cummings's chair on the set between scenes



GEORGE RAFT

has
his
hands
full
of

TROUBLE

and his
arms full of

VIRGINIA FIELD

... but when
Aunt Matilda
calls for help
he fights his
way to her
for



"CHRISTMAS EVE"

It's merry!

*and
that's
not
all!*

"Yes, indeed!
RC
tastes
best!"

says

JANIS PAIGE

starring in

"CHEYENNE"

a Warner Bros. Picture



"RC WON MY VOTE IN THE TASTE-TEST!" says Janis. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and found Royal Crown Cola tasted best!" Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

Best by taste-test



own lives, to correct their mistakes subtly and then to send them out with the promise of better citizenship.

The point that's driven home is the family life from which the "bad" children spring, and the fact that it is sometimes middle-class parents who do the most harm to their children. As another shot in the arm of the juvenile delinquency problem, this will do very well.

Your Reviewer Says: Straight stuff on delinquency.

The Egg and I (Universal)

THIS is a disappointment. Any resemblance in this mediocre film to the fun-raising characters of the best-seller must have gotten there by mistake.

For instance, Claudette Colbert is a chic, well-groomed *Betty*. She can wallow in mud, scrub floors and fall off a roof and still emerge looking ready to model country clothes for *Vogue*. The rowdy *Kettles* of the book have degenerated into a slap-happy pair with, heavens above, a handsome clean young son who works hard so he can go to college! The final sin is the dragging in, via shining station wagon, of blonde Louise Allbritton, who owns a million-dollar farm down the road and is on the make for Bob.

The farm looks a little broken-down and deserted—that is, just for a moment. But before you can get a second look, it's all cleaned up, shiny, comfortable and anything but the deserted patch of wilderness that *Betty-of-the-book* had to contend with. Bob is an affable and charming Fred MacMurray who likes to get dressed up in tails, have dinner with his wife by candlelight and pretend they're at *Twenty-one*!

This should be enough to warn you that this isn't "The Egg and I." It's two other movies—neither of them good. Marjorie Main as *Ma Kettle* does manage to salvage a piece of wit here and there; the forest fire, the Indians, Stove are present but for all the fun they are they might as well have been omitted.

Your Reviewer Says: The omelet fell.

The Woman on the Beach (RKO)

IF THIS is a sample of what's happening to the "wicked ladies" of the current cycle, they better pack them all up and put them away on the shelf. Joan Bennett makes a fine *Mrs. Macomber*, but she had something sensible to work with there. Now she's supposed to be a man-snarer who slinks along a lonely beach making rendezvous with Coast Guard Robert Ryan in the deserted wreck of a war-ghost ship.

Since Ryan has a bad case of war nerves, this living in the shadows with a married woman just isn't good for him. Wouldn't you think he'd snap out of it and go back to that nice Nan Leslie who was all set to marry him before Joan sneaked in. To complicate things, there's Charles Bickford, the husband, who does some excellent work in the demanding role of a blind man.

Things get steadily more muddled with all sorts of impossible dialogue and impossible happenings filtering in with the fog until you just want to push everybody over the cliff. This had a chance, with Ryan, Bennett and Bickford there to help, but it got too confused with its own neurotic idea.

Your Reviewer Says: Psychology goes hay-wire.

Yankee Fakir (Republic)

THIS "Fakir" must have snuck in when nobody was looking. He's of no consequence, anyway, so it really won't matter. Douglas Fowley is called upon to play him—a traveling pitchman, *Yankee Davis*, who comes with his partner to a small Arizona town, takes a room in Joan Woodbury's house and then takes a hand in trying to solve the murder of her father.

It would have been much easier just to have washed his hands of the whole thing, bundled up Joan and her kid brother and taken them out of the town. This way, he has to get Clem Bevans to dress up and play his millionaire uncle who's offering a prize to the chap who'll expose the worst scoundrel in town. Douglas naively thinks this will smoke out the murderer, but all that does come floating in is some pretty bad movie-making.

You see only the back of the villain's head until the end of the picture but you knew all along who he was. You can guess just about everything that will happen too, so you might as well stay home.

Your Reviewer Says: Big faker.

Copacabana (Coslow-UA)

GROUCHO MARX stalks through this, accompanied by zippy Carmen Miranda. If they're enough to entertain you, then entertained you will be because that's about all there is to the picture.

Groucho pretends he's an agent for Carmen and gets so intrigued with the idea he sells her double to the famous Copacabana club. This means she wiggles through a South American act, then rushes away to simmer in a veil as one *Mlle. Fifi*. Even Steve Cochran who runs the place is fooled.

That's the plot—dressed up by a glimpse of fourteen "Copa Girls," the brief appearance of New York night-life figures Louis Sobol, Abel Green and Earl Wilson, and with a song by Gloria Jean who's grown up to be quite a personable if somewhat static young lady.

One Marx looks rather lonely; furthermore, for some people, one Marx may be one too many. Suit yourself on this—you have Carmen and Groucho to cheer or boo as the case may be.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of nothing.

Best Pictures of the Month

Great Expectations
Perils of Pauline
The Adventuress

Best Performances

John Mills, Valerie Hobson,
Bernard Miles, Francis L. Sullivan,
Finlay Currie, Anthony Wager
in "*Great Expectations*"

Betty Hutton, Billy De Wolfe
William Demarest, Constance Collier
in "*Perils of Pauline*"

Deborah Kerr in
"*The Adventuress*"

GEORGE BRENT

is ducking out
on a \$75,000
cold check...



and a
million
dollar chick
named

JOAN BLONDELL

... but when
he gets
Aunt Matilda's
S.O.S. he takes
a chance getting
there for



"CHRISTMAS
EVE"

It's merry!

*but there's
more
yet!*

The Ghost Goes Wild (Republic)

DON'T just blame the poor ghost for going wild in this—everything and everybody else do, too. James Ellison and his butler Everett Edward Horton have to walk around tripping over sheets while Anne Gwynne registers horror. They can't scare Ruth Donnelly, though, and that's too bad because she's the one who calls forth all this phenomenal nonsense.

The background is Ellison's farm "Haunted Hill" which really looks like a nice cozy place, not at all the setting for seances and a real ghost who walks through doors in search of chewing gum. Just for another complication, Grant Withers runs through doors with a shotgun looking for Ellison. The finale is a courtroom scene where everyone talks to an empty chair. By this time, most of the audience's chairs will be empty, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Ghastly business.

Born to Kill (RKO)

WHAT a nice little group of people turn up in this! There's Lawrence Tierney who, when he gets upset about anything, just kills someone; Claire Trevor, a hard-bitten lady who likes money; Walter Slezak, the detective who acts so shady as he looks for the murderer of Isabel Jewell (Lawrence, of course). Elisha Cook Jr. tries to keep Lawrence from shooting more people, but when things get touchy he even tries to knife harmless old beer-drinking Esther Howard.

This is a dark outlook, you must admit; it's not cheered up any at the end, either—which is one good thing in its favor. The bad stay bad and get their innings; good Phil Terry and honest Kathryn Card just

walk out of the picture. They probably thought they'd be better out than in.

Tierney has gone back to his steely-eyed law-breaking with ease and Claire looks the way you'd expect a lady to look when she makes love to a murderer.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a dead duck.

Homesteaders of Paradise Valley (Republic)

NOT much Paradise about this valley—it's all a lot of trouble that has to be cleaned up by Allan Lane as *Red Ryder* and his juvenile companion, *Little Beaver*.

It's a Western that has something happening every minute, most of it routine. Some settlers want to homestead out in Paradise Valley, but Milton Kibbee as a lady newspaper publisher wants the land for himself. *Red's* right in the thick of the fight for a while, but then he deserts to turn journalist, only reappearing just in the nick of time to show up the bad men.

Ann Todd tosses her nice little hat in the ring to freshen things up.

Your Reviewer Says: Red Ryder on a routine trail.

Dishonored Lady (Chertok-Stromberg-UA)

HEDY LAMARR looks beautiful throughout, despite the hectic life she has to lead as a neurotic who keeps chasing fun.

Dennis O'Keefe is the young doctor who loves Miss Lamarr when she deserts the glitter life and takes up her paintbrush in an attic. John Loder, who has been made up into a menacing wolf with fake dark eyebrows, plays at being a playboy who just won't let the poor girl alone.

Gentle-faced William Lundigan is supposed to be the heavy villain who brings all this to a climax scene in a courtroom where the dishonored lady is presumably given a new chance at making a go of things.

She may be able to manage it—especially since she's the kind of a girl who can look beautiful just after she's been scooped out of a messy smash-up. There's nothing real about this whole business; the question is how any of the participants could have walked through it with straight faces.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad about Hedy—and the film.

✓ Carnegie Hall (Federal-UA)

READING like a benefit performance is the list of guest artists in this—from Walter Damrosch to Harry James with the N.Y. Philharmonic thrown in. You can expect—and you'll get beautiful music.

This is the film that was actually made in Carnegie Hall in New York. It hangs together on an innocuous little story about Marsha Hunt who works at the Hall and whose one desire is to see her son play on its stage. This is a good enough excuse for the artists to start making their bows—Pons, Piatigorsky, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Stokowski are some of the performers who turn in their talented bits for the good of "Carnegie Hall."

Vaughn Monroe and Harry James wave their batons with the best of them and a sight-seeing camera roves around periodically through the Hall. But the music would definitely call for three checks, as this is the first time such a galaxy of famous artists has appeared under one banner. If you're in the mood you'll sit back, forget Marsha's problems, and listen.

Your Reviewer Says: Music festival.

in the **FLEERS** *groove*

Candy Coated GUM
PEPPERMINT

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

also makers of
Fleece's Double Bubble Gum

Hear Spike Jones' new
RCA VICTOR RECORD
"Blowing
Bubble Gum"

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI, THE**—Loew-Lewin-
UA: A *savoir-faire* piece with George Sanders play-
ing a French rake of the last century. Also John Car-
radine, Angela Lansbury, Frances Dee and Ann
Dvorak. Plenty of atmosphere if you go for *bon mots*
and the French spirit of things. (May)

ANGEL AND THE BAD MAN—Republic: A
Quaker touch gives a novel angle to this Western.
Big tough John Wayne falls in with a Quaker family;
daughter Gail Russell falls in love with him. This
spells reformation, with villain Bruce Cabot in the
background just to keep John vacillating between Gail
and his gun. (May)

BEAT THE BAND—RKO: Gene Krupa and his
band try to beat some sense into this, but even with
Frances Langford and Phil Terry chiming in musi-
cally it turns out a silly bit about a girl who takes
lessons from orchestra leader Terry, masquerading as
a classical maestro. Not enough here to cook up any-
thing. (June)

✓✓✓ **BEGINNING OR THE END, THE**—M-G-M:
The atom bomb comes up for some pretty good cellu-
loid discussion with Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker
and Tom Drake heading a fine cast. It's the history
of the bomb from laboratory to Hiroshima done in a
factual manner. See it and think. (May)

✓✓✓ **BOOMERANG**—20th Century-Fox: New-type
picture based on a Reader's Digest feature in which
honest state's attorney Dana Andrews tries to decide
the innocence or guilt of a suspected murderer.
Straight realistic film with suspense. (Apr.)

BRASHER DOUBLOON, THE—20th Century-
Fox: George Montgomery takes over Bogart's role of
detective *Philip Marlowe* to go hunting for a valu-
able coin. Meant to be a chiller-diller but misses by
a gasp or two. (May)

BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME—Universal-In-
ternational: Like Abbott and Costello? Then you'll
probably like this gagged-up bit about their return to
the home front and their tangles with copper Nat Pen-
dleton. Silly as a Silly Symphony, with Lou climax-
ing things in a runaway midget auto. (June)

✓✓ **CALCUTTA**—Paramount: Enough action out in
Calcutta centering around American flyer Alan Ladd,
his pal Bill Bendix and Gail Russell to keep you won-
dering who did smuggle the jewels. You may be sur-
prised at the way things turn out; then again, maybe
you won't. (June)

CALENDAR GIRL—Republic: A Greenwich Village
boardinghouse at the turn of the century has Irene
Rich as the motherly hen, Jane Frazee as the girl
next door and William Marshall and James Ellison
as two of Irene's artistic proteges. The costumes
are quaint and there's lots of tunes but not much
else. (May)

✓✓ **CHEYENNE**—Warners: Nice bad man Dennis
Morgan is fascinating to both Jane Wyman and Janis
Paige in this fancy Western that has to do with the
stage-coach robbery days of old Cheyenne. An anon-
ymous bandit called "The Poet" puts this in a differ-
ent—and good—class by itself. (June)

✓✓ **DUEL IN THE SUN**—Vanguard: Jennifer Jones
loves two men—wild-oat sower Gregory Peck and his
even-keel brother Joseph Cotten way down in Texas.
Its big-time overtones, plus Lillian Gish and Lionel
Barrymore, still don't make it any more than a
dressed-up "melodrammer." (June)

ESCAPE ME NEVER—Warners: Errol Flynn,
Eleanor Parker, Ida Lupino and Gig Young cavort
around lightly for the first half, then get maudlin
in a tear-jerking second half. Errol's a carefree com-
poser; Gig, a conservative; rich Eleanor likes Gig,
poor Ida likes Errol. It jumps around from the Tyrol
to London slums but it's still a big miss. (May)

FABULOUS DORSEYS, THE—Rogers-UA: Tom-
my and Jimmy give out with the trumpet and sax but
aside from the music, the picture hasn't much. It
shows the Dorseys' life, featuring Sara Allgood as
their mother, and Janet Blair as their singer. William
Lundigan carries the love interest. (Apr.)

RANDOLPH SCOTT

is at home
off the range...



and making himself
at home with

DOLORES MORAN

... but when
Aunt Matilda
cries "Please!"
... pardner, he
gets there for



"CHRISTMAS EVE"

It's merry!

*It's
Twice
again!*

Arthur Murray Girls tell secret of daintiness while dancing



For
safe-and-sure
protection they
rely on this
deodorant
above all
others

THOSE GRACEFUL, gracious young instructresses at Arthur Murray's must be socially poised... must keep themselves *completely dainty* through strenuous hours of dancing.

NO WONDER they rely on Etiquet. For Etiquet gives safe-and-sure protection... stops underarm odor... checks perspiration... can be *depended upon* to guard daintiness through hours of active exercise. And not only is Etiquet so effective—so *efficient*... Etiquet is delightfully “fluffy”—goes on easily—is soothing to the skin.

ETIQUET stays moist in jar—is harmless to the most delicate fabrics. Now *you* can share this secret of “dancing daintiness”—*always* have confidence in your charm by using Etiquet. At all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure
deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

FABULOUS SUZANNE—Republic: *Cinderella* goes to town in this romantic rignarole, starring beautiful Barbara Britton and daddy-of-crooners Rudy Vallee. The banal situations provide a goodly helping of hokum with Richard Denning, Bill Henry, Veda Ann Borg and Otto Kruger. (Apr.)

✓**FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE**—RKO: This is the way democratic politics should work, with Joseph Cotten, Loretta Young and Ethel Barrymore running things. Loretta is the servant *Katy* in Cotten's home and what she does to the electorate makes an amusing make-believe evening. (June)

✓✓**FRAMED**—Columbia: Glenn Ford gets picked up, then let down by beautiful schemer Janis Carter and wicked Barry Sullivan. Filled with Ford's special brand of acting that will keep you tensed up for the evening, this has plenty of what it takes. (June)

✓**GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE**—Columbia: Rosalind Russell is a neurotic war widow who walks through misty backgrounds trying to find out why her husband gave up his life in the war. Melvyn Douglas plays her guide; Sid Cesar gives the proceedings a shot in the arm with a takeoff on “psychological” films. You may like it. (May)

HELLDORADO—Republic: Roy Rogers, with the help of George “Gahby” Hayes and Dale Evans, goes after the black market boys and makes ‘em cry “uncle!” It's a colorful show what with a rodeo, a treasure hunt and a pioneer parade but the spotlight belongs to Rogers and Trigger. (Apr.)

✓**HIGH BARBAREE**—M-G-M: A money-maker with two favorite blondes, Van Johnson and June Allyson, who start out as a little boy and girl dreaming about a fabulous mountain, *High Barbaree*. It takes lots of homey incidents in an Iowa town, the war and Thomas Mitchell to get the two on the right road to the heights. (June)

I'LL BE YOURS—Universal: Frilly little story about singer Deanna Durbin's trip to the Big City, where she gets all mixed up with—and mixes up—waiter Bill Bendix, roué Adolphe Menjou and Lawyer Tom Drake. Not bad, but hope for better. (Apr.)

✓**IMPERFECT LADY**—Paramount: Teresa Wright's past, especially her little mix-up with Anthony Quinn, interferes with husband Ray Milland's career in Parliament. You'll have a good evening's entertainment. Virginia Field and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are good, too. (May)

✓**IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN**—M-G-M: As perky goings-on in Brooklyn as you'd want with genial Frank Sinatra as the ex-veteran who meets up with music teacher Kathryn Grayson. Jimmy Durante steals the show in his best linguistic manner and Peter Lawford is the nice Englishman who sees America through Brooklyn eyes. (June)

✓**IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE**—Allied Artists: Unpretentious and highly amusing, this has Victor Moore as a tramp-philosopher who borrows tycoon Charlie Ruggles's Fifth Avenue mansion every winter while Charlie's away. Lots of turn-the-table comedy that makes for homey fun. (May)

IT'S A JOKE, SON!—Eagle-Lion: Kenny Delmar is of course *Senator Claghorn* of radio fame. He runs for office in the Deep South, booms out his quips in great style. But even with Una Merkel and June Lockhart, it's on the weak-sister side. (Apr.)

✓**JOHNNY O'CLOCK**—Columbia: Dick Powell is the slick young *Johnny* who gets mixed up in the gambling business; Evelyn Keyes is his girl. The plot is neat; the gangster business isn't overdone; and it's all woven together in a way that makes things hum. (May)

✓**LATE GEORGE APLEY, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Ronald Colman moves to Beacon Street in Boston and emerges unquestionably as the famous Marquand hero. He's hidebound by tradition though daughter Peggy Cummins and son Richard Ney do their best to shake him out of it. Boston had better be ready to laugh at itself because the rest of the country will. (May)

✓✓**LOCKET, THE**—RKO: Your eyes keep getting bigger and bigger watching what Laraine Day does. Robert Mitchum and Brian Aherne know all about her past, which has lots of events in it that no lady should even think of. A psychological thriller done up in style. (June)

LOST HONEYMOON—Eagle-Lion: Franchot Tone gets pulled into a bad situation in a not-so-good film. He marries an English girl overseas while he has amnesia; and just when he's ready to commit bigamy in America over comes Ann Richards with his twins. Tom Conway tries to help everybody out, but it's a lost cause. (June)

✓**MACOMBER AFFAIR, THE**—Bogaus-UA: Ernest Hemingway's novel about a man, his wife and their hired hunter in deep Africa will give you plenty of turns. Joan Bennett is *Mrs. Macomber*; Robert Preston, *Mr.*; Gregory Peck, the professional hunter. What happens out on the veldt will give you something to wonder about. (May)

✓✓**MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES**—M-G-M: A happy and personable picture about life in old Baltimore with Jackie Jenkins as the little guy who talks to horses. Peter Lawford as his brother and Spring Byington, Edward Arnold and Charlie Ruggles adding to the good-natured fun. (Apr.)

✓**MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE**—Paramount: Words and facial expressions by Boh Hope who falls all over himself running to aid damsel Dorothy Lamour. He meets up with Peter Lorre and a murder charge. Hope really has himself a time and you will too. (May)

✓**NEW ORLEANS**—Levey-UA: Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday perform, but other than that this has nothing to offer. Jazz gets born in New Orleans with the help of Arturo De Cordova, Dorothy Patrick, Louis and Billie. Louis and the music are good, the rest bad. (May)

✓**NORA PRENTISS**—Warners: Ann Sheridan comes into the life of successful doctor Kent Smith and before it's over you have a gruesome picture of where a back street can lead. Strong point of the film is the dilemma faced by *Nora* in the climax. (Apr.)

✓**ODD MAN OUT**—J. Arthur Rank: A pretty prize from England with James Mason playing the hunted head of an "organization" in Ireland. It's the story of the eight hours in which he's hunted down by the police, of the people who try to help him and of Kathleen Ryan who waits for his return. Excellent picture with excellent acting. (May)

✓**PURSUED**—Warners: Expert treatment of the life of Robert Mitchum who's pursued by a childhood memory in which Judith Anderson figures. Teresa Wright tries to help him; Dean Jagger tries to kill him. It's hate and love on the wild plains of New Mexico set to Max Steiner music. (Apr.)

✓**RAMROD**—Enterprise-UA: Here's another wicked lady—Veronica Lake—who makes strong-minded heroes of the West weak in the head. Joel McCrea is the guy who doesn't catch on until it's almost too late that she'd just as soon murder as wink. Veronica's her sizzling self and it's a Lake special. (June)

✓**RED HOUSE, THE**—Lesser-UA: A study in introspection to keep you in a high state of tension. Lon McCallister is warned by a farmer Edward G. Robinson to keep clear of *Oxhead Woods*, enters them instead, finds out about the red house and Rory Calhoun with the help of Judith Anderson and Allene Roberts. (Apr.)

✓**SAN QUENTIN**—RKO: This starts out by pointing up the work in federal prisons of the inmates' league for self-discipline but ends up disappointingly as a routine gangster film with grim-faced Lawrence Tierney chasing his killer prey. (Apr.)

✓**SEA OF GRASS, THE**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn get emotional about life on the cattle range in the eighteen-hundreds. Their marriage runs into complications, one of whom is lawyer Melvyn Douglas; the years bring children Robert Walker and Phyllis Thaxter as well as plenty to keep you interested. (May)

✓**SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This had a big opportunity in a brand-new plot—a female "typewriter" who walks into a staid Boston office in 1874. It could have been a diverting comedy, but it peters out instead into a love duet between Betty and her crooning boss Dick Haymes. Fair enough, but could have been better. (June)

✓**SINBAD THE SAILOR**—RKO: Fabulous *Sinbad* played by Douglas Fairbanks Jr. sails in search of treasure. Done in rich Technicolor, with a fanciful atmosphere, plenty of action, wicked Anthony Quinn and beauteous Maureen O'Hara. (Apr.)

✓**SMASH-UP: THE STORY OF A WOMAN**—Universal-International: Susan Hayward turns in a fine picture of an alcoholic woman married to Lee Bowman and resentful of his secretary Marsha Hunt. When time hangs heavy on her jeweled fingers she takes to the bottle. It's a shocker. (May)

✓**SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE, THE**—Universal-International: Dreamed-up stuff with Jean Pierre Aumont as composer Rimsky-Korsakov beaming his way through colorful happenings in a Moroccan port. Yvonne De Carlo dances, there's lots of music, a fight with bull whips and nonsense involving Brian Donlevy. (May)

✓**TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS**—RKO: Some hunters (one's Patricia Morison) invade Johnny Weissmuller's jungle in search of zoo specimens, but they're defeated before they ever start. Brenda Joyce, Johnny Sheffield, Cheta and some refreshing jungle scenes make this a foregone winner in the Saturday-afternoon line-up. (June)

✓**TIME OUT OF MIND**—Universal-International: The novel was a best-seller, but the film fell flat on its high-minded nose. Phyllis Calvert is good as the housekeeper's daughter who tries to make a musician of Robert Hutton, with Ella Raines in there plugging, too. Eddie Albert is featured. (June)

✓**TWO MRS. CARROLLS, THE**—Warners: Mr. Carroll is Humphrey Bogart and Mrs. is Barbara Stanwyck. They seem an ideal married couple until you and Barbara begin to find out what happened to the first *Mrs. Carroll*. There's roaring wind, beating rain and suspense; everything's dandy except that tough Bogie cracks up unbelievably under the strain. (June)

✓**WELCOME STRANGER**—Paramount: Everyone takes it easy—Bing sings genially, Barry Fitzgerald's Cupid and Joan Caulfield acts the pretty foil. The plot lallygags pleasantly along the route of a city doctor's sojourn in a Maine village. (June)



...and wait
till you see what
happens when they
all get together to
rescue AUNT MATILDA



...on CHRISTMAS EVE

Benedict Bogeaus
presents

GEORGE RAFT
GEORGE BRENT
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JOAN BLONDELL
VIRGINIA FIELD
DOLORES MORAN
and **ANN HARDING**

Merry
"CHRISTMAS
EVE"

with

Reginald Denny • Douglas Dumbrille • Clarence Kolb • Dennis Hoey
John Luel • Walter Sande • Joe Sawyer • Konstantin Shayne

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings

Adapted from original stories by
Laurence Stallings and Richard H. Landau

Produced by BENEDICT BOGAUS • Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

*Met Her on Sunday-
Lost Her on Monday!*

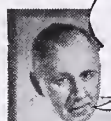


JUST WHEN I
THOUGHT THIS PERT
PIGEON AND I WERE
DEFINITELY ON THE BEAM.
SHE FLEW! AND WHY?
I ASK YOU, SIS, WHY?

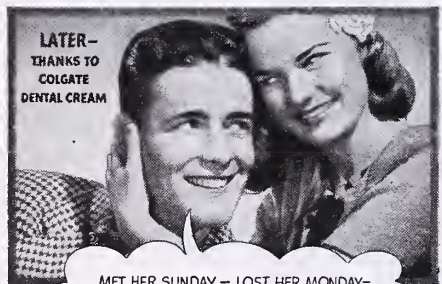
EVER THINK OF THE
BAD BREATH ANGLE?
NO FOOLING, PETE,
YOU OUGHT TO MAKE
TRACKS FOR OUR
DENTIST'S—BUT FAST!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating
foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth
—helps clean out decaying food particles—
stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause
of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
ishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly,
gently and safely!"



LATER—
THANKS TO
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM

MET HER SUNDAY — LOST HER MONDAY—
TOOK A TIP— AND WOO! WOO! WEDNESDAY!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
twice a day
and before every date!

Ladies in Luck

Food, fun and frolic for Photoplay's Radio Winners



Catherine McLeod puts
out welcome mat for
Photoplay's Hollywood
Tour winners, Mrs. Lillie
Murray of Winnipeg,
Canada, and Mrs. Hazel
Baier of Glendale, Cal.

Tea for two winners—
Hollywood host Atwater
Kent serves Californians
Mrs. Lawrason and Mrs.
Betty Landon — Hurd
Hatfield dropped in too



Natalie Draper (Lady Castle-
maine of "Forever Amber"),
at Brown Derby with Sylvia
Mizrahi, Brooklyn, and Mrs.
Hansford of Los Angeles

Don't look now, an actor tells Mrs.
Dana, another winner on the daily
afternoon ABC show, but your
wig's showing. It was all in fun—
on set of "The Paradine Case"



A Great Star Of Today Brings You The Life, Loves and
Thrills Of A Great Star Of Yesterday...As Betty Hutton
Portrays The Adventures—On Screen and Off—
Of Pearl White, Beloved "Queen Of The Serials"!



The spectacular life story of a star who risked a thousand deaths in chapter after chapter of the serial that helped make movies famous. Then sang and danced her way into the hearts of 50 million Frenchmen...only to find that love was the most perilous adventure of them all!

with
BILLY DE WOLFE
William Demarest
Constance Collier
Frank Faylen

Directed by
George Marshall

Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson and Frank Butler



*the new
Rave Color for
lips and fingertips*



PEGGY SAGE

Raving Beauty

Lavish it on your lips, your fingertips. It's Peggy Sage's new dewy, dreamy rose. Beautiful on, beautiful to everybody.

You've never never seen anything like it. You'll rave.

He'll rave. They'll all rave. What more can any girl ask?

Shimmer Lipstick, \$1.00*. Shimmer-Sheen or Regular Nail Polish 60¢*

Salons:

New York: 50 East 57th Street

London: 130 New Bond Street

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*PLUS FED. TAX. ©1947 BY PEGGY SAGE, INC.



Richard Long, appearing in "The Egg and I"

LONG Shot

IT'S a real caution the way things happen in Hollywood. For instance, casting director Jack Murton had "lifted" two Hollywood High School girls to school.

"You should see him in our class play," the girls were chanting.

"See whom?" Jack asked.

"Richard Long. He's wonderful," they enthused. So Jack suggested the girls have Richard telephone him that day.

It took a lot of doing to get Richard to the phone but after he'd gone to the studio and read the part of *Drew*, Claudette Colbert's older son in the film "Tomorrow Is Forever," he was it and no fooling around. His next performance in "The Stranger" convinced executives Richard was a natural, and International Pictures placed him under contract.

Dick (the youngest of six children) was born in Chicago December 17, 1927, and went from Waller High School to the Township High at Evanston. Remembering their home in Hollywood when they were first married, his father (a commercial artist) and mother returned four years ago and Richard enrolled at Hollywood High. He won an "H" for tennis and created another "H" for havoc among the girls who cased the six-foot-one, brown-haired lad with the oversized gray eyes and two stand-in dimples that almost make big time when he smiles. He's had a few crushes in his time but realizes a teen-age romance isn't to be thought of seriously.

Being the only actor in the family, Dick comes in for quite a bit of well-intentioned criticism which he accepts gratefully. Of course, twelve-year-old Phillip's pronouncement that brother Dick plain stinks, he accepts as disguised praise.

He doesn't think his role in "The Dark Mirror" or his part in "The Egg and I" were very much but his studio just smiles and says nothing. They have plans for Richard, who can not only act but beat a piano into a frenzy—as if he weren't fascinating enough to the femmes.

Outside Romanoff's where the fans gather to glimpse the stars, they made one mad rush for Richard.

"Hey, Dick," both boys and girls called in unison, "how about signing our autographs?" And when fans greet an actor with a "Hey, Dick," brother, he's in.

Beauty Spots



Valerie Hobson
in "Great Expectations," British film

By
Mary Jane Fullton

CALLING LONDON!

VALERIE HOBSON is a popular English actress. When you see her play the femme lead in "Great Expectations," J. Arthur Rank's interesting movie version of the Dickens

classic, she will win your admiration, too . . . PHOTOPLAY, alert to any and all film personalities in the news, decided to talk with Valerie via trans-Atlantic telephone. So, in a trice, we were chatting with her in London!

WHAT IS REAL BEAUTY?

How had she managed to keep well-groomed and attractive in these times of shortages and hardships? Modestly she replied, not alone for herself, but for her countrywomen. Valerie told us that even a movie star, expected to maintain her glamour, cannot have special privileges. With soap products rationed, she, like all English women, must furnish her own soap when having her hair shampooed at the hairdresser's. It's the same with nail polish and nail polish remover . . . Cosmetics, although not rationed, are scarce. At the studios, make-up is kept under lock and key . . . We complain of high prices and taxes—but how lucky we are. There's never been a time when we couldn't buy cosmetics. During temporary shortages, we could change from favorite brands to other good ones. But in England, it's still not a question of what women like best; it's what they can get. On very little, Valerie states, they manage to present an almost unbelievably attractive appearance . . . "Have you noticed that the privations English women have endured during recent years has aged them prematurely?" we asked. Almost reverently, she replied: "In many cases, yes. To me, however, a woman is truly lovely only when she possesses beauty of spirit. I'm proud to say that, no matter what their ages, my countrywomen's wonderful spirit is reflected in their faces—giving to their expressions a beauty which softens any aging effects the war's experiences and its aftermath have etched upon their faces." This answer from lovely Valerie should give all of us American girls much food for thought in the future.



Oh, yes—you look
sweet enough to kiss!

But kisses mean close-ups, so
guard your charm with Mum

THAT's a smooth make-up job, Honey.
On you it should catch a man's eye,
steal his heart.

But even tempting lips hold no lure
when a girl is guilty of underarm odor. So

why take chances? Be *sure* you're sweet
with Mum. Remember, a bath washes
away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents
risk of *future* underarm odor.

checks perspiration odor

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Romance brewing: Clark
Gable—Iris Rynum at Ciro's



INSIDE STUFF

Larry and Betty: Enjoying his first recess from the movies since he began "The Jolson Story," Larry Parks is like a kid out of school for a summer vacation. He and wife Betty are busy fixing their small house up Nichol's Canyon way.

The house began when a flood swept one room of a nearby house up on a hillside and left it there. When no one reported a missing room, the people who owned the property simply built a little home around the room and sold it to Larry. The white dog house in the rear belongs to the setter given Betty

by the cast of "Call Me Mister" when she left the New York show for Hollywood. Betty, of course, promptly named the dog "Mister" and with his own brush Larry has carefully painted over the dog house door "Mr. Mister."

* * *

The Taylors: The separation between the parents of sixteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor was caused by disagreement over how a teen-age daughter should be brought up: The question of dates with boys, of how soon Elizabeth should wear lipstick, what time she should get in from dates, and a dozen other similar

Photographs by

Jack Benny squires
daughter Joan at "The
Egg and I" premiere



Joan Bennett and three
ardent admirers, daughters
Stephanie—Diana—Melinda



Tune in Cal's Hollywood Tour—Monday through Friday 4:15 P.M. EDT



Furhan's Delight? Ava Gardner and the Bear at "Egg" preem (a Runyon Cancer Benefit)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

problems that confront parents of young girls.

Finally, realizing the welfare and feeling of security in a united home were more important to Elizabeth than any divided opinions concerning her department, the Taylors reunited and took a house at Malibu.

More parents who face the same problems can take a lesson from the Taylors and put a child's first needs first.

* * *

At the Moment: Bill Eythe, discouraged over his career, is off to New York where he'll marry Buff Cobb (the ex-Mrs. Greg Bautzer) at the home of her father,

singer Frank Chapman . . . Vic Mature in New York professes he's lonely for Hollywood but denies he made any statement regarding his future intentions with Rita Hayworth. Vic hasn't any . . . The Anita Colby-Skitch Henderson romance ends when Skitch takes off for New York and playing engagements in the East . . . Mark Stevens, tagging it at Jean Sablon's *Ciro* opening, dropped by Cal's table to report the latest on his new son—and Dick Haymes, joining in from the next table, confided their doctor predicts he and Joanne may expect twins soon.



Burt (The Killers) Lancaster and bride at same opening—a rare appearance

Esther Williams, Bob Dalton, Ben Gage at launching of Tally Ho, Bob's venture



Fink and Smith

OH-H BOY!
A RUBDOWN NEVER FELT
LIKE THIS BEFORE!



New Mifflin with Dermium!

**3 WAYS BETTER than
ordinary alcohol...**

1. Leaves the skin feeling smoother, softer!
2. Helps protect against "Alcohol Dry Skin"!
3. Makes massaging easier—feel the difference!



TRY NEW MIFFLIN as an after-bath rubdown for the youngsters—for yourself. Splash it on freely! Ah-h... how invigorating!

Please—don't confuse New Mifflin Rub with ordinary rubbing alcohol. DERMIUM... Mifflin's new "miracle ingredient"... makes a difference you feel instantly! DERMIUM aids in preventing absorption of natural skin oils.

For the most exhilarating rubdown you've ever enjoyed, try New Mifflin with DERMIUM. Use it, too, to cleanse nicks and cuts, and as a mild sickroom antiseptic. Plain, and scented with Pine, Wintergreen, Lilac or Lavender.

Don't just ask for "Alcohol"... insist on genuine New

MIFFLIN

with Dermium!

ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL

★ The National Rubdown!

INSIDE STUFF



Maria Montez and Jim Mitchell of True Story, at Ciro's, where Jean Sablon charmed with his songs in the French-American fashion

Beverly Hills Beachhead: This month the New York division of Photoplay hit our Hollywood shores. Spearheaded by Meyer Dworkin, the man who as treasurer makes Macfadden Publications jingle, and staunchly supported by New York editor Helen Gilmore and Western editor Joyce Moss, the party launched into a gay round at Mocambo, hosted by Perry Lieber, head of RKO publicity (they call him "the genial genius") with Jane Greer, RKO's brunette hope... Jerry Asher, Photoplay writer, threw a stars-at-home party just to prove Hollywood enjoys sitting around on the floor as well as you do. There were Anne and John Hodiak, the Zach Scotts, the Mark Stevenses, John Dall and Helena Carter, Cesar Romero in the flowing beard he wears as Cortez in "Captain from Castile" and Glenn Ford in sideburns as "The Man from Colorado." On him they were even becoming.

Meyer's trip was a success when he spent two hours and a half with his favorite actor, Thomas Mitchell.

Speaking of Mitchell, Jim (The Smile) Mitchell, True Story advertising director, and his charming wife Florence, hit town the following week. In their honor Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont gave a delightful dinner in their home, sparked

by Peggy Cummins, the Seymour Nebenzals, Jean Sablon (the French Sinatra) and the lovely Lucita, Maria's young sister with her groom of five days, Jean Vpis, young French journalist. Afterwards the party moved to Ciro's where Sablon wrapped up all hearers in his Paree version of "The Girl I Will Marree." Wait till you hear it!

Then there was the hospitable shindig at Ruth Waterbury's where Joe and Catherine Dooher added a note of brightness to the True Story contingent. Joan Crawford was there with her electric greeting, the Alan Ladds, Dan Duryea, the John Lunds, the Macdonald Careys, Joan Caulfield looking mighty lovely, and Bill Eythe, about to shove off east for his marriage to Buff Cobb. Helen Gilmore told Sue and Alan the four-leaf clovers she found at their ranch had already gone to work. "Ladd's luck" she's going to call everything that happens from here in.

Come again, kids!

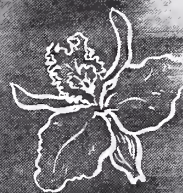
Guy and Gail: We could hear suppressed laughter outside our door. It opened and Cal found himself engulfed by Guy and Gail in holiday mood.

There's downright freshness about the youthful pair that radiates all the healthy qualities of two (Continued on page 24)



Helen Gilmore, Photoplay Editor, and Meyer Dworkin, distinguished members of the New York sweep on Hollywood, visit Ray Milland on set of "The Big Clock"

FEW
WOMEN
DARE
LIVE
IT...



WHITE ORCHIDS
MEAN LOVE!

RED ROSES MEAN
THE *other* LOVE!



FEW
MEN
DARE
GIVE
IT...

BARBARA

DAVID

STANWYCK and NIVEN

in the daring unpublished story by
ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
who wrote "Arch of Triumph"

THE *other* LOVE

Presented by
**ENTERPRISE
STUDIOS**

with
RICHARD CONTE

GILBERT ROLAND • JOAN LORRING • LENORE AUBERT • MARIA PALMER

NATALIE SCHAFER • Screen Play by Ladislav Fodor and Harry Brown

Adapted from the short story "Beyond" by Erich Maria Remarque

Directed by **ANDRE de TOTH** • A **DAVID LEWIS** Production

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE



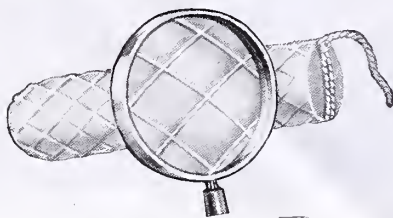
Only
FIBS

of all tampons
have all 3



1. Rounded Ends

Insertion is *easy* with Fibs tampons... because Fibs have *gently rounded ends*. You'll see, when you switch to Fibs and find at last—a tampon that's *easy to use!*



2. "Quilted" Comfort

You scarcely know you're wearing Fibs, because "quilting" makes *this* tampon really comfortable. You see, quilting keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size... which could cause pressure, irritation or difficult removal. Remember the tampon that's *quilted* for your comfort: Fibs.

3. "Quilted" Safety

Quilting adds to your peace of mind—because it helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues—a Fibs safeguard women always appreciate. *Only Fibs* are quilted for your safety. So next month, switch to Fibs for internal sanitary protection.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Dinah Shore, Al Jolson
mix moods on Lux Show

INSIDE STUFF



Home and happy: Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at welcome-home party given for them by David Niven on the Enterprise lot

(Continued from page 22) youngsters in love. They attempt neither sophistication nor blasé indifference. "Isn't she beautiful, or am I crazy?" Guy kept asking Cal, and the way Gail looked at Guy revealed she felt the same.

They were all over the place, in the kitchen, in the icebox, like neighborhood kids who come visiting.

"What do you do between pictures?" we asked Guy. "Oh, go to the beach," he said. "Gail doesn't like the ocean so I hurry back and we sit in the sun. I guess I just look after my little girl," he smiled with masculine pride.

Gail decided that what Cal needed was a good oil painting of himself and she was the one to do it, so without quite knowing how, we found ourselves posing for pencil sketches which Gail will later transfer to canvas.

On Guy's left hand he wore a wedding ring. "When are you two kids going to get married?" we said. Guy looked down at his ring. "When she'll have me," he said. "I'm ready when she is."

So don't be surprised at anything that happens—and soon.

The Inside on the Clarks: "You're going to dinner with Dane and me," Margo Clark said, "and no excuses." But Cal had already made plans to attend the Jean Sablon opening at Ciro's and had to refuse. But we did learn the present marital status between Margo and Clark.

Margo had returned from her estrangement from Dane in New York to divorce the actor. But once here, the couple decided to try again, as Margo freely admits she loves Dane and was in hopeless despair without him. Dane loves and needs Margo, too, so the pair decided to reconcile.

But somehow things weren't the same, as is so often the case. Having relinquished a promising career as a pianist, Margo now felt the need of individual expression, of being the accomplished person she was when Dane knew and fell in love with her. So, after long talks, she has decided to return to New York and take some art and designing courses. When Dane joins her in early summer they will again discuss their still undecided future, and perhaps go to Europe together. Both are trying in an adult way to adjust themselves to a reap-proach to marriage. Cal sincerely hopes it works out.

Romance First Hand: Handsome Michael North, who will disturb feminine hearts when "The Unsuspected" is released, and the girl he adores, Audrey Totter, dropped in for a cocktail. Mike certainly doesn't conceal his admiration for Audrey. He laughed loudest at her tales of her radio experiences, even above the shouts of Glenn Ford, Kurt Kreuger and Hurd Hatfield.

After the others (Continued on page 26)



TAKE TO THE BOATS, BOYS!...
here she comes!

Is that the kind of treatment a pretty girl should get when she's off on her vacation and ready for romance?

Not if she's a bright girl, it isn't!

But Ginny isn't very bright about some things . . . her breath, for example.

She has a little touch of halitosis (bad breath) from time to time, and the boys have already spotted it. She's elected herself to the "Suicide Club". . . social suicide, that is. She'll miss many a good time, sit out many a dance, watch the moon rise alone . . . *and wonder why.*

You, yourself, may not realize when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. So the smart thing to do is to be extra careful about offending this way. And by being "extra careful" we mean using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date where you want to be at your best:

Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Start the day and go to your date with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance and freshness. Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" every day. It helps you to be at your best always.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri



*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

FOR ORAL HYGIENE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

So Easy to Do at Home



RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL
Permanent Wave

Eileen

home cold wave
permanent

.. \$15 Cold Wave Formula

.. judged highest standard in lab tests

.. easy as putting your hair in curlers

.. conditions any hair, good for children

.. money back guarantee

developed by professional
hairdresser with 15 years'
know-how in permanent-
ing every kind of hair!



\$2

Inc. Fed. Tax
and mailing
charge

Eileen Home Cold Wave answers your wish for hair beauty, permanent-ly yours . . . more economically, more quickly, more easily than ever! Eileen transforms your hair into glowing new beauty . . . takes an hour or less at home . . . easy-to-follow instructions . . . lasts long as the finest professional waves! Don't wait! Send your order today!

Coronet Beauty Products, Inc., Htfd. 1, Conn.

Please send me.....Eileen Home Wave Kits at \$2 per kit (includes tax and mailing costs).

I am enclosing \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

INSIDE STUFF

European invasion: Feminine hearts will pit-a-pat at Louis Jourdan, Gallic star in "The Paradine Case" (first pic here)



And Valli, Italian importation, "most beautiful woman in Europe," with Alfred Hitchcock, picture's director

(Continued from page 24) had left, and Audrey, Mike and Cal had gone to dinner, he told us that he'd been knocked cold from the moment Audrey walked on the set. "I'm really crazy about her but she won't take me seriously," he said. We could have told Mike that perhaps Audrey is more interested in a career at the moment than romance. Anyway our conscience hurt us a bit. Only that morning we'd given Audrey's phone number to Cesar Romero who had met her once.

Oh, well, we like both lads and Audrey too. So now we'll see.

Cocktails and Art: It was a small party for cocktails at Lady Mendl's: Van and Evie Johnson, Cal and Nelson Seabra of Rio, Sir Charles and their house guest Richard Ney. Later we were taken over the house by Lady Mendl and came away convinced this was the loveliest and most ingeniously decorated of homes.

"My autographed book for you," Lady Mendl said and presented Cal with "Elsie De Wolfe's (her maiden name) Recipes for Successful Dining," which Lady Mendl had had printed herself to be sold for the needy of France. When we suggested many of our readers would love having the book, the author, who has now left for France, suggested they write to Gloria Bristol's salon on Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California, for a copy which costs three dollars, plus postage.

The next week Cal met Tony Duquette at a swank exhibition of his work. He's the young artist Lady Mendl is sponsoring and who created so many of the beautiful things in her home.

Tyrone: "Come over to my dressing room," Tyrone Power had said. "I'll meet you there."

In a suite, large as many an apartment and tastefully furnished, we waited for the actor to arrive from the "Captain from Castile" set. Soon we heard his voice as he entered the outer office and went to meet him. In a few minutes we were off to the studio cafe for lunch.

Lloyd Nolan came over to ask Tyrone if he minded if his luncheon guests came over for his autograph. Without a moment's hesitation, Ty went to their table, was graciousness and kindness itself.

Back in his dressing room, Ty showed us pictures of his South American trip and smiled when we raved over his steam cabinet, the beautiful radio-phonograph, maple furniture, etc.

"A body could very well live here," we remarked. "A body may very well have to if this body doesn't get somewhere to live soon," he laughed.

Ginny and Hyatt: Picking up Bob and Cleatus Hutton we drove up the mountain side to the beautiful new modern home of Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn. The cocktail party was in full swing when we got there and after greeting the hostess, we were taken upstairs by the host to see the mirrored window that permitted the couple to view their little son asleep in his crib in the next room.

Howard Hughes sat down for a chat and Bob and Mary Cummings proudly showed us pictures of their son. Frances Langford and (Continued on page 29)



Cutex (wonderful new, improved Cutex) brings you
beautiful new bowl-him-over "Applecart"

So spicy, so saucy, such a flattering red it's wicked!

"Applecart"—the bright young thing to wear with your sun-gold tan! You'll love the provocative new shade, "Pippin," too—dark and delightfully attractive.

And the beauty of it is—all the new Cutex polishes are so wonderfully well behaved.

New stay-on and-on-and-on! Improved Cutex can really take it—thanks to a highly talented ingredient found only in the new Cutex. This wonder ingredient defies chipping and peeling.

New drying speed! Try new Cutex on one hand, your old-time polish on the other, and clock-watch them. You'll be amazed—new Cutex dries so fast!

"Polished performance?"—now, more than ever, you get it with Cutex. Northam Warren, New York.



NEW! NOW! LUSCIOUS CUTEX LIPSTICKS!

Yes, Cutex, the most popular name in nail beauty, now brings you heavenly new lip beauty!

Creamy-smooth, alluringly lovely lipsticks in shades that match or harmonize with your new Cutex nails. Only 49¢, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

VIRGINIA MAYO discovers New Improved *Drene*

At Last! The New
Miracle Shampoo
that lets your hair

*Shine
like the Stars!*

New! Leaves your hair dazzling
as the stars! Take Miss Mayo's advice.
Discover how new improved Drene's *richer, creamier* lather brings out *all* the glorious
brilliance now hidden by dulling soap film!

New! Never leaves hair dried out!
Proved superior in tests by hundreds of
women. New improved Drene does not dry
out hair. Instead, its *richer, mellower*
lather actually leaves your hair softer,
smoother, far easier to set, curl, and
arrange right after shampooing.

New! See and feel the difference,
instantly, in the way new Drene lathers...
the way it brings out all the beauty of
your hair! Ask for new Drene today.



Now! For All Types of Hair

New improved Drene is at your dealer's now
— in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.



VIRGINIA MAYO

Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy,
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Miss Mayo says: "Thanks to new Drene,
my hair is now so full of highlights
it actually shines"

Never before DRENE

could any shampoo perform ALL of these Beauty Miracles

- ★ Reveals ALL the lustre in your hair
- ★ Does not dry out hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
- ★ Luxurious instant lather
- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance



A cup of tea between friends: Ronald Reagan and Eleanor Parker, lovely appearing with him in film version of "Voice of the Turtle," New York stage hit

(Continued from page 26) husband Jon Hall stopped for a chat. Later Frances and Ginny gave out with a duet while Cary Grant and Skitch Henderson played.

After the party, the Huttons and Cal dined at the Chanteclair where practically every booth was crowded with stars listening to the wonderful music. A combination Romanoff's and Mocambo, Bob called it. Still later, we all trekked over to Slapsy Maxie's to hear Joe Lewis sing but Cal was so diverted by dancer Johnny Coy's convulsive laughter over everything Lewis did, we forgot to listen to the singer. Johnny had his cute wife Babs out for their first evening's fun since their baby's birth. He tells us they'll take the baby back to Montreal to be christened by the same minister who christened John.

Here and There: Frank Sinatra ignored magazine writers at a press conference, held a little late after all those bombastic insults Frank has been hurling in the direction of the press. Or maybe Frankie now needs the press on his side since his arrest for socking columnist Lee Mortimer . . . Difficult to believe Mona Freeman, that precocious teen-ager in "Dear Ruth," is the wife of Pat Nearney and will become a mother in the fall . . . John Lund and his cute wife Marie trekked to La Quinta in Palm Springs for a rest and the first person John ran into was Olivia de Havilland who played his mother in "To Each His Own." The Lunds, Olivia and husband Marcus Goodrich were a constant tennis foursome . . . Alan Ladd is making his first Technicolor film, "Whispering Smith," after ten years of acting and doesn't even need make-up due to the deep tan acquired on his Valley ranch . . . Creating a stir at "The Egg and I" were Turhan Bey and Ava Gardner looking soooo interested in each other.

Ohio to Castile: It's a long jump from a small farm in Ohio to Tyrone Power's leading lady in "Captain from Castile," but Jean Peters made it. And with the picture over, months of location in Mexico behind her, and multi-millionaire Howard Hughes for a beau, Jean still looks the farm-maid type.

The publicity boys at Twentieth came

running into Jim Reid's office where we were to meet Jean, with glamour poses of Miss Peters to offset, we suppose, her appearance off-screen which borders on the dowdy. Like a deliberate challenge to Hollywood, Miss Peters wears no make-up, not even a vestige of lipstick or powder. Her brown hair, uncombed and uncured, clung to one side of her head, but her small brown eyes reveal the intelligence within. Plainly, the studio lads were embarrassed and seemed ill at ease, but Cal quite frankly enjoyed the experience and sensed instantly the fact that here was a gal gone overboard in her rebellion against any Hollywood demands.

After her freshman years at the University of Michigan, Jean went back to her native Ohio. She won the campus popularity contest at Ohio State, which won her a movie test and a contract at Twentieth. "Captain from Castile" was her first movie assignment.

Outside Canton, Ohio, where Jean was born, she led a wonderful life as a child with orchards to play in, church festivals to attend, and a seven-acre farm to roam over. She still knits and tats but can't dance—at least not the ballroom kind. She'd better be as good on the screen as one hears if she is to maintain that rugged individualism. For heavens sake, Cal keeps wondering, what must Tyrone and Howard Hughes think of it all, or is she merely trying to emulate Howard's appearance? As for us, we like it and Jean. 'Pears like she really has something.

Viva Mexico: A brand new friendship has developed between Evelyn Keyes and Lauren Bacall through the interests of their husbands, both in Mexico making "Treasure of the Sierra Madre."

Evelyn and Lauren planned to fly together to Mexico to visit Humphrey Bogart and John Huston. The girls shopped for all kinds of vacation clothes and when Evelyn had to return sooner than the others for "The Mating of Millie McGonigle," she brought back dozens of Mexican sandals.

The two couples had a wonderful time on location and expect to take up where they left off when they all get back to Hollywood.

New way to be SWEET to CARESS



You keep adorable with Jergens Dryad, a new kind of cream deodorant. Already approved by leading skin specialists, new Dryad actually prevents underarm odor safely, helps check perspiration more daintily. A secret ingredient keeps it face-cream-smooth to the bottom of the largest jar. Dryad is harmless to clothing—has a more luxurious fragrance. Preferred by fastidious women everywhere. Stay sweet to caress with Dryad. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.



DRYAD

New Kind of Cream Deodorant—by Makers of Jergens Lotion

FREE: GIFT JAR—so you can try this new kind of cream deodorant—free.

Simply fill out and mail coupon to:

Box 57, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.)
(Print name, address plainly . . . Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

625

P

Lifting Your Heart to the Highlands of Adventure...

*with the endearing
charm of
young love!*

**BOB,
Son of
Battle**
in Technicolor

*The call of adventure
rings out across the
hills and glens!
Surging with the
warm spirit of the
classic millions have
read and loved!*

Starring

**LON
McCALLISTER**

with **PEGGY ANN GARNER**
EDMUND GWENN
REGINALD OWEN
CHARLES IRWIN

From the
producers of
"Smoky"
and "My
Friend Flicka"

20th
CENTURY-FOX
ACTION HIT!

Directed by **LOUIS KING** • Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER**
Screen Play by Jerome Cady • Based on the Novel by Alfred Ollivant

Our Baby

Paul Frederick Brinkman Jr.

Is Here

BY
RUTH
WATERBURY

It's three on a mountain-top for
Jeanne Crain now that little Paul
has come to live with her and big Paul

JUST an hour after dawn on Easter Sunday the phone rang in a flower-bedecked room in Los Angeles Queen of the Angels Hospital.

It was all wrong that the phone should have been jangled at that hour—and one of those flukes that exactly that moment the nurse had stepped out on some errand. The doctor had left—but the whole hospital understood that. He had had a tough night—delivering four babies since ten p.m.

The beautiful girl in the bed, still drowsy from anesthesia, reached out a hand and held the receiver close to her ear.

"The report is out that Jeanne Crain's baby has been born," a man's voice said. "Can you tell me if that's true?"

"Yes, it's true."

"Boy or girl?"

"A boy. Seven pounds and fifteen ounces."

"Did they name him yet?"

"Oh, yes. Paul Frederick Brinkman Jr."

"How's the mother?"

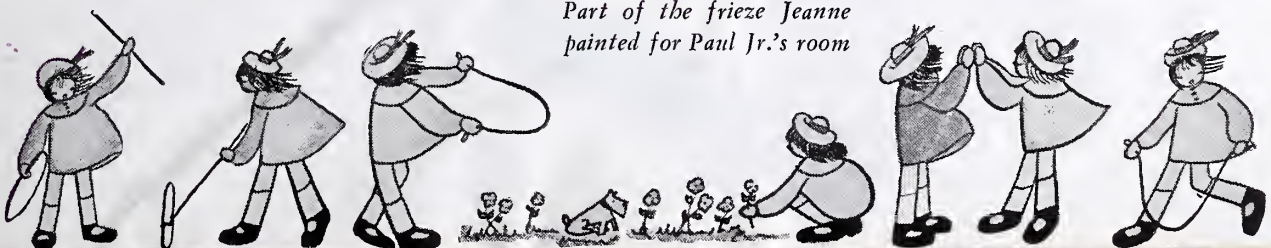
"Oh, she's fine. And the baby—he's simply perfect."

"Thanks," said the reporter, and hung up, so excited about getting his scoop that he never realized that he had talked to Jeanne Crain herself.

As for Jeanne, she hung up, and didn't even know she had held the conversation—or with whom. She just went back to sleep again. But that was how it happened that the news of her baby's birth made the papers less than an hour after the proud and adoring father was allowed upstairs into the room.

They laugh about that now, Jeanne and Paul, as they camp with Paul (*Continued on page 89*)

*Part of the frieze Jeanne
painted for Paul Jr.'s room*





Are you one of those who thought Hollywood was ungrateful in fighting the Fans' Convention? If so, you should read this

IS Hollywood inhospitable to the fans who support it? Is Hollywood being rude to the International Fan Club League which wants to hold a convention in honor of the stars?

On the other hand:

Is there a good reason why the fans shouldn't meet in Hollywood and see their favorites? Would it be dangerous to turn a national convention of fans loose in Hollywood? Could the studios sponsor or cooperate with such a convention?

Hollywood has been unhappily aware of the fact that it was sitting on top of a first-class volcano. It all began last November with Mrs. Ellen E. Roufs, President of the International Fan Club League. Mrs. Roufs operates a mimeographing service and was launched in this business by the fan club she formed for James Stewart six years ago. Subsequently, she formed other clubs to which she extended her mimeographing service. Then, last November, Mrs. Roufs had an idea. Then and there she put it into effect. She sent bulletins to the presidents of the five hundred member clubs of the International League suggesting a Hollywood convention during the month of June. Mrs. Roufs *hoped*, she stated, to hold a dance at which the stars would be present, to take fans through the studios, to have the stars present at a tea and open forum. And she *planned*, she announced, to use the Masonic

The Fan Club

BY
CAMERON
SHIPP

Temple for a convention hall and to hold a dinner party at Ciro's.

She told the 500 club presidents of the League that they would have to make their own hotel reservations in advance and that the fee for attendance at the convention would be twenty dollars per person.

Unaware of any of this, Hollywood went its usually hectic, but comparatively calm, way. Until last February. In February Mrs. Roufs sent her publicity man, Ned Crawford, well-known in Hollywood, to the two motion picture studio associations, the Association of Motion Picture Producers and the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, to ask for studio cooperation. Envisioning a full-dress affair with enormous national publicity, Mr. Crawford suggested that the producers contribute \$4,000 to assure the convention's success.

It was at this point that dismay, frustration and bitterness set in and a national hullabaloo began to pop. For the producers said no. They said it very firmly. They explained such a contribution would make them legally and morally responsible for the convention. They pointed out Los Angeles was in the throes of a pretty frightening crime wave . . . that Mrs. Roufs had made no arrangements for chaperoning, supervising or protecting the hundreds of visitors she had invited to California. The producers (*Continued on page 119*)



To



George Sanders, star of "The Affairs of Bel Ami"

Well Remembered

George Sanders, the man who said he hated women, is learning too late what one woman—his wife—really meant to him

By
Harriet Eaton



Elsie Sanders discovered waiting was no good

GEORGE SANDERS, the most mysterious and close-mouthed actor in Hollywood, who convinced many people he meant all the cynical things he has said about women, has broken his ten-year silence because of the break-up of his marriage. After a secret courtship followed by seven years of an equally secret marriage, his wife suddenly left him last December.

"I didn't give, you see," George told a friend. "I only took."

This does not sound remotely like the George Sanders about whom Hollywood has puzzled ever since his arrival from England ten years ago. Depending upon the point of view, he has been called a difficult personality and a provocative personality . . . a bitterly scathing talker and a brilliant talker. And always he has hidden his innermost feelings; frequently with a curt, "That's none of your business."

No more, however. Today he says: "Since the break-up of my marriage, friends have tried to

console me by saying there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it . . .

"I wonder about that . . . I really wonder . . ."

His friends are amazed at the change in him. Not many are his friends, actually, for during his years in Hollywood he has gone out of his way not to make friends. He has been very frank about this too. "I am always rude to people, I'm afraid," he told a writer whom he had just met. "I don't put on the prop smile and oblige. I just look frightfully busy. I am not a sweet person. I am a disagreeable person."

However, George's few friends insist it was not because of any wish to be disagreeable that he kept his wife in the background—and so finally lost her. He did this, they say, rather out of his love for her. He wished her to stay the way she was—simple, unaffected, truly a woman. When he left the studio for home he wanted her to be waiting for him, bringing him everything a man could ask for: Serenity, peace, (Continued on page 70)

It's Like This, LOUELLA ...

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



A dream finally realized, Rita
boards SS Veendam for Europe

ARE you going to marry David Niven after you divorce Orson Welles?"

I put the question straight to Rita Hayworth. I am never one to quibble with my friends even when the question is as delicate as this rude poser.

"How can you ask such a ridiculous question?" Rita asked me. "Of course I am not. I am young. I like to go out. I like to have dinner with my friends, but I am not thinking of marrying anyone right now.

"David was lonely," she went on. "He had lost his beautiful young wife. He has two motherless boys and, as a mother, I can appreciate his problem. I like David and admire him tremendously. I think right now we are good for each other. But because you leave your husband is no reason you have to marry immediately."

"Then, you won't marry again," I persisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Welles at
LaRue's before the dam broke





*Photoplay's headline reporter breaks the
silence that could be heard from Hollywood to New
York when Rita Hayworth left Orson Welles*

Rita Hayworth



Scott

Rita Hayworth, flying high in "Down to Earth"

Cropped and blonde for "Lady from Shanghai" at daughter Rebecca's birthday party



It's Like This, LOUELLA ...

"Certainly, I'll marry again. I love a home and I would hate to think that I would have to spend all my days alone in the future. But I am in no hurry to marry. I have had two husbands and I am not yet thirty. The next time must be the right one."

I talked with Rita in New York, the day before she sailed for Europe where, as a guest of the Army, she was to visit and entertain soldiers. She had not yet recovered from the heartache she knew over the dissolution of her marriage. But she had, nevertheless, taken hold of herself.

I found our interview strangely reminiscent of one I did with Rita for PHOTOPLAY the first time she left Orson Welles. Then I asked her if she expected to marry Tony Martin. And she was as vehement in her denials as she is now about David Niven. However, her dates with Tony were in the open, at night clubs where they danced as beautifully as any pair I ever saw.

(Continued on page 81)

Mother first, then artist: Rita at party with Rebecca and, on her knee, Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl Christine Crane





Engstead

Solo in the sun for Gregory Peck, star of "The Macomber Affair"

the affairs of Peck

Greg always has insisted that
Uncle Charlie was the only one in his family
who ever knew where he was going

BY DEE LOWRANCE

LIKE the late Tammany politician, Big Tim Sullivan, Gregory Peck works on the theory that he doesn't care what is printed about him, as long as his name is spelled right.

He's adopted this philosophy out of necessity, not out of choice.

"Lesson number one I've learned in my three and a half years in Hollywood," he explained, "is to say 'It doesn't matter' to whatever is printed about me: I've learned to mean it, too.

"Every profession has its hazards. Doctors lose patients, lawyers get adverse court decisions. An actor must plan on seeing the unexpected, even the untrue, about his personal and professional life appear in print."

Because he is honest, and natural, Gregory Peck has had more trouble than a lot of Hollywood poseurs. Around the studios they tell of one of his early interviewers, a lady with fixed ideas of her own. She was looking for a combination of John Barrymore, Sir Henry Irving and Basil Rathbone. She opened the interview with: "Oh, that beautiful voice of yours, Mr. Peck-- (Continued on page 118)



Four Pecks make a bushel of fun: Greg, sons Stephen and Jonathan, and Greta. Greg is also starred in "Duel in the Sun"

Gene Renney



The G.E.T. GIRL

Gene Tierney's initials give her away. They're clues
to her divorce, why she left Hollywood, what's ahead

BY ELSA MAXWELL

GENE TIERNEY looks as sophisticated as pink champagne and as exotic as Scheherazade. But she's as simple as the New England countryside in which she grew up and as much fun as Brooklyn where she was born.

All of which explains why Gene left Hollywood exactly seven days after the Los Angeles Superior Court granted her divorce from Oleg Cassini.

"You feel so lonely when you're divorced," she said. "You wonder if you'll ever be able to care that much again—or have that much to give anybody else."

Gene, of course, could have remained in Hollywood. Any one of a dozen attractive men I might name would have been delighted to be in constant attendance. She could have gone dancing at all the smartest places. She would have been invited to swim in the biggest pools. She would have been a desired (*Continued on page 112*)



Gene knew her lines and Rex Harrison his—so they join forces to put Rummy through his paces

Sparkling as New England in spring—Gene is the co-star of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir"



Powolny

A new slant on the "merry widow"—Gene in a demure mood, on set between shots

If you come by train, your gateway to Hollywood is the colorful Union Station on a plaza where lazy oxen browsed when Los Angeles was a sleepy Spanish pueblo



And your guides are on hand to welcome you to the City of the Angels—Larry Parks and wife Betty Garrett, recently arrived from New York

You'll find Los Angeles a potpourri, made up of Mexico, China and Kansas, U.S.A. This is entrance to New Chinatown



HOLLYWOOD

All aboard! Photoplay's own super-sensational, terrific tour of Cinemaland-on-the-Pacific is about to begin





A row of palms waves a royal welcome to the Beverly Hills Hotel. The lovely large swimming pool is a place to relax—and scrutinize some world famous figures

Pictures by Fink and Smith

TOUR



THE road to romance—for sixty million people in the United States who go to the movies—is the road to Hollywood. So, what's the next best thing to going there? PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood Tours, personally conducted by your favorite stars.

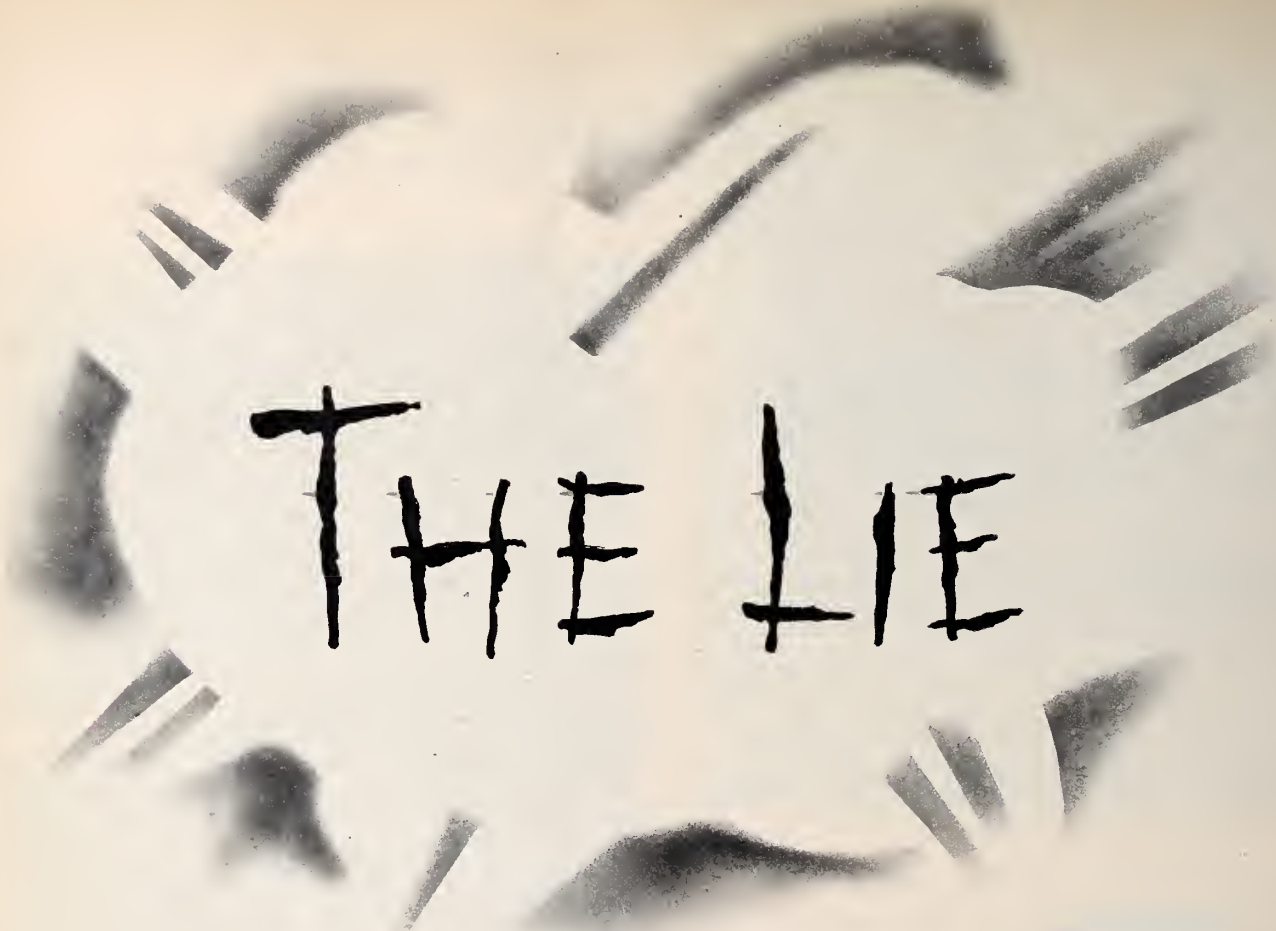
The highway to Hollywood begins at the rambling, Spanish-colonial Union Station. The pride of Los Angeles, it was built in 1937 (seventy-five trains a day, 10,000 to 15,000 passengers arriving and leaving). Next, past colorful Olvera Street, as Mexican as Mexico City, with ever-intriguing Chinatown nearby. Then on to Sunset Boulevard.

Hills polka-dotted with pastel houses—Columbia Pictures, (Continued on page 86)



Alone at last at the Beverly Hills. Beauty and The Feet—it's been a strenuous day—and Larry's too weary even to help wife Betty unpack





THE LIE

Guy was only seven, but in some desperate way he knew he had been put to the test—and failed

BY DOROTHY DEERE

HE STOOD with scared eyes fastened to the criminal evidence spread on the floor. He was seven years old and dressed in khaki shorts that hung loosely on his bony little hips.

The words of the nurse made hissing sounds in the shower-room. "Someone hasn't been eating their bread—" she was saying sternly, pointing to the unrolled napkin, spilling its stiffening bread-crusts to public gaze . . .

"Someone doesn't care if he gets strong and healthy or not—" the nurse was accusing. "And—what's much worse—someone has been being *sneaky* about it!"

Silence rode the ranks of the dozen small boys lined up against the wall. Only the drip-drip of a faucet dared intrude on the shameful sound of that word "sneaky." It was a new word to the vocabulary of young Bob Moseley (later to become famous as Guy Madison) and he instantly decided he wanted no further connection with it. . . .

Of course, everyone at the health resort knew it was a sin not to eat the four helpings of everything served to them each day. It was just that young Bob preferred his own method for a balanced diet. By rolling up his day's ration of bread or toast and stuffing it into his shorts, to be thrown away after mealtime, (Cont'd on page 93)



Morris

Guy Madison definitely has not "failed" in Hollywood. He stars in "Honeymoon"



Joan is off for some tennis in Palm Springs, but she'll be starring in "Welcome Stranger"

I BELIEVE in personal check-ups. Life seems to be a series of check-ups, whether it's the dentist, the doctor or the last time the oil was changed in the family car.

What more important than a little checking up—and down—with yourself? Find out what is wanting . . . and what you yourself want.

What about this girl Caulfield? Am I reasonably happy? What do I expect from my film future, and what can I do about getting it?

I'm a lucky girl. A very lucky girl. But what assurance have I that there will be blue skies from now on? Would the odds be better if I had struggled and starved?

I came to Hollywood three years ago from the cast of a hit Broadway show, "Kiss and Tell." In three years I've starred in two pictures with Bing Crosby, one with Bob Hope, danced in a film with Fred Astaire, and worked with prize people like Claude Rains and Bill Holden, with whom I co-star in the Paramount production, "Dear Ruth." Then add to this the privilege of being directed by that great artist, director Mike Curtiz.

And for all of it I can take little or no credit. I've had help, great help, from every star I've worked with. At all times I've had the full backing of my studio, and particularly that of the Paramount publicity personnel who have publicized Caulfield into a "name" in an (Continued on page 78)

I like it here

BY JOAN CAULFIELD



Fraker

*What to do about Caulfield?. A
first-person check-up of that time ahead when
head and heart say yes to romance*

My Romance With Evelyn Keyes



Sidney Skolsky and Evelyn Keyes:
Nice work if you can get it

The "affair" was going strong

until her husband came

along—now it's just a memo

for a columnist's notebook

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I UNDERSTAND," said Sidney Skolsky, the columnist, to Sidney Skolsky, the producer, "that you know Evelyn Keyes very well. That you had a romance with her."

"How you talk!" said the producer. "And what difference does it make if I did?"

"Ah, you admit it," said the columnist. "I just want to ask you a few questions because I am doing an article on her."

That's the difference between a columnist and a producer. A columnist leans back and asks questions. A producer leans forward and answers them.

"And what do you want to know?" asked the producer, leaning forward.

"I want to know how the romance started," said the columnist, leaning back and rather powerfully pleased. "But in telling me about the romance, I want you to reveal everything about Evelyn Keyes."



Scott

Atlanta, Georgia, is her home town. Evelyn stars in "The Mating of Millie McGonigle"



Advice on the hanging—of an Indian mask. Beauteous Evelyn, an ardent collector, and husband John Huston



The Hustons and family: Jennifer, their Kerry blue named for Jennifer Jones, and Willie the Airedale



John is a famous director and writer—Evelyn an actress. They only kibitz at home



John lovingly examines Oaxaca ceremonial candlestick and Evelyn gives points on Mexican ceramics

My Romance With Evelyn Keyes

There wasn't anything to do but tell him. The producer started. "Our acquaintance really began just before 'The Jolson Story' went into production. I was the producer of that picture, you know. Well, I wanted to make certain that Evelyn was the type to play Mrs. Al Jolson and so I began to instruct her and coach her in the part."

"But don't you think that Al Jolson would have been better qualified for that task?" asked the columnist.

"Gee, a producer has to do something," said the producer, "and besides it appeared like such nice work."

The producer started again. "Evelyn Keyes hails from Port Arthur, Texas, and the date is November 20, 1919. She moved to Atlanta, Georgia, when she was a youngster and she considers this her home town. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has brown eyes and blonde hair."

Her full name is Evelyn Louise Keyes. In the beginning she used to sign (*Continued on page 96*)



They're Mr. and Mrs., their home is in Tarzana, California, and bussing is international

TWO MEN IN



Straight-from-the-shoulder talk: Frank Sinatra and Pete Lawford

WHAT happens when two male stars come to New York City for a few weeks of business and fun? What happens when these two stars are Peter Lawford and Frank Sinatra? What happens if these two are together?

What happens?—Everything! Pull up a ringside chair and have a look!

Peter and Frankie were in Manhattan to do some scenes for their new co-starring M-G-M picture, "It Happened in Brooklyn" . . . but that's beside the point. Most of the scenes in their trip happened in real life. And everything turned into an adventure. Take something as simple as deciding to go out to buy shoes.

"We'll go to my favorite shoe shop," Frank told Peter.

"Oke," said Peter. They set out from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, whistling in harmony.

It was a rainy afternoon, and hardly a figure moved on the wet streets as they rode in a taxi to the shoe store at 47th Street and Madison Avenue. Only one rain-soaked boy noticed them as they got out of the taxi and went into the shop. They sat (Continued on page 83)

MANHATTAN

They came, they saw—but the crowds conquered those slickers from the flickers when they went to work on Brooklyn Bridge

BY ELEANOR HARRIS



Peter Lawford, Frankie and Jimmy Durante in "It Happened in Brooklyn"



Pete signs on the line for Sinatra fans—and Frank took messages for Peter at the hotel



Not a barber-shop trio. But Frankie, Kathryn Grayson and Pete all warble in same picture

3 Wishes



COVER GIRL

ESTHER WILLIAMS is in the small kitchen of her small house. She is wearing a two-piece swim suit. Her feet are bare. And the ends of her hair are wet. She stirs something in a big black pot on the gas range, takes a sip, nods her head and says, "I had a ham bone and I made pea soup—try it."

This is Esther Williams, the All-American Girl—at home. Usually you see Esther all dressed up—or all undressed up, on a lavish studio set, or at a glittering party. But after spending a day with Esther in her own home, you understand for the first time why she is a prime favorite with movie audiences all over the world. The wholesomeness that you see on the screen is not acting. It's as real as a sunny day in California. Or—a better metaphor—it's as real as Esther Williams.

The house shared by Esther and her husband, Ben Gage, is the clue to her personality. Esther bought the house two years ago when she was working in "Easy to Wed." And when Don Loper, Hollywood's famous designer of everything from hats to houses, heard about it he said to Esther, "I hear you've got a new house." "Yes," replied Esther, "and I'm so happy." (Continued on page 116)

It's a gala time for Esther,
starring in "Fiesta"

Esther and her pup take
their places in Paul
Hesse's heart—sand style



had ESTHER

That engaging Mrs. Gage who
didn't want to be president, a movie star
or even Photoplay's Cover Girl

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Snuggle-bug Esther waits for ol' man Sun

Finale: Being a cover girl has its points, decides Esther, as she takes the pose that puts her on the cover





Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF Elizabeth Scott

ONCE there was a little girl who set her heart on becoming a great actress. Her mother disapproved, but what mother can withstand a pretty daughter who goes around for weeks repeating: "It's drama school, or nothing!"

So, Elizabeth Scott came to New York to study at the Alviene School of Drama and, believe it or not, turned down all the adoring young men who wanted to take her to dinner at 21, late suppers at the Persian Room, or dancing on a starlit roof.

She had work to do. She had a dream that had to be forged into reality.

And—like the tale of Cinderella—this ends on a happy note. Judging by the acclaim of Mr. and Mrs. Moviegoer, Elizabeth Scott's dream has become a reality.

BY LYNN PERKINS



2. When she was in high school in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Lizabeth, in love with a medical student, boned up on medicine. She believed in "talking to your love about his love"

4. Tired of waiting for a chance at "Talu's" part, she quit to model hats—which she hates. Then a frantic stage director recalled her—and she returned to score in Tallulah's role



3. Her first job after drama school was in a road show of "Hellzapoppin." "Charming nonsense," says Liz. Next she understudied Tallulah Bankhead in Broadway's "Skin of Our Teeth"

Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF Lizabeth Scott



5. Her fashion modeling and a photo in Harper's Bazaar brought a phone call from the coast. Lizabeth wound up at Warners' with a contract, paycheck—but no work. She read scripts and scripts, nary a part



6. When Hal Wallis left Warners' to form his own company, he remembered Lizabeth Scott—her voice, her looks. She was the first personality he signed

8. Off the screen she indulges in her tomboy streak—goes in for such sports as ocean fishing. Her love of the outdoors is reflected in her personality



7. The movie public first saw Lizabeth with Bob Cummings in "You Came Along." As an opening gun it was terrific. Movie-goers said "Great Scott!"





9. Another notch in the gun for Lizabeth when she was starred with Humphrey Bogart in "Dead Reckoning." Bogie met a fair match in Siren Liz

10. But starring with Bogie wasn't the ultimate. Liz will next be seen in Paramount's "Desert Fury" with lady-killers Burt Lancaster and John Hodiak



11. Home—a cozy, compact two-room apartment in Beverly. The girl who set her heart on becoming a great actress has caught up with her dream

KELLY CAPERS

Take one Irishman, one
statue and one pair of dancing
shoes—mix thoroughly for
a mid-summer daydream



Gene, star of "Living
in a Big Way," looks askance.

The pose is pretty,
But can she dance?



Inspired by Gene's apache clothes,
She plays *Carmen* with a rose



The sun was warm,
The music gay—
What dancer could resist its sway?



With Kelly on a dancing spree—
Fame rests lightly on her knee



Chris, the dog, lends orchestration
To this dreamy situation



Wonderful

And a wonderful
time for the author, who
starts out a reporter
and finishes a poet

Donna, of "Green Dolphin Street," is a home movie fan



Starbeams: Sister Karen's keen about Donna

Donna and husband Tony at Haver wedding—that's June's mother



life with Donna

BY HERB HOWE

DONNA MULLENGER, born in Iowa, the principal crops of which are corn and beautiful women, was thrice selected a queen.

"Which is quite understandable."

This is the unbiased view of no less an authority than debonair Tony Owen. Mr. Owen is in the enviable position of knowing. He is her husband.

Tony looks the way a guy named Tony ought to look. His hair and eyes are black, his hide the tan of saddle leather; he's athletic, horsey and he looks right in tobacco tweed.

Darksome Tony is a setting for the topaz sparkle of Donna who doesn't care awfully for the name Reed or know how in Metro she got it. She thinks probably it was given her under ether by Bill Grady, the casting director.

Donna's hair and eyes are autumn brown. When laughing her eyes fizz with golden bubbles like fresh

churned cider; her nose tilts and her lips part wide for a dazzle you seldom get from beauties not of African ancestry. (Miss Mullenger's ancestors were Irish and Queens no doubt.) It's not royalty but nature you think of when gazing on Donna. She has the shimmer of rippling streams full of rainbow trout. You can hear the meadow larks and sniff the goldenrod, and goldarned near write poetry good as Walt Whitman's.

Mr. Owen was stricken on first sight of her.

"What a radiantly beautiful girl—and a lady," he said to himself breathing hard. A second later he had a psychic flash. "I am going to marry her."

Mr. Owen was shocked severely by the flash.

"It can't be," he said. "It can't happen. Not to old Pop Owen."

He had no idea who the vision was.

"She is Donna Reed," (Continued on page 87)

Airing "A Wonderful Life"—Donna and Jimmy Stewart



Donna takes the high notes while Karen waits her cue

Summer Performance



Blue-eyed Virginia Mayo,

the twinkling star of

"Out of the Blue"

On city streets—in summer stock—or on
a *playa* in Havana, keep it simple and your
performance will win you encores

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor

A sip to the wise: Virginia believes in sunrays, but shade too



A fine fence for a pretty foil

"SUMMERTIME and the livin' is
easy . . ."

And that, gals, should be our theme song for the summer—plus the motto, "Take it easy!" To suit actions to words, we should cut down on everything—clothes, food, and work. If we do this, we're bound to be summer-glamour-gals!

Let me introduce my model beach beauty right now—Virginia Mayo, one of the most gorgeous blondes the sun shines on. What's her summer recipe?

"Keep it simple," said she. "By which I mean your clothes, your hair-do, your meals and your activities. Be stripped for hot weather in every way, including mentally. But then," she added, "I have a special theory about the summer. I think it's the time when every girl can be more relaxed, comfortable, happy and attractive than any other time of the year. Why, I've worked out a summer system myself, based on my theory!"

That's all (Continued on page 110)

Added Attractions

Photoplay's gay gadabout reports
on the foolish little things with which the
stars win "double takes"

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town



IT'S those precious little details, subtle or otherwise, those extra stitches—which make the difference between the accepted fashion, the "usual thing," and an effect that combines the last word in chic and becoming-ness. I've always thought this applies not only to a dress or costume as a whole—but in the matter of accessories. Like bothering to see that a bag, shoes or gloves really match each other, or the dress they're being worn with, instead of settling for something that "goes with it."

I saw proof of this in the absolutely dreamy ensemble that Joan Fontaine wowed forty-nine other gals with at the lovely luncheon and baby shower that Mrs. Lee Bowman gave for Constance Moore. There wasn't one meow for Joan's suit that looked like a knitted job, but actually was made of strips of silk woven together to look like striped wool. It was of bright canary (Continued on page 107)



New! Blush-cleanse your face — *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give your skin:

—an instant clean-fresh look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

—a lovely blush of color

SEE RESULTS TONIGHT — with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

BLUSH-CLEANSE — Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist,

warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

BLUSH-RINSE — Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlelets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot drv.

CLEAN, SOFT, GLOWING — your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

MISS ELEANOR PAINTER, recently introduced to Philadelphia society by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Painter, is engaged to Mitchell Wing Beardsley of Narberth, Pa. During the war he flew a P-51 in China in the A.A.F.

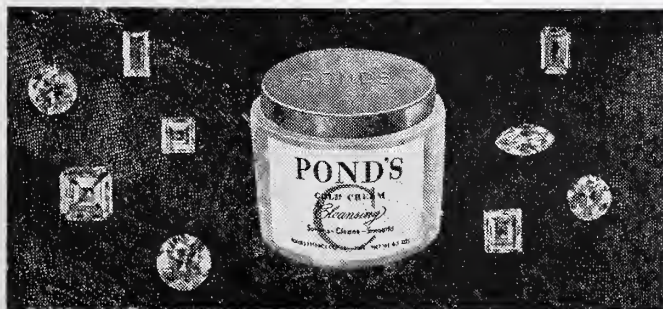
Miss Painter's profile is cameo-perfect, and her eyes darkly hazel under winged brows. Her complexion has a soft and fresh-as-a-dewy-rose look that is the lovely reward of lovely care. A Pond's "blush-cleanse" is her conscientious beauty routine. "It feels blissful," she says, "and leaves my skin so clean-fresh and extra soft."

Have the Pond's "blush-cleanse" look! Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Blush-cleanse your face with Pond's tonight!



Eleanor Painter gives her luminous complexion Pond's blush-cleanse care

HER RING—
a beautiful diamond
set high and round,
a baguette deep-set
on either side



Engagement Diamonds and Pond's! Round diamonds like Eleanor Painter's; a pointed marquise; emerald-cut diamonds, shining clear as ice!

*Among the beautiful women of Society
who use Pond's*

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD, JR. THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT
MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART
THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

Give three cheers and three cheers more
For the Blue Swan undies we all adore.
So tailored, so stylish—real comfort to wear...
They cling to your figure as though they're not there.

Blue Swan

LOVELY LINGERIE

BLUE SWAN MILLS, Empire State Bldg., New York
A Division of the McKay Products Corporation

Too Well Remembered

(Continued from page 35) reality in place of competition and artificiality.

There is no doubt that Elsie, loving George devotedly, did wait upon him and do everything in her power to please him and to meet his every mood. . .

Until that day just before Christmas when George came home to discover that Elsie would be waiting for him no longer. She was tired, apparently, of waiting for him and waiting on him. She was leaving. She made her announcement as she packed. And completely taken by surprise, he argued with her for hours . . . while she methodically continued her packing, called a taxi and drove away.

It now seems unbelievable that a famous star could court and marry a girl under the nose of Hollywood—and yet have nobody know about it. It seems particularly hard to believe when you realize that the girl was also in the acting profession. Yet that is what happened. Eight years ago, when George had been a Hollywood resident for two years, he met Elsie Poole—whose professional name was Susan Larson. He met her inevitably, on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, where both were acting.

Elsie was a quiet, unpretentious girl who had never been away from home, which was Hollywood. She had grown up there, gone to Hollywood High School, and had drifted into the factory work of her home town—which was acting in the movies. She had achieved no eminence at all when she met the big, handsome, much-traveled Englishman. And their courtship certainly received no eminence. George saw to that.

They were never seen out together—not even riding in the same car, not even walking, not even talking at the studio. This absolute privacy was achieved by their driving separately to a meeting place—often the boat on which he was then living, which was in Santa Monica harbor. Throughout this time George continued the Sanders pattern of living. Take his method of lunching at the studio commissary, for instance.

Although every other actor ate with studio friends, George ate prominently alone, with a magazine or book propped up in front of him. And when he left the studio at the day's end, he vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. So did Elsie.

They married in the same complete secrecy—and by the simple device of doing it openly. Instead of a hurried flight to Arizona, they saved time, trouble (and all notice) by strolling into the Hollywood Methodist Church on the sunny afternoon of October 27th, 1940. George said to the Reverend Mr. Glenn Phillips, "Will you marry us?"—and he did. It was as simple as that. On the following day, Elsie quietly resigned from her acting duties at Twentieth Century-Fox—and seemed to resign from the face of the earth.

But not George. He continued going his usual way. During the next two years an occasional rumor started that he was in love with somebody—maybe even married. When people asked him that question, he gave them one of the two Sanders treatments: Either he snapped, "That's none of your business," or he closed his eyes in a sudden cat-nap that terminated any further talk completely.

To further throw up a concealing smoke-screen he even went out publicly now and then, with lovely actresses. And he talked freely on his views on women, none of them fervent. "I do not spoil women," he said on one occasion. "I am not what is known as 'attentive.' I do not send flowers, gifts. I do none of these things because I have found it isn't necessary. I am saving all that for when I am an old man and have to." Always, however, whatever he said, whatever he did, he managed to be interesting and tantalizing.

Take an interview with him in a 1942 PHOTOPLAY in which he said: "Men have proven themselves supreme in all the arts and crafts; therefore I see no reason why women should presume to equality with us. Women often (Continued on page 72)

Get In The Swim

Put your favorites
in the champ class

Write in below the name
of the man star
and the woman star you'd
like to see in vivid and

lovely color in
PHOTOPLAY

Paste it on the back
of a penny postcard.
Then mail it to:
Color Portrait Editor
Photoplay
205 East 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

Man.....
Woman.....
My Name.....

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you individually will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars who receive the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"



"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

JOAN BENNETT

Starring in
Diana Production

"THE SECRET BEYOND
THE DOOR"



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

"THERE'S APPEAL men can't resist in skin that's smooth, fragrant," says Joan Bennett. "I love the delicate, clinging perfume Lux Soap leaves on my skin."

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure. Active lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, sweet."

Take Joan Bennett's tip! Use this fine complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!



YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal men can't resist in skin that's exquisitely fresh. Try this fragrant Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*



NEW COMFORT!

SEND FOR IT NOW!

Mail the coupon—and be comfortable “next time”! Try **Slender Meds**—extra-easy-to-insert—the **REGULAR** absorbency most mature women need. Be free from pins, belts, odor, and chafing. Enjoy convenience and comfort you’ve never known before!

See what Meds give you:

- “SAFETY-WELL” designed for your extra protection
- COTTON of high-test absorbency, soft and fine
- EXPANSION—mostly side-wise—to avoid pressure
- APPLICATORS—dainty, firm, easy to use

Get your trial package of **Slender Meds** now! Send me the coupon **TODAY!**

Slender MEDS with **REGULAR** absorbency and extra ease-of-use (in light blue box)

De Luxe MEDS with **SUPER** absorbency for greater need (in dark blue box)



29¢ for 10
in applicators

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

P-7

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the trial package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

Name

Address

City State

Meds are made by Personal Products Corporation.

(Continued from page 70) advance the specious argument that they are the ‘Power Behind the Throne.’ They mean that many great men would not have been so great had they not had brilliant and enterprising women back of them. Granted. But the women in back of men were just that—back of them, where they belong. . . .”

PERHAPS it was that public statement that, after two years of complete secrecy as to their marriage, made Elsie announce it to the world. For it was Elsie who finally did announce it, not George. She announced it in 1942, and Hollywood was left gasping. After her announcement, like a wraith that appears but once, she disappeared entirely from sight again—and so did the Sanders marriage.

George snorts when anything is said about his secret courtship and marriage. “That’s nonsense,” he announces shortly. “We lived with privacy—but not secrecy.” There’s satisfaction in his voice when he says they lived with privacy. As there well can be. Few Hollywood men of his prominence achieve this desirable state.

He didn’t withstand other phases of Hollywood life so successfully, however. As he says himself: “I resent the way in which I allowed Hollywood to ruin my perspective—much as I enjoy living there.

“Let me try and explain what I mean. Hollywood has everything that God has to offer. Beautiful surroundings and a beautiful climate. In Hollywood there are no daily obstacles such as people everywhere else in the world have—the obstacles of bad weather, difficult transportation to work, sharp changes of season. Hollywood also permits you to live too comfortably. With the result that in Hollywood one vegetates. . . .”

“I see only one way to get back one’s perspective. To get away from Hollywood as often as possible. As example, take my recent trip to New York City. Why I was astounded to see how even very wealthy people there could only afford a few feet of space in which to live. In Hollywood, people of really limited means have big and sunny apartments.

“But that’s the very root of Hollywood’s trouble. Once I was satisfied to live on a boat, anchored off the Santa Monica pier. Then I had a small apartment. Then I began wanting more and more. I got the idea I was living like a pig if I didn’t have spreading gardens, a swimming pool, a huge house. The luxuries of today became the basic necessities of tomorrow.”

He does not add that it was his loss of

perspective, due to the lushness of Hollywood life, that caused the break-up of his marriage. But since he talks of it in this connection the implication is clear.

“I began wanting more and more,” he says.

Certainly the man who says all this is hardly recognizable as the George Sanders Hollywood has known these past ten years. He has taken the “Keep Out” sign off his private life. For he is in trouble now—you have only to see him and talk with him to realize how deeply he misses his wife, who was one person from whom he did not stand apart. And it is not easy to be independent when you are in trouble and bewildered and lonely.

Elsie Sanders appears to always have had great understanding for the man who for ten years has been an Hollywood enigma. And it may well have been because she refused to be abashed or dismayed by the defensively cynical, scathing things it has been his habit to say, that she became so important to him.

A friend tells how George came home from the set of “The Affairs of Bel Ami.” Without any preamble he began intoning some of the lines from his script: “All women strike me as being so incredibly stupid,” he declaimed over the dinner table. “Women can be bought by a smile, a look, a compliment, anything that touches their vanity. It’s impossible not to despise them.”

Another woman would have been infuriated by those lines. Not Elsie. She laughed.

George’s reaction? He burst out laughing too.

But that was before December 10th of last year—when Elsie suddenly told him she was leaving, packed, called a taxi, and drove away.

And that is all anyone knows about the marriage enigma of the Sanderses. Since its ending, George has gone through a series of phases to forget—he has made a trip to New York; he has gone out with Gene Tierney; he has whirled through a most un-Sanders-like collection of cocktail parties and radio appearances. Shortly, he is trying another memory-eraser: He is going to Italy for several months to make the picture “Better Now.”

But always his underlying theme remains the same:

“... everywhere I have gone I have been told by everyone that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it... now I’m wondering about that. I’m wondering. . . .”

THE END

"Such a relief from serial dramas

—THESE GENUINE STORIES
THAT REALLY HELP ME"



• Many a listener to daytime radio drama gratefully writes in about the enjoyment and help she gets from “MY TRUE STORY.” Each complete drama is culled from the experiences of real people—their problems, loves, sorrows . . . and is produced in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Here is entertainment that satisfies. “MY TRUE STORY” is broadcast every morning, Monday thru Friday, over your American Broadcasting Company stations.

10 a.m. ET • 9 a.m. CT
11:30 a.m. MT • 10:30 a.m. PT

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)



The Toni twin—winsome Ella Wigren of Chicago, exclaimed "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins*." (Can you tell their permanents apart? See answer below.)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Beautiful, deep, graceful waves — so smooth, so natural-looking. A Toni is truly lovely. And look how easy it is to give yourself a Toni Permanent—at home.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your wave is in — just the way you like it. By following the simple Toni directions you get the curl just as tight or as loose as you want. And your wonderful Toni wave is frizz-free from the start. For Toni Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful, easy-to-manage waves.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a beauty-shop permanent costing \$15 or more. That's why — every hour of the day

another thousand women use Toni. Take a tip from them and get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Ella, the twin with the Toni is on the right above. Did you guess right?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
\$2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers
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Refill Kit complete except for curlers
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All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada



Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

WHAT

SHOULD

I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert stars in "The Egg and I"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Several years ago I met a fellow I liked very much and would have married after suitable courtship. However, when he found out that I was a domestic, he simply dropped out of sight. This struck my pride so deeply that I went to night school and acquired credits equivalent to a college degree and a teaching certificate.

Three years ago I met this same man at a party. When he found out what I had made of myself, he began to pursue me. Nothing seems to discourage him. He is sorry for what happened before, and says he would do anything to get me to marry him. He is comfortably situated and wants me to drop teaching and simply keep house for him.

When I think of the years of sacrifice, going without friends, recreation, or decent clothing, sometimes even going hungry just to achieve my goal, I can think of him only with wondering pity. He was my goal, and nowadays I doubt that he was worth the agony.

Here is my problem: I am thirty-four years old, extremely contented with my work, and proud of my contribution to children whom I love.

However, like every woman, I want a home and children of my own. My matrimonial chances are few. This man is willing to take me on my terms, just as long as I marry him.

Should I take a chance on growing to feel a mild sort of affection for him, or should I stay in my work, which has given me real satisfaction?

Madeleine R.

In your case, I believe that it would be a tremendous tragedy for you to marry this man. It is always wrong to marry a man for any reason except that you love him and want to spend the rest of your life building a fine life with him. Marriage is work and even in cases of devoted love, there are many adjustments to make.

It seems to me this man has served his purpose in your life. Don't despair of marriage—for a woman of your vitality and determination life is full of surprises. I'm certain that one of them will be a man with whom you will fall wholeheartedly in love.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My husband is being transferred to a large city next month. Can you tell me what is customary about entertaining and calls, etc.? If some of the company wives call on me at home, what is the procedure in returning the calls? Should I phone first to see if they are home, or just "drop in"?

I get panicky when I think of having to entertain guests in our home, for fear each meal wouldn't go just as it should

Photoplay Fashions

In Color

Start on Page 99

or that I wouldn't be able to converse properly. I would even hesitate to join a church in a large city, as I know I would be called upon to help in their ladies' groups and I don't feel confident.

This may seem terribly trivial to you, but I do want to help my husband go as far as he can because he has already proved that he has the qualifications, so I'll appreciate any help you can give me in fulfilling my duties.

(Mrs.) Norah M.

First of all, buy yourself a book of etiquette. Get a modern version, and read it carefully. It will give you some important information.

Customs differ in different cities. Eastern and Southern cities are still quite formal in social observances, whereas the West is not so rigid.

Although you have expressed a fear of joining in church activities, I feel that you should affiliate at once and make friends with some older woman whom you admire. Ask her to take you under her wing and help you to get started properly. Don't be afraid to admit that you seek guidance.

If some of the wives of your husband's business associates call upon you, it would be proper for you to return the call some afternoon around 3:30, without telephoning in advance. A formal call lasts only twenty minutes, a period so short that you would have no trouble in keeping the conversation rolling.

However, you should remember that all good manners are based upon thoughtfulness. When you entertain, the welfare of your guests is important, not the impression you are making. In planning a dinner find out what sort of menu would be welcome by having your husband observe his associates' luncheon choice and report to you.

Relax, and you'll get along fine.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I started at a new school last fall and became very popular. Then a certain boy began to pester me for dates. I didn't think I'd like him, but I did after two or three dates. He dominated me so, I dropped all my other friends. We fought all the time because he went into a jealous rage if I smiled at another boy. I liked him, so I



No, Mother . . .

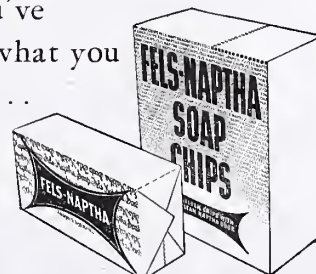
"I didn't forget to 'phone . . . but I never knew just how much work went with a wedding ring. Seems to me there's always something . . . Oh, my goodness! that's what you used to say, isn't it . . . ?

Yes, Mother . . .

"I'm doing my own cleaning and washing. Our place is so tiny . . . and everything's so new and bright, I can't bear to let anyone else touch it or my beautiful linens and towels either . . .

Of course, Mother! . .

"Fels-Naptha Soap? . . . I never use anything else. That's one thing I did remember . . . By the way, Mother, *how* does a man get so much dirt in his collars and cuffs? . . . All you've learned is how to get it out? I see what you mean, darling. Fels-Naptha Chips? . . . I have plenty—I think. Soon as I hang up I'll make sure . . . 'bye!"



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Highlights and shadows: Catherine McLeod and Frances Langford, sporting some very chic lids at Atwater Kent's party

ready for romance?

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liquid deodorant

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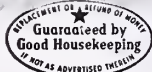
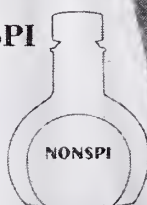
non-caking—

won't dry out

applicator cap

makes NONSPI

easy to use



35¢ and 60¢ plus tax
everywhere

took it. Another thing: He kept telling me that love was right and beautiful if two people were meant for one another, so very much against my will, we petted.

After three months, we broke up. He did the breaking up and I could scarcely bear it, but I kept my chin up. When the news got around, two darling boys, both football players, began to give me a rush.

As soon as I began to have fun, Tommy wanted me back again. He wanted to go steady. When I said I had been through all that, he told me that I had better get rid of my other boy friends and just be his girl or he would blacken my reputation.

I'm scared to death. I never did a cheap thing in my life until I met this boy, and I swear I never will again. What shall I do? Give up everyone else and go steady with this boy, or run the risk of being hated by everyone in school?

Mary Lou

Under no circumstances should you ever give this boy another date. He is a cheap blackmailer and any number of other unpleasant things as well. If you gave up your other friends, in cowardly acquiescence, he would drop you within a few months again.

In addition to living blamelessly, which I am certain you will from now on, you should tell your girl friends quite frankly that Tommy has threatened you. Don't admit that you made a mistake; that belongs to the past. Simply say that Tommy is causing you trouble by saying that he will tell lies to disgrace you if you don't accept dates with him.

In other words, beat him to the punch. Discredit him before he has a chance to tell his stories. If you live an exemplary life, you will be believed—no matter what Tommy says.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Some months ago we moved to a farm and now have a cow, horses, hogs, and some chickens. My father (really a step-father, but he is so good to me that I claim him as my own) is a Master Sergeant in the Army, stationed thirty miles away. He comes home every night, but not until ten o'clock which is too late to feed stock.

The only answer to the problem was to take me out of school to care for the animals. I am fifteen years old and was in the ninth grade. Don't get me wrong; I love to care for the stock, but it's hard work, especially for a girl.

Since I quit school, I have been trying to go on with my studies alone. My father thinks it is a grand idea, but every time my mother sees me with a book, she screams at me and says I am lazy.

If it hadn't been for my father, I would have run away from home long ago. Mother left school when she was in fifth grade, so she says education never did anyone any good.

Miss Colbert, how can I make my mother see that an education is necessary?

Paula D.

There are a number of things about your case which puzzle me.

In the first place, why can't your mother attend to the chores instead of keeping you out of school to do this work? Your letter does not indicate that she is an invalid.

In the second place, I assume that in your state there is a law which provides for your schooling until you are sixteen, at least, perhaps until you are eighteen.

Fond as you are of your stepfather, you should ponder the possibility that he, or your mother, or both, are showing little regard for your future. Since you are

ambitious and wish to continue your education, I think you should discuss your position with your school principal.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen. For the past four years, I have grown up with a boy who is now twenty-two. All during the war he was around because he was classed as essential in his war job. He is a lot of fun and I have enjoyed our friendship. But I am not in love with him.

Last summer he asked me to marry him. I explained I didn't want to marry for at least three years, perhaps longer. I also told him frankly that I thought he was nice, but that I didn't want to encourage him to think I might grow to love him.

Immediately after that he began to drink heavily, and has been in all sorts of trouble.

Our parents belong to the same church and clubs. They are very close. When this boy began to misbehave, his mother came over to the house to talk it over with me. She said she thought I was being unnecessarily brutal, and that since there was no one else in my life I could be nice enough to encourage her son a little bit.

I had a few dates with him, then tried to fluff him off. He wrote me a note telling me that he was going to kill himself if we weren't married on his birthday which falls in October, 1947.

I don't think he really would, but I'd feel horrible if he did.

This is making a bad situation between the families, but I don't know what to do.

Lucille W.

Obviously, this boy is a spoiled baby, pampered by his mother, who thinks that all he has to do to get what he wants is to make a scene.

From your letter I presume that you have graduated from high school and not gone on to college. I am also taking for granted that your family would be able to send you out of town to school.

I think you should enter a school at some distance, or visit relatives this summer. Usually one should not run away from a problem, but there are some problems which can be solved only by running away.

Your family should not tell this boy where you are going. You shouldn't communicate with him in any way.

The chances are excellent that if you are away this summer, and enter school this fall, the boy—like a child whose attention has been distracted—will begin to devote himself to some other girl.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

* Jantzen

has the world sunning



TAN with JAN...for a glorious copper-tan use new Jon sun oil or Jon protective cream lotion

Fun is more fun when you're set for it like this in wonderful man-tailored Jantzen sunclothes that hold their lines, their color, their good-looks! Two-piecer (left) is Bates fine mercerized cotton twill, with button-down tabs for your belt, 5.95. Shorts (right) are Juilliard finest combed yarn Zephyroy, Sanforized and vat-dyed, 6.95. Finest two-ply combed cotton shirts, 2.95 ...all in marvelous colors.

Come out!
Come out!
in

Debutante

bedazzling new
cosmetics



Here's Debutante's glittering beauty array... to help keep
you looking delectable on the sultriest summer's day!

A tinted Make-up Lotion that clings from dawn to dusk...
a fragrant, quick-lathering Powder Shampoo... even a frothy,
rose-pink Bubble Bath... the last word in refreshing bath luxury!

All, of course, from beauty lotion to bath powder...
in the delightful flower-laden Debutante fragrance...

All at better cosmetic counters.



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The House
of
Daggett
and
Ramsdell

COPR. 1947, DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL



"SUN ROMPER" BATHING SUIT... DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR DEBUTANTE COSMETICS BY CHEE ARMSTRONG.

I Like It Here

(Continued from page 48) incredibly short time.

Furthermore, I have the most wonderful family in the world.

So, whatever success I've achieved has come comparatively easy. Too easy perhaps. And perhaps that's why small failures have assumed a false importance for me. A few disagreeable past experiences might have helped me pass through the few disappointments I have had in Hollywood less painfully. And prepared me for the challenge to come.

The most important lesson I've learned in these three years is that success is selfish. It demands all of you... all the time. The brief breather you have between pictures is filled with interviews, publicity still sittings, wardrobe fittings, make-up tests, etc. Then you're off before the cameras again.

It's essential in the beginning of any career that you direct all your talents and energy toward one goal. It's that "extra" drive you put behind yourself that pushes you to the top. It's the "extra something" that accounts for the Bette Davises and the Ingrid Bergmans in Hollywood.

Even then, it's hard going. This fact was borne out recently by Claude Rains, with whom I have been working in "The Un-suspected" at Warner Brothers, and whose opinions I respect. Claude, you know, was up for the Academy Award this year. Yet by his own measuring stick—and these are his words—a few years ago he was a dead duck. Now his career has gone up again. If a finished actor like Claude Rains, with all his experience, can be a "dead duck," what about the future and Caulfield?

I BELIEVE that anything you really want is worth the sacrifices necessary to attain it. And I have wanted ever since I can remember to become an actress. I used to go to a little dramatic school on Saturdays and afternoons after regular school. I remember when I was twelve years old doing "Pygmalion" in a white cheesecloth costume, and with utter confidence. My mother and I thought I was wonderful. I gravely doubt the others present agreed with us. Later on, at Columbia University, despite a full schedule that included an exhaustive academic course, I devoted all time possible to dramatic work.

Yes, I'm sure that more than anything else, I've wanted to be an actress. For I believe that basically we all do what we really want to do.

Yet like any other girl, I want to get married. I want a home, a husband, and children. But too, I want that marriage to have a fairly even chance for success. And on the way up in Hollywood you can't waver. Your own personal happiness, if any, awaits you at the top.

But, I know that any attempt to mix movies and matrimony at this point would be fatal for me. I know Caulfield far too well. I would want to continue to give a hundred per cent to my career and give another hundred to my marriage. No matter what system you use, that's mathematically impossible.

So while my heart may say, "Go ahead, Joan, take a chance," my head keeps shaking no and at this writing my head still rules my heart.

Hollywood is very hard on romance, anyway. You go out with someone once or twice, and the startled gentleman picks up his morning paper to read where somebody says he's going to marry you. Then he's scared off. And so, in a sense, are you. You worry about whether he thinks you are in any way responsible for the match-making urges columnists have.

Actually, I'm still naive enough to be-

lieve that when you meet the man for you . . . your man . . . you'll know it. What qualities am I looking for in that man? What do I want? I want stability, a sense of humor, an engaging personality. He doesn't have to be handsome or even attractive, just somebody who would be fun to spend the rest of my life with, whether he turns out to be an actor, lawyer, or an Indian Chief.

GENERALLY speaking. I can't say that I've ever been short on self-confidence. I've always been fairly sure of myself at anything I attempted—tennis or a good Australian Crawl. And I arrived in Hollywood completely at ease. "You have nothing to worry about. Absolutely nothing," said Producer George Abbott (producer of the show I was starring in, "Kiss and Tell") when I embarked for movieland. And I was only too ready to agree with him.

This self-confidence helped me get my first break and my first heartbreak. Checking back now, I'm sure I could have handled the whole situation with more finesse and fewer tears, if I'd been more prepared for it. I really suffered at the time.

When the late Producer Mark Sandrich, who was to direct "Blue Skies," first approached me about doing the lead and asked, "Do you think you can dance and sing well enough to carry it?" I didn't have a qualm, and answered sincerely, "Sure, I can." He gave me the part.

It was a great break, starring opposite Bing Crosby. It would automatically make any newcomer a star.

Then came the sudden tragic death of Mr. Sandrich, and another producer took over "Blue Skies." The new movie maestro, together with the dancer who was set for a starring role, decided between them that I wasn't right for the part. But they neglected to inform me. Other girls were tested for the role, and finally just before the picture was ready to go I was told that other arrangements were being made, and that I was out.

I wouldn't have minded if they'd just told me at the beginning that they felt I wasn't suitable for the role. But I can't stand evasion in any form. Ironically enough, when the picture finally got under way, the producer and the dancer were out, and I got my big chance anyway. But I'll never forget those few days between . . .

Perhaps this was in some measure my own fault. For I am very direct, and I usually expect everybody else to be. Perhaps I should just "curve" a little now and then.

But I don't know. The worst thing one can do is be too nice to the wrong people. If you're too nice they think you're a push-over, and believe me they push you over too. Through a few such hard-learned incidents, I've decided one must maintain a certain dignity and authority always.

On occasion, I have a positive knack for trusting the wrong people.

For one thing, I'm much too sensitive. Though thanks to Bing Crosby, Bill Holden, Sonny Tufts and others I've worked with, I'm learning to laugh a lot more, to take little things people say or do less seriously, and to let down between scenes until it's time to pick up the cue again.

However some things still affect me out of proportion. If the rushes, for instance, look a little bad to me, my whole day is upset. But I am gradually worrying less and less.

Little things can make me very happy. A spontaneous surprise, a small act of thoughtfulness.

And never will I forget the day Director Mike Curtiz called to tell me he'd observed my work and was considering me for the lead in his picture, "The Unsuspected." This meant about as much

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to me as actually getting the part; just the fact that he had been thinking of me for it.

My chances for getting that role, however, were soon dimmed by the prospect of a package deal with a different studio.

"I'm sorry, Joan... I would have liked to work with you," Mr. Curtiz said. And my keen disappointment was assuaged by the fact that a great director like Mr. Curtiz would have liked to work with me.

THINKING I had lost the part, Mother and I packed up and headed back to New York to spend the Christmas holidays with my father and sister. The four of us then left for North Carolina to visit my married sister and see her new baby. We were motoring down and stopped off for the night at the John Marshall Hotel in Richmond, Virginia.

We had just registered, when I was paged by long distance for a call from Mike Curtiz asking me to return to the coast immediately for the lead in his picture. I couldn't imagine how he'd found me, since nobody in Hollywood knew where I was. He'd called New York, gotten the message that I was en route to North Carolina and might spend the night in Richmond, and had promptly put in a call to every hotel there.

There are so many factors that can change your future, some less happily. Like acquiring affectations, losing one's naturalness, and dropping a certain sense of dignity.

It's hard to keep from getting a little spoiled, with all the attention you receive; hairdressers fussing around you, wardrobe girls waiting on you, a make-up man repairing your make-up, the entire key personnel of an entire studio eternally looking out after you. To me, nobody is more repulsive than a spoiled woman. Consequently, I'm constantly underplaying, to the point of almost seeming inhibited. Which, of course, is equally bad.

As a challenge to myself I'd like to some day portray a screen character like *Sadie Thompson*. Complete with loud manners, wild clothing, garish make-up, spike heels, spangled jewelry, and gobs of chewing gum.

If I can play *Sadie* successfully, I'll have reached another movie milestone. And it will be high time for another check-up with Caulfield, for anything could happen from there on.

THE END



Joan Caulfield, with best friend Benay Venuta, and Benay's daughter Debbie. Both girls are expert tennis players and got in a few games while in Palm Springs

It's Like This, Louella . . .

(Continued from page 39) When she returned to Orson Welles he was heartbroken. David Niven and she have not frequented night clubs. They saw each other at Palm Springs, quietly and without the public looking on.

The first time Rita separated from Orson she was very frank in saying she could not live up to his giant intellect. "You get fed up listening to how great a person he is, you get weary of so much egotism. All our conversation was about his greatness, his plans, his radio show—never anything about me, my career or our marriage."

But after this last separation she has less to say, only, "It's hard to enjoy life with a genius." Perhaps she is a little on the defensive, because when she reconciled with Orson she went against the advice of her friends. For Rita, very sweet, will always take the line of least resistance. She never in her life has wanted to hurt anyone. So when Orson, apparently repentant, said he was sorry, she forgave him.

It is a great pity, I think, that Rita never has known the happiness of a contented marriage. Her two husbands were entirely different but neither was a helpmate in the accepted meaning of the word. Edward Judson, her first husband, drove her day and night. Eager for her to get ahead in her career, he never was happier than when she was a monetary success. He must, however, be given credit for inspiring her to ambition and for helping her in her earlier days; even though Rita, like many others, did not believe that his interest in her career was entirely altruistic.

To Welles, of course, money meant nothing. I doubt, too, that he counted Rita's career important, except when it touched his own as an actor or a director. Rita, to him, was a beautiful statue, something to admire. I cannot feel he is carrying the torch for her as many columnists have said. His pride is hurt because she left him, walked out without a word.

Knowing Rita as I do, I believe she had taken just as much as she could endure when she departed for Palm Springs. Orson was so taken by surprise that he said to all inquiring reporters: "It's ridiculous. Mrs. Welles and I have not separated. She has merely gone to Palm Springs to rest." When it could no longer be denied that she *had* left him his silence could have been heard from Hollywood to New York.

WHEN Rita telephoned me in New York after her second matrimonial break-up with Orson I thought she would tell me her troubles as she has before. But the new Rita was in evidence. The girl who shot to fame overnight—and whom I have known since she was Marguerite Cansino, a dancer at Agua Caliente—has had so many heartbreaking things happen to her that she has learned to be discreet.

"Tell me," I said, "are you going to Europe because you want to put the ocean between you and Orson?"

"Oh, Louella, don't say that," she pleaded. "I'm going to Europe because I've never been there. I'll go to Rotterdam, then to Amsterdam and Brussels, which they tell me is the most sophisticated of cities. And later I'll go on to Paris and London."

"This isn't a case of going away to forget. It's mostly to learn and see things I've never had a chance to learn or see before. I've always wanted to go abroad."

"I'm going to travel with Evelyn Lane, a friend," she went on. "I know that my daughter, Rebecca, will be all right because she is with a great aunt of mine, besides her wonderful nurse."

"Are you glad to be rid of Orson?"



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"Let's not underestimate what Orson did for me, Louella," she answered. "He helped me a lot, educationally speaking. But he is pretty difficult to live up to. I think he's best when left alone. And," she said this a little wistfully, "I think it's better for me too. I must think for myself and no one can have a personal thought that Orson doesn't want to intrude upon."

I certainly agreed with her there.

"Have you ever tried living with a genius?" she asked. "Well, Orson's a genius and never forgets it. But I don't want to say too much against him because he's the father of my daughter. And I think if you loved a man enough to marry him the least you can do, if you must part, is to say nothing against him."

"Tell me, Rita," I said, changing the subject. "What's happened to your glorious long hair. You've always worn it so magnificently it's almost a trade mark with you, like Zasu Pitts's hands. Then, suddenly, it was very blonde and short and you looked like any other glamour girl."

She laughed apologetically. "I'm letting it grow out and it will be red. I don't ever want my hair like this again."

"Orson liked it blonde and short?" I asked with a sneaking hunch that it was he who suggested it. She just laughed.

Rita wears her hair blonde and short, incidentally, in "The Lady from Shanghai" the picture which Orson directed her in just before the rift. It's the most dramatic thing she has ever done, I hear, and ends forever the idea she is just a beautiful ex-cover girl. Well, she was unhappy enough while she was making it to look dramatic!

RITA sailed on a small Dutch boat, the Veendam. She wanted to enjoy her first trip without the fanfare and glory that usually accompanies a star—particularly such a glamorous one as Rita.

My mind went back to the time I sailed in 1920 with Olga Petrova on the Rhydam, a small Dutch boat. It, too, was my first trip to Europe and the thrill of it has always lingered.

I have gone abroad many times since with my favorite doctor, but always on big boats. But somehow the memories of those large ships are not as nostalgic as my memories of that little Dutch boat with its friendly captain. Rita may not have known it but she will eat cheese for breakfast. That's what they served me. It's an accepted custom of the dairy-minded Dutch. What's more I'm sure she will learn to like it. As I did.

I thought Rita was wise to choose one of the smaller vessels. She will find real friends who will wish to help her. And, temporarily, I think, she needs help. The fascination that the Welles intellect—or genius, if you will—has for her must not be forgotten. Following her divorce from Judson, Welles was able to take her away from Victor Mature, who was madly in love with her, who said he could never live without her. And, later, without too much trouble, Welles recalled her from Tony Martin's side.

Always Welles has been Rita's choice. It is a great pity he did not appreciate what a fine woman she is or understand how she needs love and understanding.

This time, however, I believe she will stand clear of genius. And, I think, too, when she has had time to put her marriage behind her, broken completely free from the Svengali spell of Orson and started to live her own life—something she has not done for too long—she will be a happier and lovelier woman than ever before.

THE END

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Photoplay Fashions in Color

Two Men in Manhattan

(Continued from page 54) down, began trying on shoes, looked out the window—and saw a huge mob forming on the sidewalk, led by the rain-soaked boy.

"We'll be torn to shreds when we come out," Peter moaned.

"And me in my new suit," moaned Frank in return.

"There's a back door to this joint," crowed the shoe salesman.

So, Frank and Peter waved at the enormous crowd pushing against the windows, and rushed out the back way—which led right into the lobby of a building into which fifty secretaries had just swarmed on their way down from their offices at the end of the day!

"Frankie! Pete!" shrieked fifty feminine voices in unison—and all fifty girls began running for the two men. The two men began running too. They ran right through the crowd, out the door, and down the street. They were still running when they jumped into the elevator back home at the Waldorf. They were even running when they got back into the peace of their suite.

DID we say "peace of their suite"? How could we tell such lies?

Their phone rang steadily, persistently, mercilessly. It was nearly always a bobby-soxer posing as a friend. To hear the names on the other end of the phone, you'd think that everyone in Hollywood was in New York. "This is Lana Turner," "Louella Parsons," "June Haver," "Mrs. Sinatra," "Betty Grable," squeaked the little voices over the telephone. The doorbell rang just as steadily—with pretty young things eagerly trying to put a foot in the door.

No, the two stars were not alone. Not ever. What's more, everything they touched became complicated . . . as, for instance, what Frank thought was the funniest thing that happened to them in New York:

That particular evening, Peter and Frank decided to eat dinner with separate groups of friends. Peter was going to the night club El Morocco, and Frank agreed to join him there after dinner. So, around ten o'clock, Frank breezed up to the front door of El Morocco in a taxi. He wore a sports jacket and slacks. He got one foot out on the sidewalk when the gold-decorated doorman descended on him.

"Just a minute, bud!" said that worthy. "No one's allowed in this joint without wearing a full suit. Out you go!" With which he pushed Frank back into the taxi, slammed the door, and told the cab driver to keep going.

All of this dazed and delighted Frank—who lay in the back of the taxi roaring with helpless laughter all the way to his favorite restaurant, Toots Shor's. Here, still shouting with laughter, he telephoned Peter at El Morocco and told him, "I don't dress right for the kind of places you go—they wouldn't let me in!"

Naturally, this caused pandemonium in the night-club circuit. Peter told the owner of El Morocco that Frank Sinatra had been thrown out by the doorman; the owner called up Frank (at Toots Shor's) and apologized, and swore he would fire the doorman . . . and Frank, being Frank, insisted that he do no such thing.

"The doorman was only carrying out orders, and he didn't recognize me besides," he said. "You shouldn't give orders if you don't expect them to be obeyed. I'll be over some other night, dressed the way I should be dressed."

But adventures like these happened regularly every twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, the two Hollywood stars carried on their New York life as best they



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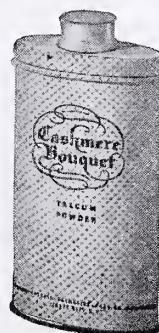
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could. Finally they had things down to a schedule. During the daytime they worked whenever necessary—Frank on shots for their picture, singing on the Brooklyn Bridge; Peter on radio broadcasts.

When they weren't working, they went shopping. Peter bought his mother two handmade leather bags, and his father a cashmere sweater. Frank bought Nancy a broadtail coat, and his daughter Nancy Jr., a priceless treasure, 100 sticks of bubble gum! (Which was tested one evening by fifteen of Frank's friends in the ornate setting of his suite at the Waldorf!)

Nights, the schedule continued. Usually the same gang gathered for dinner at Toots Shor's: Frank, Peter, Marilyn Maxwell, Jimmy Durante, Phil Silvers, Joan Roberts, Dolores Gray, Johnny Downs, John Dall, Andy Russell, Quentin Reynolds, Florence Pritchett. After dinner, they went to a play. Then came El Morocco or the Stork Club.

And after *that*, they invariably went to the Copacabana night club for the 2:30 a. m. show—featuring Peter Lind Hayes. They never stopped marveling at the pretty chorus girls or shouting their amusement over Hayes's jokes.

Let us hastily explain here that out in Hollywood, Peter and Frankie labor from dawn to dusk before cameras, and get to bed with the chickens. New York only happens to them a few times a year, and they make the most of it.

NOT THAT Frank's New York is the average star's New York, though. In one week, for instance, he was in three other cities—Detroit; Washington, D. C., for lunch with Postmaster General Robert Hannegan and for dinner with Joe Noonan of the Internal Revenue; Chicago, on business.

Whenever he was free in New York he ran down to do a few hours' work at his music publishing firm, "Barton Music Corporation." This firm was born in order to bring to light some of the excellent songs sent to Frank by hopeful songwriters. If the songs seem good, Frank sees that they are plugged by big orchestras and radio programs—and hence such songs as "Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night in the Week," "Full Moon and Empty Arms," and "Day by Day" have become famous.

Afternoons he posed for the celebrated sculptor Jo Davidson, who has completed a bust of Frank for the Museum of Modern Art—his singing on the Brooklyn Bridge took place only from seven until eleven in the morning, when the sun was just right. "After eleven," Frank explains with a grin, "it casts shadows under your eyes—and believe me, I had shadows under 'em already."

Frank never wears any make-up, except for a faint dusting of it in a Technicolor movie. So, as he stood on the footbridge above the Brooklyn Bridge, he was easily recognizable to the carloads of fans who drove back and forth steadily beneath him, screaming, "Hello, Frankie!"

In New York, two groups of his fans have taxis waiting always beside the door of the Waldorf; when Frank comes out—at any hour of the day or night—they give the word and their two taxis take after the one he's in. Often, since they know he eats every meal at Toots Shor's restaurant, they are there waiting for him when he arrives. "Hi, Frankie—we beat you over!" they announce as he goes inside.

The "Five Fog Sisters" did better than taxi-chasing, though. These five fifteen-year-olds telephoned Frank and Peter from Chicago that they would be in New York that evening—by air.

Peter had answered the phone, and he

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Photoplay Fashions in Color**

was shocked. "You say you're fifteen years old—and flying around the country on transport planes?" he asked. "What do your parents think of this?"

"They think it's fine. See you tonight—at Toots Shor's." And sure enough, as Peter and Frank were dining there that night, they saw at the next table five teenagers all waving and smiling. "We are the Fog Sisters here to see you!" they called. So what could Peter and Frank do but go over and sit with them awhile? That's just what they did!

But it wasn't just fans who kept the phone busy for Peter—it was girls, girls, girls. He met them at parties, and they rang him up from then on—usually when Frank was alone in the suite. Frank would answer the phone, say, "This is Mr. Lawford's secretary speaking," and then laboriously write down messages for Peter. And that night, when they'd meet at some night club, Peter would ask, "Any messages for me?" Frank would grin, "I should say so" . . . and pull out handfuls of them. "Nobody," Frank said at the end of the trip, "ever thought to ask my name when I answered the phone for him!"

Both Frank and Peter talked together a lot about their plans for the future—Peter's immediate plan being a light-hearted one: He wanted to cruise steadily around Hollywood in his new fire engine red convertible, which is half bright paint, and half station-wagon wood. Frank's plans are more complicated. He is trying to buy a thirty-two-foot Higgins boat, a private airplane big enough for a pilot and crew, and most of all he is trying to get his picture work completed in time to go to Czechoslovakia for the World Conference of Christians and Jews.

All of these talks went on in their suite . . . a suite made instantly their own. Peter's loud sports shirts were tossed around it at random. There was, also, Frank's collection of records, recording machine, boxes of cheese and crackers for quick snacks. All this was part and parcel of their mad pattern.

So was a taxi driver they hailed one night. He wanted to be an actor, and insisted on giving a take-off on Jimmy Durante all the time he dodged his way through traffic! Behind him, of course, streamed a caravan of taxis all jammed with Sinatra and Lawford fans.

So much for the New York whirl enjoyed by the two boys from Hollywood. Can anyone deny this is a man's world? Not if the men are Sinatra and Lawford!

THE END

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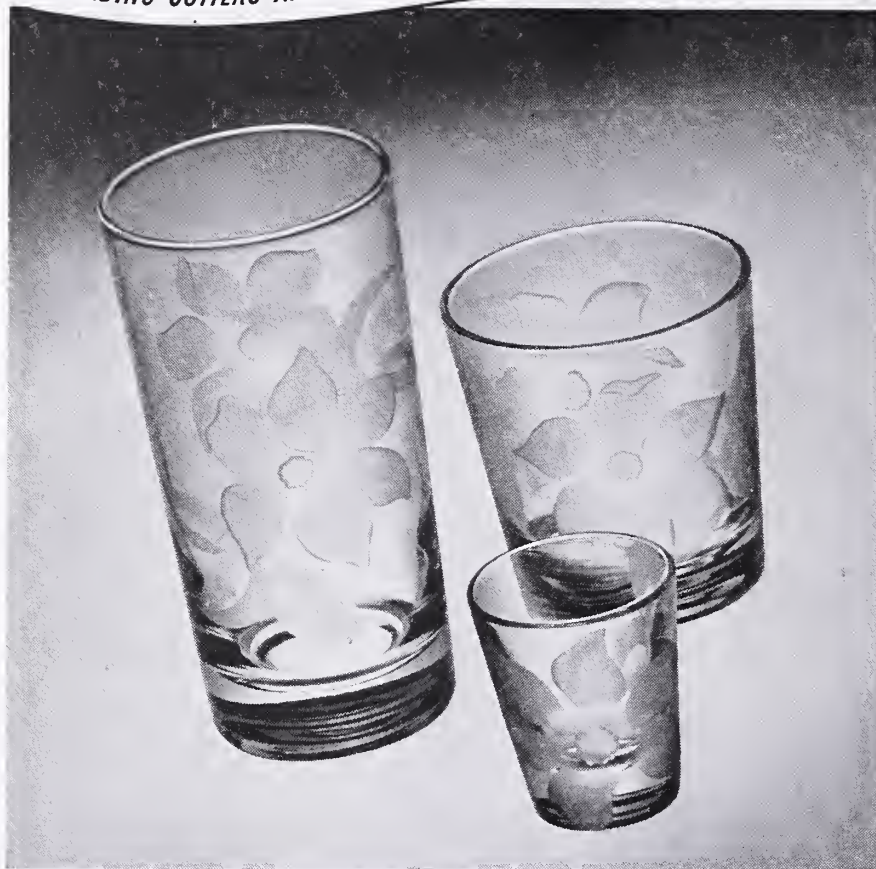
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Hollywood Tour

(Continued from page 45) where Larry Parks hangs his hat—Earl Carroll's—the broadcasting studios at Sunset and Vine, from which PHOTOPLAY's daily ABC radio show "Hollywood Tour" emanates.

To the right we see the road that curves up into Hollywood Hills. The lovely white and gaily colored houses seemed perched ready to fall into The Valley that lies on the other side. At night they're a fairyland with their twinkling lights.

But we continue past Schwab's Pharmacy, hang-out of such Hollywood soddippers as Shirley Temple, Linda Darnell and Sidney Skolsky . . .

And on to Sunset Strip, that stretch of boulevard between Hollywood and the sea. The "midway to movieland," it is as clean-lined as an etching with its white stucco and neo-Spanish architecture. The Strip is famous for such glamorous establishments as: The Players, the Chanteclair, Paul Hesse's modern photographic studios, Mocambo, LaRue's, Ciro's.

The winding road goes past a score of swank buildings housing offices like Sue Carol's and Bing Crosby's—and then around the bend, the bridal path marks Beverly Hills. Union Station is now thirty miles behind us.

Another mile to go, to the Beverly Hills Hotel—the hostel they built the town around. Up the palm-shaded drive and to the lovely swimming pool colorful with red and yellow cabanas and a real sand beach. We visit the exotic and beautiful Palm Room, for parties, such as PHOTOPLAY's annual Gold Medal Dinner.

But now, time to unpack—and to bed—for an early start on the next day of your Hollywood Tour.

Be sure to come with us in the next issue on a tour of the Warner Studios, in famous San Fernando Valley. We'll be seeing you.

THE END

~~~~~  
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Wonderful Life with Donna

(Continued from page 65) said an office colleague.

"Who is Donna Reed?" said the stricken heathen.

"She is an actress and you are working for her."

"Already?" gasped Tony who can take things as they come but not that fast.

"Our agency has a contract to manage her," said his side-kick.

"Heavenly ordinance!" said Mr. Owen, quoting Montaigne, for Mr. Owen is a scholar and gentleman from old New Orleans, a graduate from the University of Chicago, and a literateur who earned fifteen thousand a year as saloon columnist on the Chicago Daily News.

With the variegated culture of his Chicago background, Tony quotes at will from Montaigne or Mayor Kelly or Alfonso Capone. But never in his reporting career had he picked up anything so sensational as the flash he got on beholding Miss Reed. He had scooped himself and couldn't believe it.

HE LEAPED into his car and drove to Palm Springs to reduce his blood pressure. But his Hamlet soliloquy—"It can't be, it can be"—kept on driving him nuts. At length he achieved a sort of optimistic fatalism which by heavenly ordinance is the philosophy of the vision he was to wed. She describes it as a feeling that everything works out for the best if you just keep doing your best. Tony dashed back to Hollywood and started doing his best. He telephoned Miss Reed.

"This is Mr. Owen, your business agent, Miss Reed."

"How do you do, Mr. Owen," Miss Reed said.

"Would it be possible for you to have dinner with me, Miss Reed?"

"No," said Miss Reed, "but thank you."

"It is a business matter of some importance, Miss Reed."

"I am sorry, Mr. Owen. Perhaps we can meet at the studio or your office."

That's the way it went for two years, "Miss Reed" and "Mr. Owen." Tony can't remember when it ended. He thinks that when he proposed he probably said, "Miss Reed, would you consider marrying Mr. Owen?"

"Anyhow it was refreshingly novel in Hollywood," says Tony. "Here everyone calls everyone by nickname on sight, or honey or darling if you don't know the name."

Miss Reed and Mr. Owen honeymooned on the Iowa farm with Donna's folks. Relatives and friends came from all over Crawford county, and banners hung across the streets of Denison.

"After three years in Hollywood," says Tony, "I thought you had to die and go to heaven before you met such people—no one envious, no one with personal ambition but all for the family. It was heaven. I understood Donna then. She has quality; the quality of being wholly and transparently genuine."

Serenity out of fortitude is the substance of her beauty. Through her girlhood she endured with her family the desperation of ten years of heart-searing drought on the farm.

"We were able to eat because it is always possible to carry water from a well to a vegetable patch."

Her worst experience, she says, was starting high school in Denison after attending the one-room country school.

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 99



Whoa, darling—
that's all for NOW!

Too much of a good thing isn't ever too good for tiny tots. For instance, when you start your baby on Gerber's Cereals, measure out the amount your doctor suggests. Gerber's (ready-to-serve) taste *so good* even beginners often want more than their share. And, my how they go for . . .

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18 STRAINED FOODS

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ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Once we thought only fat babies were healthy. But modern child experts have upset that theory. If check-ups prove your baby's healthy, why worry if he isn't a roly-poly?

Mrs. Dan Gerber

© 1947, G. P. C.

Denison was a dizzy metropolis of four thousand people. For a country girl, breaking into school activities was a struggle of titanic perseverance.

Her greatest moment in life occurred when these kids elected her their Queen of May, "for grace, for looks, for personality and popularity."

But her original patent of nobility rests on a pan of biscuits. She won a prize and membership in the 4-H clubs. These 4-H clubs constitute the nobility of red-blooded democracy. You can't get in to them by the simple process of being born; you have to do something essential for mankind, such as raising bulls or biscuits.

DONNA came to Los Angeles to visit an aunt and remained to work her way through City College. Her fellow students elected her their campus queen. The newspapers published her picture. Within twenty-four hours three studios were on the telephone requesting her to make tests but Donna graciously declined until she had her diploma in secretarial efficiency.

With her performance in "It's a Wonderful Life" she was enthroned queen for the third time. Peers of the realm paid homage after the premiere. King Gable pressed her hands and bestowed his accolade, "Swell, Donna, you've arrived." William Wyler, the Oscar-studded director of "The Best Years of Our Lives," made his bow saying, "My name is Wyler; I'm a director and I hope for the privilege of directing you one day."

Donna was moved but not giddy by the starry coronation. You never can top the triumph of your own home town, and no performance can surpass a pan of biscuits that wins a 4-H prize.

Donna's ambition is to have a family of children as fine as her brothers and sisters,

and to be as good a mother as her own, to whom each week she types three letters.

She and Tony adopted a baby girl. Before they saw her they chose the name Penny Jane. Jane is the name of Donna's grandmother. Tony's oldest Hollywood friend, Randy Scott, suggested Penny. Tony liked the name Mary. A penny was tossed and Penny won. The baby co-operated by growing copper colored hair, which she changed to black and now to gold—already she has gone Hollywood.

The Owens would like to have a little place in the country and wear sloppy clothes, but in these days of housing shortage beggars can't be choosers and have to live in palaces. They have traded a beach lot they owned for a shelter with five bedrooms and five baths in Beverly.

The house is L-shaped, opening inward on a patio which is an outdoor living room, the other two sides having walls tapestried with flowering vines. Windows of the one-story living room open into it; the two-story wing has glass porches upstairs and down.

Donna has no hobbies, belongs to no societies except City College alumnae. She works with intensity. Her husband calls her a perfectionist. She likes low-heeled shoes and slacks and her favorite colors are blue and green.

In people, sincerity and naturalness are her only demand. Dorothy McGuire and Ingrid Bergman are her favorite actresses; Jimmy Stewart ranks among men, with Cary Grant runner-up. Plain food is preferred. For a treat she will take a cheeseburger.

The Owens do not care for big parties but entertain for a few friends. Their closest are Mr. and Mrs. Randy Scott, director George Sydney and his wife Lillian Burns, the drama coach of Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer. Donna says Lillian made possible all dramatic achievement and is virtually her alter ego. Tony says its mutual worship.

TONY now is partner in the Orsatti-Owen Agency, business representatives for stars and directors. He will probably end up a producer. He says he would rather be a newspaperman than anything, a beachcomber next. He likes to call himself Pop Owen. That's what he was called by the kids in his horse cavalry unit at Fort Riley. When war broke, passing up the chance of being an officer, he enlisted as a buck because that's what he felt like doing. He thanks God he did.

"I got to know the finest kids in this country, most of them cowhands and farm boys of the west."

When he was discharged from the hospital where he was laid up with a broken foot, the kids chipped nine dollars and five cents out of their pay to buy Pop a present. Pop says that will always be the big moment of his life.

Two years ago when producer Carey Wilson read the prize-winning novel "Green Dolphin Street" by Elizabeth Goudge, he was struck by a passage describing the character of *Marguerite*. It was, he recognized, a perfect delineation of Donna Reed.

The passage that designated Donna for the part, reads: "Transparent honesty and purity and serenity that, like clear water flooding over the bed of a stream, washes away uncleanness, and makes fresh and divinely lovely all that is seen through its own transparency."

In "Green Dolphin Street," all who have seen it agree, Donna will add jewels to her crowns.

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT



"She's not a model really—that bag's full of Pepsi-Cola."

Our Baby Is Here

(Continued from page 31) Frederick Jr. in their beautiful, almost entirely finished, almost entirely unfurnished home that's high on the crest of the mountains that separate Hollywood from San Fernando Valley.

They started building their home in February of last year, less than two months after they were married. Paul had owned the land for some time, and the fun of planning their own house was part of the lovely excitement of their honeymoon. Yet like many another house in these United States, it stands, some eighteen months later, like a beautiful movie set, not quite all there. Its architect was Walter Wurdeman, one the men who designed Hollywood's famed "House of Tomorrow."

THE Brinkman house, compared to "The House of Tomorrow," is the House of the Next Century. It has gadgets that do everything but make a suit of clothes.

In the kitchen one button makes the dishes all wash themselves. Another makes the garbage chew itself into eternity. The ice cubes, on command, fly out of the box and into the glasses. The heat comes on or goes off, the cooling air wafts through during the summer, the solid plate glass windows, which run to the floor in all the rooms and act as doors as well as windows, open and close themselves. The indoor barbecue turns its own spit; so does the out-door one.

Don't ask why two barbecues. So did Mr. Wurdeman—and it got him nowhere except with orders to go ahead with them. So he did. The Brinkmans, it seems, are great steak eaters. Mr. Wurdeman got orders to go ahead with three fireplaces—in what is now a one-story "modern" ranch house with only two master bedrooms—so those are there, in beautiful fieldstone.

The fireplaces, you may be sure, have gas under them—just as the barbecues have—so that there's no trouble getting them "to start." The electric gates open themselves, on command, by telephone, just as the electric clock sounds its own alarm and the front door answers its own buzzer. The woodwork—what there is of it and it isn't much, as the house is mostly of glass and stone—is red oak, left its natural shade and waxed—and the bathroom walls are vitrolite, which means the housekeeping is reduced to a minimum. The garage is a "port" rather than what you and I know as a garage. You drive right into a kind of glorified box, that has an overhang but no doors, so that all opening and closing trouble is eliminated.

Naturally, being a future-looking house, it has its own deep-freeze unit, which eventually will have to do something about the fruit from the forty varieties of fruit trees now planted about the house. (The

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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after her New York triumph
in the poignant
"Joan of Lorraine"

See the August Photoplay

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giene. I didn't realize that careless *now-and-then* care could spoil one's married happiness... until my doctor enlightened me. Yes—then, he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



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Brand Disinfectant

Brinkmans are fruit crazy as well as steak crazy.) They haven't yet got a gadget that will pick that fruit for them but they have got an outdoor trick that will shake you with excitement. They built, believe it or not, a waterfall, up in those hills where there's not so much as a rill.

Paul worked that one out, by means of pipes and a lot of planning. The water jumps up the mountain behind their house—a right smart jump, too, of better than a hundred feet—and comes tumbling down again, whenever they want it.

In fact, their whole estate lacks only two things to make them blissful (besides being finished and furnished): Paul wants to find an ice-cream freezer that can be buried in some electrified nook of the kitchen and turn out a neat two quarts daily, since he and Jeanne consume that much. Jeanne wants a real live fawn to romp about the place. She's had to give up her lion cub—of which more later.

But while it is faintly irksome not to have every last doorknob and window latch in place, it is absolute bliss to have the house virtually unfurnished.

This is because they were so jammed during the six months prior to Paul Jr.'s birth that the only free space they had in their three-room Santa Monica apartment was their beds. They slept in the beds, they ate in them, they sat on them. Every other inch of space was stacked with clothes and presents for the baby.

For some reason, most of Jeanne's fans chose to send her knives and forks for "Junior." Along with bassinets, comforters, carriage throws, she's got enough silverware to stock a jewelry store. But Jeanne said the future baby Brinkmans will inherit it all from little Paul.

On Easter Monday there was a story printed that Jeanne had been so sure her baby would be a girl, she hadn't known what to name her child. That wasn't true.

Actually, Jeanne had always insisted that her baby would be a boy, and that he had to be called Paul Jr. Paul Sr., being the more worldly, said they'd better prepare for a girl, too, but he insisted if she happened, she must be Jeanne too.

THE great gift that Jeanne has is that of making her dreams come true. The happiness that Paul can bring to her is the masculine strength that backs up her dreams and shares them.

For example, "Margie" was her first "mother" role. Jeanne was enchanted with it. On screen, she seems to waft through her characterizations, but behind that airy finesse, there is much hard work and, more important, careful, hard thinking. One of the pleasures she and Paul share is reading aloud to one another, and this they did particularly with the script of "Margie." Long before it got to the screen, Jeanne was playing "Margie" at home, with Paul playing all the male parts, for her amusement and instruction. So, when during the actual filming, Jeanne discovered she was truly to become a mother, it was her third happiest moment. (The first had been falling in love with Paul, the second marrying him on New Year's Eve, 1945.)

She never went through any odd "yearnings," like for strawberries at midnight. She made only one request of Paul. "Let's stay by ourselves as much as we can," she begged. "Let's have it just be us alone during this great experience."

Her slightest wish is Paul's only desire. For the first three months they saw a friend or two but during the last six they never "dated" with anyone except their

**Photoplay Fashions to
Make You Lovelier on Page 99**

families, and that was only on Sundays. They had "brunch" every Sunday noon with Mrs. Crain and Jeanne's lovely younger sister, Rita. At six, they moved on to Paul's parents and had dinner with them.

Other than that, they did nothing but visit their house, and watch the orchard being planted, and the flowers put in and the space for the waterfall being dug out. They read to one another evenings, saw occasional movies, and Jeanne took up water color painting, turning out sketches of crazy, wild animals and charming little children which are now being turned into a frieze for Paul Jr.'s nursery.

The Saturday evening before Easter, they went to see "The Egg and I." The baby was then about two weeks overdue but Jeanne wasn't feeling too uncomfortable. While she laughed at the picture, she felt a twinge or two of pain but she ignored it. They had huge hot-fudge sundaes before returning to the apartment and were just nicely settled in their beds when Jeanne said, "Paul, where's your stop watch?"

The stop watch had been one of her Christmas presents to her husband. Working over his radios, Paul often had desired split second timing. But it is to be doubted if a stop watch has often been used to time labor pains, as it was on this occasion—and seldom that any father knew such pains were being spaced exactly five minutes and twenty seconds apart. In fact, Paul didn't know that for more than ten minutes and forty seconds before he had Jeanne in the car heading toward The Queen of the Angels. They cut the hospital gates at 12:30 and at 5:13.10 on the stop watch, Paul Jr. made his debut.

ASK Jeanne which one of them the baby looks like and she smiles that tender smile of hers and says, "Exactly like Paul." Ask Paul and his dark, distinguished face glows and he announces, "He's the image of Jeanne." Ask me or any other observer of this baby of babies and we'll tell you it looks identically like both of them.

Only one thing had worried Jeanne during the nine months. She was frightened that she might have a "bald" baby. Why, with such heads of hair as she and Paul have this idea ever occurred to her, nobody will ever know.

They gave her only a spinal, so she heard her baby's first cry, whereupon she demanded to know its sex, and to see it. She took one glance and relaxed. "Oh, what beautiful hair he has," she sighed happily.

The doctor snorted at her. "Look at his shoulders," Dr. Alphonsus McCarthy said. "I never saw such shoulders. You'd better register him for the Notre Dame team tomorrow morning."

Little Paul has very dark hair, like his father and very blue eyes like his mother. Being the first grandchild in either family, both elder sets are wildly happy. In fact there's only one creature who isn't thrilled over his advent. That's Jeanne's lion cub. She got banished to a private zoo. That broke Jeanne's heart almost as much as it did the cub's—but the doctor wouldn't hear of his being around such a wonder child. But right in that small, empty spot in Jeanne's wild-animal-loving heart is where the fawn may come in.

That is, unless the second baby makes her forget about fawns, too. For already Jeanne is planning for another baby. He will be, Jeanne says, another boy and his name will be Michael Anthony Brinkman.

Paul grins. Paul says he would like it if he turned out to be a she, Jeanne Crain Brinkman, Second. But he knows he hasn't a chance. For Jeanne always makes her dreams come true, which is what Paul wants for her, forever and always.

THE END



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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A rapid record review of this month's popular and classical disks—spotlighting songs and singers from Hollywood



Phil Harris

THE RAZOR'S EDGE: Tunes like "Mam'selle" have a way with them and young singer Art Lund has crashed the juke box big time with his fine pressing (M-G-M). Close behind him in popularity are the Dennis Day (Victor) and Pied Pipers (Capitol) versions.

PERILS OF PAULINE: Phil Harris selects the hit tune "Poppa, Don't Preach to Me" from Betty Hutton's latest and has a Harrised field day with it (Victor).

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN: Frank Sinatra clicks with "Time after Time," "I Believe," "Brooklyn Bridge" and "It's the Same Old Dream" (Columbia). The Pied Pipers (Capitol) and Tommy Dorsey (Victor) also handle the latter tune effectively, while Jimmy Dorsey (M-G-M) wraps up "Time after Time" and adds a sure-fire Latin-American winner, "Quien Sabe?" on the reverse.

THE EGG AND I: It was inevitable that this intriguing title would wind up with a melody. It took four tunesmiths, including Al Jolson, and now you can hear Dinah Shore (Columbia) and Sammy Kaye (Victor) spin it.

JANE RUSSELL: "The Outlaw" girl will probably get more circulation with the record she made with Kay Kyser than she will with the controversial horse opera. The tune she sings is called "As Long As I Live" (Columbia).

NORA PRENTISS: The theme song is aptly titled "Who Cares What People Say" and Dinah Shore (Columbia) sings it.

THE UNINVITED: Billy Butterfield (Capitol) and Dennis Day (Victor) have just waxed the film's haunting theme "Stella by Starlight" and it was worth waiting for.



Jane Russell

CARNEGIE HALL: Lily Pons sings "The Bell Song" from "Lakme," Ezio Pinza sings a robust aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Rise Stevens has a fine time with "Seguidilla" from "Carmen" in an impressive Columbia album.

HUMORESQUE: Now, happily, Columbia has just issued an album of Isaac Stern's, re-creating the same immortal melodies he bowed in the film, including the title song by Dvorak, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee," the Carmen Fantasy and Sarasate's Gypsy Airs. The piano accompaniment is by Oscar Levant.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: For religious records, try Victor's new album of Bach's Cantata No. 4, as performed by the RCA Chorale and Orchestra, under Robert Shaw's baton, and a reading of his own poems by Francis Cardinal Spellman, elegantly transcribed by Victor . . . The musical delicacy of Mozart's Quartet No. 2 in E Flat Major for piano and strings is played by the Budapest String Quartet and pianist George Szell for Columbia . . . A new pressing of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" by Paul Whiteman is a Signature feature . . . The pretentious orchestrations of Morton Gould get a full dress airing by the Robin Hood Dell orchestra in a Columbia album with Gould conducting. Highlight is Gould's version of the stirring Red Calvary March . . . Sibelius's solemn Symphony No. 4 is ably interpreted by the N. Y. Philharmonic, conducted by Artur Rodzinski for Columbia . . . The same company has issued a package of Italian operatic arias by the Met's soprano Helen Traubel, a singer of impressive and physical proportions . . . Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata played by Vladimir Horowitz is a Victor musical gift . . . The interesting ballet suite by Handel, "The Great Elopement," is disked by its favorite delineator, Sir Thomas Beecham, with the London Philharmonic in a new Victor issue.

The Lie

(Continued from page 46) the balance of stomach room could be devoted to more alluring food.

It had been working fine. Until this moment, that is, when before he'd had time to get rid of it, the crumpled bread had dropped into view. The nurse's voice was taking on a more ominous emphasis:

"Who is responsible for this—" she pointed a long finger at the crusts. No one spoke—not even Bob.

"I'm giving you one more chance to step out of line. Come now—speak up and step out—" The words were a clarion call which many years later, Bob would be able to liken to "The Voice of Gabriel." At seven, however, they struck pure, wordless terror to his heart. He couldn't have opened his dry little mouth if someone had promised to drop a shiny new dollar inside.

"A-l-l-r-right, I'll come get you!" She was advancing down the line now, her finger extended like a dagger. He closed his lids tight, his breath stopped and his skinny body tensed to meet its doom . . .

"You bad—sneaky—little boy!" A hand whooshed through the air—clutched—and there was another whoosh as a youngster went flying out of line. Not Bob—but the red-headed kid in front of him. "Not speaking up is even worse than lying!"

"Yesm—" The redhead stood patiently, under the pelting words, showing no surprise, his freckles only slightly more prominent than usual. Somehow, he was always falling into crime—it seemed useless to deny this one. Bob's mouth, too, stayed tight-closed.

There still seemed no way to force it open when that afternoon, the youngsters went tramping out into the clear mountain air to play health games in the snow. In the evening there was a special ceremony—Red in the middle of the ring of teachers and kids, making public apology for those sneaked-out crusts. And instead of his helping of custard pie, gulping down an extra, full-day's ration of bread.

That night, Bob could hear Red breathing soundly, a couple of cots away. In some inexplicable way, however, he himself was too miserable to sleep. He had a kind of sore throat—not a regular one, but a sort of lump that seemed to want to spread out and choke him . . .

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Bob Moseley kicked the dust along the road from Bakersfield Public School No. 2, and whistled absent-mindedly. Tanned, and with a thatch of sun-bleached hair, he was feeling—if he had been thinking about it—like a young man who'd never even heard of a health resort for underweight children.

Happened, however, he was thinking of the couple of hours stretch until choretime. A couple of hours so-far uncharted, and offering some very fine possibilities. There was, fr'instance, the possibility of taking kid brother Harold for a walk through the fields and showing him how to scare up rabbits. Or, of getting together with his pal Bill and a couple of other kids for hide and seek.

Bill, it turned out, was waiting for him. "Got somethin' to show you," he said, stalking off with a mysterious air toward the barn. Not until he stood over a nest behind the feed-box, would he speak further. The nest had a half-dozen eggs.

"Look—all rotten. Good and stinkin' rotten. Ol' settin' hen walked off and left 'em."

Bob, for the moment, was too envious to speak. Actually, the hoard being Bill's, it was his place to do the speaking, anyhow. "Let's throw 'em," said Bill.

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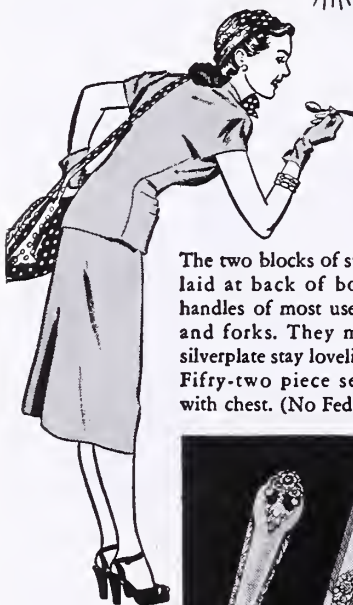
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"Where, out behind the barn?" "Just out behind the barn—at nothing? I'm not wastin' rotten eggs that way—not me," said Bill scornfully.

It was Bill's idea to throw them at the Joneses' house and, admitted Bob with admiration, only a pretty smart kid would have thought of it. What with the Jones family being away for a couple of weeks, and what with there not being a wider, whiter expanse for egg-throwing in miles, anyhow. The fact that the Jones home was next to Bob's own, caused a slight bit of inconvenience and necessitated using the side farthest from his Mother's windows.

"Spat-t-t-!" In all the world there is nothing quite so delightful, in its own obnoxious way, as the released stench of a splattered, dripping rotten egg. Not to two thirteen-year-old boys, at least. They stood gazing in awe and admiration. Then, with a sigh that it should all be over so soon, they stole reverently away.

Dinner was almost over that evening when Bob's mother spoke to his Dad: "I do hope they catch those young vandals who did all that damage to the Jones house. I'd like to tan their hides myself."

"I'm afraid the penalty is going to be a little more serious than just a tanning—" said Dad. "The detective told me the damage ran into hundreds of dollars—beats me where they got all the eggs."

Bob put his forkful of food slowly back down on the plate. "Detective—hundreds of dollars—serious penalty—" But he'd only thrown two—they'd only had six between them.

"It beats me how they got into the house—" his mother was saying. "Must have crawled through a window. Minna Jones is going to be just sick when she sees her beautiful curtains and furniture—eggs all over everything, uugh—!"

BOB was suddenly very sick at his stomach. He didn't know anything about the damage inside the house, but he'd thrown two eggs he'd had no right to throw. The detective was coming back the next evening, he thought, as he lay sleepless in bed. It was hard to keep Harold, lying right next to him, from feeling how he was shaking. It was harder still to keep the torture out of his eyes talking to Mom at breakfast, and when he went out to pitch hay with Dad the sweat pouring out of his back was not all exertion. He wished he could tell his folks what he'd done, but his mouth just wouldn't open.

"I'm not telling a thing," said Bill when they held a hurried conference.

"But detectives find out everything," said Bob miserably. "If they find out we're keepin' still about what we did do, they won't know but what we did the rest of it, too. Anyhow, I'd feel better if I just up and confessed."

"Not me," said Bill. "You go ahead and tell and I'll say I don't know what you're talkin' about!"

The detective, when he came, had eyes that bored like a gimlet. Bob had a panicky feeling that he must out with his confession before it came from the detective as an accusation. He gulped and opened his mouth and closed it again. The detective was speaking. It took him a minute to realize what the man was saying:

"I wanted to talk to you," the man said, "for I thought that living next door, you might keep an eye and ear open and report anything that looks suspicious."

After the detective had gone, Bob went up to bed. He had "a kind of sore throat," he told Mom. That old lump trouble, again.

Turn to Page 99 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color

Guy Madison, Seaman First Class, dropped his six-foot length off a Sunset Boulevard bus, dashed through traffic and stopped up short and breathless at the entrance to the Palladium. He had a date to meet a young lady and he was five minutes late. This young lady, maybe—but it wasn't the girl in the bright red coat—or the one wearing daisies for a hat. Funny, he'd thought he'd know her at once. She was short and brown-haired, with a quick smile, and he'd danced with her last week at the Canteen. He'd never seen her in a coat or hat, however, and he'd been totally unprepared for the number of short, brown-haired girls who could pass through one lobby . . .

It was at this point he became conscious of the two Shore Patrols staring at him. Usually, people did stare at him—a gold-bronze fellow with unbelievable shoulders, gob-cap riding high on hair the color of a ripe wheat field. Usually, too, he remained unconscious of the stares. However, no sailor stays unconscious of an S.P. very long.

"Just a minute, Mac." The two S.P.'s had planted themselves squarely in front of him. "What Navy do you belong to?" "Same one you do, I believe," said Guy. "What's your name?" snapped one of the patrolmen.

"Guy Madison," he answered quickly, the way he did now that he was getting used to it.

"Got your liberty pass?"

"My I.D. card is my pass."

"Let's see it!"

TOO late, Guy realized he was in trouble. The patrolman glanced at the card briefly. "We're taking you in. You won't mind the walk—it's just around the corner."

Guy hoped the brown-haired girl wouldn't think he hadn't shown up. It should only take him a few minutes to explain to the desk sergeant. . .

"Him and his I.D. card aren't tellin' the same story," said one S.P. to the sarge. "The card says his name is Moseley."

"Well, you see, I changed my name when I signed my Selznick Studio contract. I—"

"A movie contract—now isn't that glamorous? Only it says here, you're under contract to the Guy with the Whiskers, for the duration."

"I am. That is—"

"Never mind the story," said the Sarge. "I might listen to it if it wasn't for the fact that the cellophane has been opened on your card. You aren't the first guy who altered his I.D. card and got caught at it."

Just how and when the cellophane had broken loose from the brass brads on his identification, was something Guy didn't know. He did know what an arrest would do to his chances for Officers' Candidate School. The thing he'd been striving for so long—that meant more to him than any date or movie job in the world.

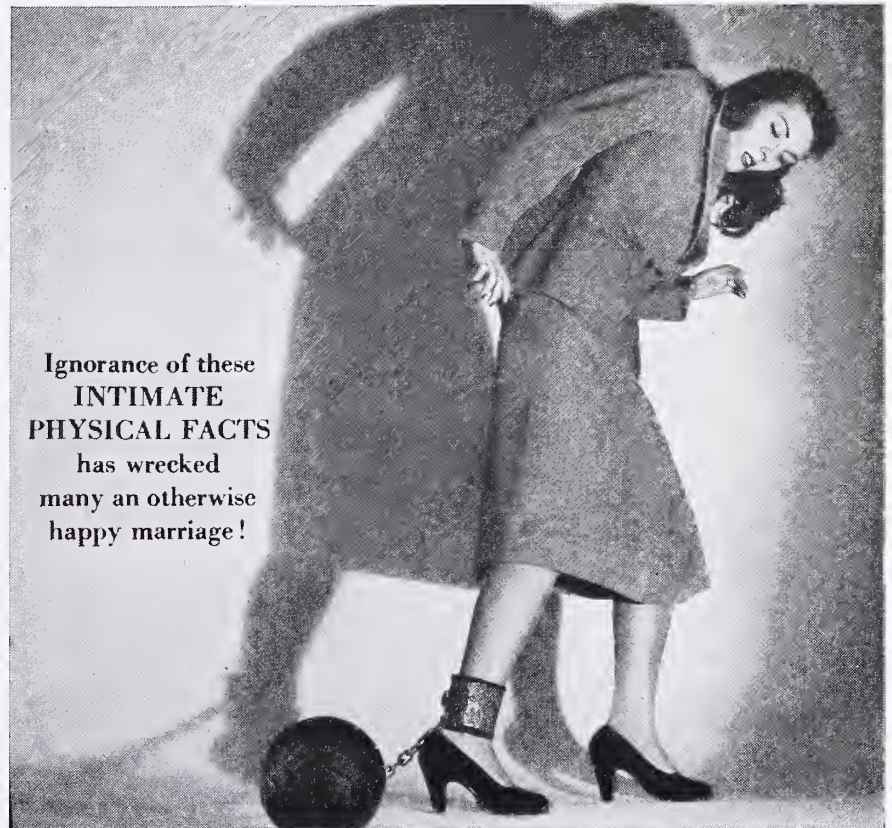
The day Guy Madison knew that in spite of his service record, he was definitely out of the running for O.C.S. he felt like a fellow who'd swallowed a rock. On the other hand, he felt curiously clean and free of a couple of things that had been bothering him for years. This time he'd told the truth and they hadn't believed him—but he'd had it coming. Little Red, choking down those extra slices of bread so long ago, had been paid off. He'd squared the matter of the eggs too.

That's why the star of "Honeymoon" is a Guy who's never afraid to say what he has on his mind. Why the harder a thing is to say, the quicker he'll say it. "Right or wrong—I'd rather take my chances on it," he'll tell you.

And meeting his straight gaze, you know chances are he'll be right many times more than he'll be wrong!

THE END

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My Romance with Evelyn Keyes

(Continued from page 53) her initials to papers and that made her an Elk. Her pet name, that is, what she likes to be called when you know her chummy, is Elean. And if you must know, I got this information while we were sitting on the couch in my office—gee, director Al Green would hardly give me any room and kept crowding me.

"I also found out that after attending various schools, Evelyn wanted to be an actress. She started by being a tap dancer. It was while she was dancing in Charlotte, North Carolina, that she met Ted FioRito, the band leader. She told him about her desire to be a movie actress and he gave her a letter to a number of people in Hollywood. He also told her that she wouldn't get anywhere in pictures until she got rid of her Southern drawl. She was finally given a job by Cecil B. DeMille in 'The Buccaneer' as a Southern belle with a drawl."

"Typically Hollywood," said the columnist. "Well tell me some more about her career."

"Gee, I believed a guy like you would know that. The more I talk to you the more I learn about columnists. Evelyn later played a part in 'Gone with the Wind.' A Southern gal, of course. This was an epic, as you know, so of course no one remembers her in it. In fact she doesn't boast about her role in it.

"After this she was signed by Columbia Pictures and it looked as if she might get places fast for she was the leading lady for Robert Montgomery in 'Here Comes Mr. Jordan' and she also had a lead in 'Ladies in Retirement.'"

"And what happened?" asked the columnist.

"I can take a cue," replied the producer, still surprised that the columnist didn't know as much about Evelyn Keyes as the producer did. "She played in a number of pictures at Columbia, was well liked, but really didn't click until she met up with Technicolor."

"That's odd."

"Not so very. It happens. Betty Grable didn't get anywhere until she was filmed in Technicolor. Evelyn played the lead in 'Renegades' and then people, fans and executives, began to notice her. They noticed that she was not only attractive, but also a fine actress, a mighty fine actress.

"And I'll tell you something else. The combination in 'Renegades' was Evelyn Keyes—Larry Parks. That's where the

teamwork started. Evelyn's next picture is tentatively titled, 'The Mating of Millie McGonigle' and a leading man in this picture will be Larry Parks. They're getting to know each other."

"That's fine," said the columnist to the producer. "But now let's get back to you and Evelyn. What did you do? Start revealing."

"I must admit," said the producer, "that we held hands on the couch. She has lovely hands. Only, sometimes I got mixed and found I was holding Al Green's hands. And we did discuss her hair. It was blonde in the picture. Before that her hair had been pink, yes, actually pink. It has been practically every shade. Sometimes even her best friends don't recognize her because of the color of her hair. You've got to know her real well to know her."

"Keep going," said the columnist.

"Our romance then continued on the set. Elean is a hard worker. She comes on the set prepared, knowing her lines and how she intends to interpret a scene. She is rather stubborn and determined, but she will listen to the director or producer. Later in a projection room when she looked at the rushes with me, she was never completely satisfied with her performance. She always found fault and insisted that she could play the scene better if given another opportunity."

"Ah, so you two were together, alone, in a projection room," said the columnist. He was leading, snooping.

"Certainly," replied the producer. "It was all in the line of duty. Then often we'd go to dinner together. It didn't have to be a famous restaurant for Evelyn. She'd prefer a neat, cozy place. Her taste in food varies and she'll eat practically anything. She doesn't actually eat much. She orders big, but she merely nibbles at her food. Then we'd go to her apartment and sit around. But her girl friend, Marguerite Chapman, would be there, and do you know she took almost as much room on the couch as Director Green. A fellow wants to be alone to be romantic.

"We'd sit around there and discuss the picture and books and the world in general. Evelyn likes to sit at the piano and play a little. Her favorite is Chopin."

"You two appeared to be getting along famously," said the columnist. "I like it. Keep on revealing."

"I liked it too," replied the producer. "I even went to watch her play tennis, went

shopping with her and for walks in Beverly. But then it happened."

"What happened?" asked the columnist, more eager than he had been.

"I went on the set early one morning as usual," said the producer, "to discuss the day's work with her. And to be polite I asked Evelyn if she wanted to have dinner that night. She replied that she couldn't, because she was having dinner with her husband. I told her that I didn't even know she was married. 'Oh yes,' she said, 'I eloped last night with John Huston.'"

"How did you take it?" asked the columnist.

"The same as you would take it," answered the producer.

"How are they getting along?" asked the columnist. "And do you ever see Evelyn?"

"Certainly I see her," answered the producer. "We're still the best of friends—in the true Hollywood tradition. I visited her on the set of 'Johnny O'Clock,' and she appeared just as happy in her work, eager to make good."

"Okay. So Evelyn married John Huston. He's a famous director and writer. She's an actress. What's with their careers?"

"They're both doing great," answered the producer. "Evelyn doesn't tell John what pictures to direct or how to write his scripts, and she doesn't expect him to select her scenarios or to tell her how to play a part."

"That's unusual."

"They do, however, discuss movies in general and actors and actresses. They have ideas about the kind of pictures they should make and the kind of pictures that should be made. They do like to be around with people in the industry and talk shop. They're interested in what they call 'the arts.' John paints, you know, and Evelyn is playing with paints herself."

"Do you believe that they'll ever make a picture, that is a motion picture, together?" asked the columnist.

"That's an obvious question," replied the producer, "and the answer is just as obvious. They would like to make a picture together, but they are going to wait until they find the proper story. But, what's more important, they want to wait until they know each other better. It's something, you know, to be with a person all day on the set and then go home and be with the same person all night."

"Yes, I guess it is," said the columnist. "Keep revealing."

"Well," said the producer, "they reside in Huston's house in Tarzana, which he designed himself. It has all kinds of furniture, Colonial, modern, antique. Anything that looks good and is comfortable. Her pet name for him is Johnnie and his pet name for her is Elean."

"Oooh! Oooh!" exclaimed the columnist, as if he had learned something important. Then he added, "Keep revealing."

"Gee, doesn't a columnist know anything else than 'Keep revealing?'"

"That's the only way to get rid of a columnist. Reveal everything."

The producer leaned a little more forward and then said: "Elean, pardon me, Evelyn, sleeps in an oversized built-in bed. There are two spotlights on the ceiling, one for Evelyn and one for John, which are used as reading lamps. They like to read in bed. And—and say, how revealing do you expect a fellow to get? If you want to know any more you'll have to ask John Huston who has the information."

It was then that Skolsky, the producer, decided that he had had enough of Skolsky, the columnist. But it was okay, for the columnist had also decided that he had gotten enough of the producer.

The End

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Prell—the new emerald-clear Radiant-Creme shampoo is *sensational*! Yes, Prell's wonderful patented cleansing ingredient leaves your hair *shining* with radiance—and—free from ugly dandruff! **Examinations by doctors proved** that Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as three minutes—and that regular Prell shampoos actually control such dandruff! And this new, amazing, *different* Prell leaves your hair so radiantly smooth, too—so soft and sleek, so easy to set and to manage.

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Jack Force Jr. *Fashion Art Director*
Ben Studios *Photographers*
John Engstead *West Coast Photographer*

Marshall Thompson

He was born in Peoria, Illinois, and educated in Los Angeles at public schools and Occidental College. He's a Phi Gamma Delta and a First Lieutenant in the California State Militia and R.O.T.C. He made his movie debut with Gloria Jean in "Reckless Age." He's 6' 1", weighs 155 pounds and is under contract to Metro. You last saw him in "Secret of Missouri."

Lina Romay

She was born in Detroit, where her father was Consul for Mexico, and educated at a Brooklyn convent. She was christened Elena. But Xavier Cugat changed Elena to Lina when she solo-ed with his band. It was singing with Cugat that she made her movie debut in "You Were Never Lovelier." She lives in Beverly Hills with her investment-broker husband, John Lawrence Adams. Her last Metro picture was "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy."



Photoplay Fashions

"Exactly alike" bathing suits for you and your man. Designed by Gantner & Mattern in an Aztec Water God print with DuPont Water Repellent Finish. Girl's suit, sizes 10-18, \$8.95, matching coat (not shown) \$7.95. Man's shorts, sizes 30-42, \$5.95, coat \$7.95. At Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 104

Bang-up Cottons

Veronica Lake is tiny and softly spoken. But she can think for herself; and, convinced she is right, she has the staying power of Gibraltar. In private life she is married to Andre de Toth, the Hungarian director. She has two children, Elaine Detlie, six, and Michael de Toth, one. You'll see her next in Paramount's "Variety Girl" and "Saigon," in which she plays with Alan Ladd.



Cool as a mountain top—a Kay Whitney dress that buttons to the hem and has turn-back cuffs on short sleeves for summer freshness. Woven by Galey & Lord in cool plaid gingham. In Petite sizes 12S-18S. About \$6.00. At Famous Barr Co. (Daytime Dress Shop), St. Louis, Mo., and L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



Julep cool—and versatile! A dress by Nelly Don with capelet sleeves and a detachable peplum. Just untie the self belt and you have a basic dress. In Hope Skillman cotton, striped with blue, pink, or brown on white. Sizes 10-16. About \$12.95. At James McCreery & Co. (Casual Cottons) New York, N. Y. and Emery Bird Thayer Co., Kansas City, Mo.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 104.

om Breneman of ABC's "Break-
st in Hollywood" used to have
in on his famous morning program
describing women's hats. Now he
akes women's hats—as lovely as
ose which Louise Allbritton wears
ere.

romantic bonnet with a black
elvet crown and a white pique
rim . . . trimmed with lilies of
ie valley.

A soft and flattering mesh dress by
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tons studding the opening from
neck to hem and a belt of woven
straw. Also in gray, rose or beige.
Sizes 12-20. About \$12.95 at Chand-
ler's (Misses' Dresses), Boston,
Mass., and Kresge-Newark, N. J.



celebrate a cool Fourth



On page 106 you will find another Tom Breneman hat—and a delightfully amusing story that tells how he came to create his hats which are the stuff of which compliments, not jokes, are made.

Bright red poppies trim a smart and flattering white linen. . . .

A print that is as cool as it looks. The scalloped neckline and perky peplum contribute to this season's demands for "dressed up" cotton. Designed by Mayflower in other colors. Sizes 10-18. About \$10.95 at Arnold Constable (Cavendish Shop), New York, N. Y., and McCurdy's (Daytime Dresses), Rochester, N. Y.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 104

of July

LOUISE ALLBRITTON is, above all, Mrs. Charles C. Collingwood of New York these days. But occasionally she leaves her husband, the well-known radio commentator, and journeys to Hollywood to make a motion picture, most recently Universal-International's adaptation of that realistically amusing best seller "The Egg and I"

SHEER DELIGHT!

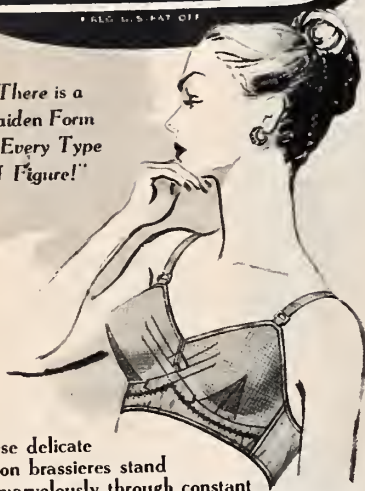
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Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with **VERONICA LAKE**

By *Rena Firth*

In reality Veronica Lake is perhaps more beautiful than on the screen. She's warmer, too, than you expect her to be, more just-folks, with a soft, low voice that's as provocative as her triangular face. And she wears her hair in a modified version of the style she made famous—falling softly down one side of her face, although she usually keeps it pinned back at one side or worn simply in a net.

When Veronica arrived for PHOTOPLAY's fashion sitting she was wearing a trim little black suit, the jacket edged with black braid, repeated in the buttons. Her only jewelry was her first Valentine gift from her husband—a quaint heart-shaped gold carriage drawn by two miniature horses. The heads of the little figures in the carriage were rubies. So were the hubs and the tires of the wheels. On her head, binding her pale gold hair, was one of her favorite headbands—a strip of crushed black jersey. Veronica has these bands, which hook in the back, made in all colors and materials to go with different dresses. For evening wear she adorns them with fresh flowers.

In the studio that day were photographer Ben's son Alan and a pal of his, Donald Shook. They had come down from the country especially to see Veronica. Alan had brought his camera and when Veronica posed in the blue and pink plaid dress, he circled around, snapping away.

"It would be awfully funny," Veronica told Ben, "if your son's pictures turned out better than yours!"

In spite of her siren looks, Veronica is very much of a homebody. She's a Brooklynite by birth, although she lived most of her life in Lake Placid and Miami Beach. She's an expert skier and swimmer and she and her husband are ardent flyers—own their own plane. Veronica can't take passengers up yet since she only has her student's license.

Veronica didn't intend to be an actress. It was an accident. Strangely enough, so was her first movie hair-do. Her hair would fall into her face and a director, seeing it, insisted she keep it that way in front of the camera.

For Veronica's New York visit Edith Head designed a special ensemble; a tiny black basque jacket to alternate with three skirts, all slightly longer than ballerina length. One skirt was of black taffeta, one black and white taffeta and the other chartreuse and black. With any one of the three costumes this ensemble provides Veronica wears black plastic soles and heels through which she strings ribbons of the same fabric as her dress.

It was Veronica's first visit to New York in four and a half years. She found the cafes, theaters and crowded streets as exciting as always. And New York found her as exciting as always, too.

Wherever You Live

You Can Buy

Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below.



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Gantner and Mattern
1453 Mission St.
San Francisco, Calif.

Plaid Cotton Dress
Reliance Mfg. Co.
212 W. Monroe Street
Chicago 6, Illinois

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Donnelly Garment Co.
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Aqua Mesh Dress
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Tom Breneman Hats
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Los Angeles, Calif

Fabulous Fairbanks

Five years is a long
time, but Doug Fairbanks Jr.
found it was not too long

BY RALPH CARSON



Mary Lee and Doug Jr.
He stars in "The Exile"

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks Jr. returned to the States after five years of Naval Service abroad, he wondered about his reception. In uniform overseas he created no more excitement than any other officer with his rank. "But how will it be at home," he wondered. "Will people still remember me? Five years is a long time and the public is fickle."

His first role—that of *Sinbad the Sailor*—waited on the shelf at RKO until Doug was free. And then he had to be talked into taking the part. When the Navy was ready to release him, Fairbanks wanted rest. He wanted to spend all his time with his wife and two daughters.

But RKO wouldn't be denied. The colorful fiction *Sinbad* who roamed the Mediterranean in 800 A.D. needed a Fairbanks to breathe life into the screen version. So John Twist, who wrote the original screen story, was dispatched to Washington with orders to live with Doug if necessary in order to sell him the idea. Like all good salesmen, John "sold" the story first to Mrs. Fairbanks, pretty little Mary Lee.

So on this occasion when she added her vote to the studio's, Doug

was convinced. He would not only play *Sinbad*, but his would be the final say-so on script and cast. Back in Hollywood, Doug went to work on a job he knew and loved. He moved into a tiny office on the RKO lot. At home he built an outdoor gymnasium on the tennis court. In the early morning he trained there with ex-Army Captain Dave Sharp. Like his father before him he never uses a stunt man.

On one particular occasion this training stood him in good stead. It happened on an island near Capri, early in 1943. Doug and six other American officers were sent on a pre-invasion check of the situation. Creeping noiselessly around the small island they happened upon an estate housing some Nazi bigwigs. The front of the house was protected by a heavy oaken door.

So they stealthily made their way around the back. There a twelve-foot wall separated them from the house. The group drew back into the shadows to consider the possibilities. One of the officers kept looking at Doug. Finally he spoke up: "I've seen you do it a hundred times in the movies. Come on, boy, upsadaisy." (Continued on page 121)

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A midsummer dream, this hat—if you ever saw one! The crown is covered with stiffened net. The flowers are the soft lovely pastel shades that blend with every color.

Tom Breneman, creator of this hat (and the hats Louise Allbritton wears on pages 102 and 103), started designing millinery as a lark. Master of Ceremonies on ABC's daily morning coast-to-coast hook-up, "Breakfast in Hollywood," Tom went on a cross-country tour. Everywhere, in St. Louis, Denver, Chicago, Omaha and

other large cities, women fans besieged him with the same request. Would he, please, select a hat for them when he got back home. Returning to Hollywood, at last, Tom went into a huddle with Caspar-Davis, one of Hollywood's suavest designing teams. Result: The Tom Breneman millinery enterprise, which creates twelve new and exciting hats every month with their prices ranging from \$18 to \$25. So when you want the last word in a glamorous chapeau you'll find it in a Breneman hat.



There's nothing like a "conversation piece" in the way of jewelry. These three pieces by Coro will cause plenty of talk! The safety pin is about three and one-half inches long. The head is studded with turquoise and pearls. Price is \$2.00. The gold crown job with medallion pin is wonderful to pin on a scarf, and it costs \$2.00. The "Pirate" earrings are the newest thing in ear adornment. They are \$3.00.

Black patent leather accessories, such as shoes, bag or belt, are smart and right with your colorful cotton dresses. Wear a big cool black straw hat and pick up your dress color in a garland of flowers around the brim.

Something really wonderful has been made for the girl who loves and wears bare-shoulder fashions. They're called "French Look" bra-wires and they may be sewn into any bra, bathing suit top, midriff, or evening gown all in a matter of five minutes. The wires can easily be removed for laundering (although you don't have to for they are made of stainless steel and are rustproof). You can find these bra-wires at notion counters for \$1.00 per pair.



There always comes a time in a girl's life when she needs a pair of clean white gloves in a hurry. These nylon gloves with shell stitching around the fingers are just the thing for they dry in an hour or two and, after each washing, look brand new. The other pair of gloves are cotton with adorable blue forget-me-nots embroidered in beading on the backs. They look so sweet and dressed up with light summer dresses. Both these gloves are by Aris. The price of the nylons is \$2.00. The cotton ones with beading are \$2.95.



Here's a new fad that has arrived from Hollywood. The movie belles are wearing small silk handkerchief scarfs (about the size of a regular man's hankie) knotted tightly around the throat with summer suits and dresses. The smaller pure silk square in the picture above would be perfect for this attractive fashion. Wear it tied under the collar of a shirt or knotted through your belt. A scarf like this tied high around your neck also adds a new look when worn with bare necked blouses or sun dresses. It comes in heavenly clear colors and the price is \$2.00. The larger scarves are tissue rayon, a fabric so soft and light in the hand that it feels like a bit of gossamer. They are \$3.00. All these are designed by Glentex.

Added Attractions

(Continued from page 68) yellow, with a collarless jumper top and had a straight skirt. Joan wore a large-brimmed hat of emerald green straw trimmed with tiny bright yellow flowers around its crown, a gorgeous color-combination not only for the suit, but for her own coloring which of course includes her natural yellow hair. Her only jewelry was a heavy gold choker around her neck. Her shoulder-slung bag of leather had been dyed to match the soft dark green of her hat—and no “near-match” either. She looked like she’d fallen off the cover of a fashion magazine.

“Three little mothers” to be were huddled together on a bench under the Bowman’s magnolia tree at Connie’s luncheon—all of them gabbing like mad as to whether their coming events would be boys or girls. I mean Jeanne Crain, who is now a Ma, and not in doubt, Lili Morris (Chest-er Morris’s pretty wife) and Anne Shirley, who only a few days before had announced to the world that she’d soon have a new baby of her own to take the place of the one she heartbreakingly lost in England several months ago. June Allyson was there looking cute as a button in a white angora sweater over a black crepe. And while on the subject of accessories, Junie had her initials embroidered over her heart—but in black sequins.

EVIE JOHNSON, looking cool in a silk print that had black and white painter’s palettes all over a dark green background, was denying reports that she and Vanny-boy are to be rocking a cradle soon. But then, they denied they were going to get married too, if you remember. Oh—almost forgot to “finish” Evie’s dress. A soft three-inch ruffle of the same print outlined its wide canoe neckline. And the skirt had hip draping that ended in the center with a cascading drape to the hem. She wore black shoes, gloves and bag. No hat. I noted too, that smart, comfortable and right for any time of the day or evening is the obvious determination of Hollywood gals who are “expecting” not to go in for “maternity clothes” in the accepted sense, but to stick for the most part to simple hip-length, flaring smocks over dark skirts. Whether at lunch, on shopping tours, cocktail or dinner parties, you see them in their smocks—ranging from crisp linens through tailored gabardines, crepes and taffetas. Some are simple—some elaborately trimmed—but all are smocks.

Connie made a terrific haul in the way of gifts for the baby. But the gift that got the loudest “Ah’s” and “Oh’s” when it was opened was Anita Colby’s. She had brought two large, solid gold safety-pins. At least four femmes yelled, “How CHIC can a baby be?” when the gift was unwrapped. Connie says you can bet the pins will wind up on her when the infant no longer has any use for them. She’s so right!

Before I get off the accessory subject entirely, mustn’t forget to tell you about a cute gag some of the local belles are wearing—and getting lots of attention with. Wouldn’t be surprised if it turned into a national fad. The gag is arm garters (yes, real old-fashioned ones)—but with a “something-new-has-been-added” touch. The arm garters that the movie misses are hitting bulls-eyes with are covered with velvet or satin ribbon in bright colors like kelly green or cherry red, and usually have a little cockade of ribbons attached to the outside edge somewhere. They look so cute—and do so much to doll up a plain sweater—just by snapping over a pushed up sleeve or two. Some gals, like Ava Gardner, for instance, even wear one (just one) on the pushed up sleeve of any simple



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dark (black or brown) dress. Even if the sleeve of the sweater or dress is rather short, pushing it up and holding it even shorter with one of these gadgets creates an intriguing effect. Try it and see.

THE biggest party in Hollywood history was given after the Award doings—at the hilltop home of the N. Peter Rathvons—he's the head of R.K.O. Just about every top star, executive, director and writer in Hollywood was there for midnight supper and dancing that lasted until the sun came up. Under the festooned tent, decorated with thousands of blooms, stretched the longest buffet-table I've ever seen—and some really "festooned" femmes were all over the place. Everybody seemed to be happy and pleased with the way the Oscars went. Too bad Dana Andrews wasn't there to hear how many people wished he too could have toted home a statuette for his wonderful work in "Best Years of Our Lives," which took so many well-deserved honors that night. There was Dotty Lamour, in a white crepe dinner gown, very sarongish with a diagonal white drape—and Dotty was dripping with diamond and ruby knick-knacks—like clips, bracelet, earrings and such. Bodice was simple and high at the neck ... Yvonne de Carlo (with Rory Calhoun that night—but definitely switched to Bob Stack at this writing) was wearing a white satin gown that busted out with a bustle where a bustle should be and draped on down to the floor. She wore lots of pearls—and her hair in a long, flowing bob. So did Jane Greer, who was very much with Peter Lawford for the occasion. Lana Turner was in white satin that night too—literally covered with bugle beads. Greer Garson was in plain black—very plain. But her hair, flaming in soft billows around her neck, should have given gals a big tip on how to look inviting—even if a lot of them didn't get the hint.

Audrey Totter wore a very nakedly gown of bright blue—very much trimmed with sequins ... Luscious Lilli Palmer wore emerald green taffeta with a tremendously full skirt studded with gold sequins—and no jewelry of any kind. She had one of those new tight-around-the-shoulders short capes of sable around her most of the evening—so couldn't see much of the dress top. These little fur capelets hook snugly in front—the hooks being covered by a bunch of sable-tails—or the tails of the animal the cape happens to be made of—natch!

Olivia de Havilland, Hollywood's newest "first lady," wore a darling dress to Atwater Kent's Red, White and Blue party. Very feminine it was—and strapless. It had a very low V neckline, and a design of garden flowers, hand-painted—which started with small buds on the tight bodice and became huge flowers as the design crept on down toward the floor-hemline. The soft multicolored flowers were highlighted here and there by occasional sequins and the entire gown was of sky-blue marquisette—with a very full skirt. Olivia wore a tiny string of pearls—and small pearl earrings.

Saw Donna Reed at this same party wearing a lovely pale pink taffeta gown, with its very full skirt beautifully draped to one side and caught with a huge bunch of much deeper pink silk roses. An added filip was a cobwebby veil of black lace covering her lightish hair and falling across her bare shoulders. One simple diamond bracelet was her only piece of jewelry ... But then, Donna likes simplicity. She's crazy about slip-on jersey sweater tops with short cap sleeves and almost turtle necklines. She has them in all bright colors—and wears them over black, brown or white skirts. One reason she likes them is because they show off a wonderful large

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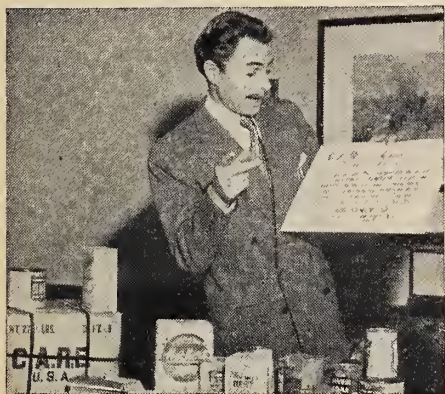
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gold medallion, with its platinum insignia in the center, that she wears on a gold snake-chain. The medallion was bestowed on Donna for one special phase of work she did during the war.

When you take a quick leap out of town, like to Arrowhead Springs for a weekend, you sometimes see a good-looking day-time dress that is just as smart for cocktail time as it is for play-time. Like the one we spotted on Jo Stafford, breaking in some sun there. It was of black linen—and so cool and crisp looking. It had a sunburst-flared skirt, accented by kelly-green braid stripes toward the hem. The bared-shoulder bodice was edged in the green braid—and so was the matching black linen short bolero jacket which she can wear any time a too-chilly breeze blows up. Day or evening for this tricky, and so wearable costume. Green play pumps or black sandals and gloves are the perfect accessories for it—depending on how long you expect to keep the outfit on.

Barbara Stanwyck really goes to town in a dreamy evening gown designed by Edith Head. It's a harem-type dress of black crepe with gold beading. Strapless, it has a separate bolero that may be removed to show the low square-cut bodice. The slinky skirt has a deep slit. Barbara wears jewel-studded hairpins in her chignon hairdress with this sophisticated costume—and it's a knockout. Thank heavens the top-knot and Ubangi-type hair-do, on heads slicked to the point where they look like Maggie Jiggs over a wash tub, have just about disappeared from the Hollywood scene.

THE END



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Summer Performance

(Continued from page 67) I wanted to hear. I whisked out a pencil and wrote down the Mayo summer system. Here it is:

1. *Your Lily White Body.* If you sun-burn easily and unattractively, don't avoid the beach. Wear a sun hat or keep shaded under a beach umbrella. But even if you do burn to a crisp, Virginia advises a few minutes of sunrays because they do untold good to your skin.

2. *Your Lovely Locks.* In the summer, Virginia thinks your hair shows to best advantage and should look its best. A shampoo and a good massage of the scalp afterward is an ironclad promise of beautiful locks. And if your hair is dry and brittle try these Mayo tricks: Brush it more than you do in the winter; keep it trimmed to avoid split ends; and when you drive in an open roadster, tie it up in a pretty scarf. Another good hot-weather hair idea is to avoid hair dryers—after it's set, let it dry of its own accord. But the biggest Mayo hair rule of all is this: In the summer, wear it simple! Tie yours with a gay ribbon, braid it or let it float at will.

3. *Your Sparkling Eyes.* Virginia warns to watch out for those squint-wrinkles—wear sun-glasses! But don't wear them so much that you get a white goggle-mark around each eye. And a "must" for sun-glasses is—buy a more expensive pair with ground lenses; cheap glasses can be ruinous to your vision.

And behind the scenes, take good care of your eyes. An eye lotion is soothing and beautifying after the strain of a hot and dusty day. Virginia soaks two bit of cotton in witch hazel and pats them on her closed eyes for a few minutes before she dresses for her evening date. She swears they'll improve your dances and glances—and romances!

4. *Your Fortune-Making Face.* A vital matter, your face—for you don't want it turned to the world with make-up drooling down it in rivulets. No, you want your face to look effortlessly cool and lovely. Virginia washes her face with soap and water twice a day, and follows this instantly with rinsings of ice water and plenty of cold cream.

5. *Your Revealing Hands.* Once Virginia met one of those perennial bachelors at a party who prided himself on judging women's ages accurately. (That explains why he was a perennial bachelor!) But what amazed Virginia was that he actually guessed right—by looking at their hands, not their faces. It convinced her that a smart girl should look after her hands with ferocious interest. She always wears gloves while gardening—but before she puts them on, she rubs soft soap under her nails and around her cuticle. Then when she removes the gloves, she can also remove the grime around her nails in a quick session with the faucet. Also, she roots for a cream massage once a day and hand-lotion after every hand washing.

6. *Your Revealed Figure.* Virginia claims that in the summer, your real figure comes into the spotlight whether you like it or not—no more kidding the public in concealing skirts and muffling coats. Your legs and waistline are on stage center. And they'd better be good! Virginia's solution is vigorous and figureous. She believes in health first; which means exercise at all costs—swimming, riding, tennis, hand-ball, or walking. Second, she believes in a slim diet. Salads, cool fruit drinks, vegetables and fruit should be the rule. Skip between-meal snacks, but drink lots of liquid. That's how Virginia keeps that famous Mayo figure come summertime.

7. *Your Pretty Clothes.* Virginia's rule for clothes is simple. Fancy hats, heavy silk "slink" dresses and suits are out. Dress



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coolly in gay, crisp cottons and shantungs—both in daylight and moonlight.

That's the Mayo formula for a heavy summer. Comprehensive though it is, I'd like to add a few additional hints.

The most delicate skins can be safely sun-tanned if done by degrees. It means careful timing—starting with ten or fifteen minutes a day, and daily increasing the length of time. And, of course, encouraging a tan with a good sun-tan lotion.

Once you've achieved that wonderful nut-brown skin, don't slack on the sun lotion. It helps to keep the skin from peeling and flaking. Also, make sure you rinse off all traces of salt water after an ocean dip—it's quietly drying your skin every minute it's there! What's more, if your tan seems to have blotted up a lot of the natural oil in your skin, try a baby oil rubdown before your shower.

Now for summer perfumes. By all means wear them—but keep 'em light! And no heavy mystery-odors for the humid months. Wear flower scents or light cologne.

While Virginia emphasized care of the hands, let me come down hard on the feet! Nothing is uglier than a luscious morsel of femininity whose feet look as if they came along by mistake. Your feet should be immaculately clean and as carefully manicured as your finger nails. To rest swollen, tired feet after a hot day, I recommend rubbing them with cologne.

While you're sunning, watch your swimsuit straps! Nothing is sadder than a lovely girl in a floating dress at the Saturday dance—with her back looking as if she were wearing a cattle-brand!

As for exercise, I'll go further than Virginia: I say; set yourself a schedule and stick to it—say, ten laps across the pool, or three times to the float and back.

And Virginia was too polite to bring up a few vulgar necessities, but I'm not! (After all, I'm here to help us all be the glamorous gals we want to be.) So here goes on a couple of honest reminders for the summer: First, get rid of any ugly fuzz on your arms and legs and keep rid of it all summer long. Second, use deodorants every time you change costumes. Nothing ruins fragile summer fabrics like underarm perspiration—to say nothing of fragile summer romances!

As for clothes, I agree wholeheartedly with Virginia. Keep 'em light, crisp-clean, and simple—and gaily colored. Snowy white, green, turquoise, yellow, pearl gray, tones of brown, and pink are all wonderful colors for you and for summer.

But if you follow all the foregoing advice, it'll be a wonderful summer for you all around!

THE END



First Filmdom Queen of Princeton—Virginia Mayo, crowned with diadem of black and orange tiger lilies at Class Reunion in University's Proctor Hall



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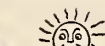
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The G. E. T. Girl

(Continued from page 43) guest at the best parties. But this design for living wouldn't have saved her from being lonely. Her salvation—and she was smart enough to know it—was to get back East with her family . . .

. . . To shop, with her mother, Belle Taylor Tierney, for furnishings for her New York apartment. Belle Tierney, incidentally is clever and gay enough to be accepted at her face value in the New York offices of Twentieth Century-Fox where she holds down an important job, and never to be described solely as Gene Tierney's mother . . .

. . . To double date old beaux with her sister Pat. Gene and Pat fought all the time when they were younger. "But we both grew up," Gene says, grinning. Pat, so attractive she might very well consider a screen career of her own, prefers to be Gene's secretary. She says, "I wouldn't work as hard as Gene does for anything!"

. . . To weekend up in Green Farms, Connecticut, with her brother "Butch," christened Howard, his wife, the former Jane Hewitt of Boston, and their youngster, Michele. Michele is one month older than Gene's three-year-old Daria. It was on Butch's arm, incidentally, that Gene attended the gala New York premiere of "The Razor's Edge."

ON this occasion Belle Tierney, laughing at herself, says: "When I saw Gene and Howard Jr. coming down the theater aisle together, and all heads turned in their direction—they did make quite a pair—I got suddenly emotional. Like an idiot I wanted to stand up and say 'They're mine!'"

Gene and Butch always have been quite a pair.

"If I never have a grain of fun again," Gene told me, "I had my share that summer I was sixteen, touring Europe with Butch and two of his friends from Yale. I'd been at school in Switzerland. Then I'd gone to Paris where I got my first permanent wave and my first really grown-up Paris suit. The boys arrived, in a new Ford which they somehow had managed to make look utterly disreputable—and wearing Tyrolean shorts, open shirts and beards! Elegantly, I refused to budge until they had washed the car and shaved. At least!

"We scripped in some places—where we had tips about good inexpensive pensions—so we could splurge in other places."

You have only to listen to Gene talk of her brother to know what it will mean to her to have Daria and her nurse in Connecticut with the Howard Tierneys when she is in California working on a picture.

"I see practically nothing of Daria when I'm on production anyway," she said. "A bit on Sundays, that's all. I leave for the studio before she is awake and return after she is asleep. I'm fortunate in having a wonderful nurse. But with Daria under the same roof with my brother and his wife, and where my mother can look in every day or two, I will feel doubly secure."

"Also, I think, Daria will have a greater sense of security surrounded by her own people and feeling loved always. And a sense of security is any child's first need."

The place at Green Farms, built as a carriage-house and stable, was the Tierney's garage when they lived in the big house on the estate. But during the depression they sold all but a few acres and converted the garage into a home. Whenever one of the children came home from school a room or a small wing would be added. The room built for Gene when she returned from Switzerland is hers today, with the original iron initials "G(ene) E(liza) T(ierney)" still on the door. And



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now Gene has added a kitchen to the wing Daria and her nurse will occupy. So they will have their own complete quarters. Quite an individual, interesting and charming place, the Tierney homestead.

"Never forget Gene's initials spell GET," Belle Tierney advises, amused. "She's slow getting started but she does get there. She never was a brilliant scholar at school. But at the end of a semester she always had managed to master her lessons so thoroughly that she excelled in her exams."

"It was the same in Switzerland. The girls at the school were asked to speak only in French—however limited their conversation had to be. Most of them, of course, talked fluently in English any time the teachers were out of earshot. But not Gene. She followed the rule to the letter. Her French today, consequently, is splendid."

"I've watched the same pattern work out in her picture career. Pat and I suffered the first time we saw her on the screen. But she's applied herself and become so absorbed in her work that I will be surprised if she doesn't contribute a really fine performance—and soon."

"I wish," Gene says, also speaking of her career, "that I could play a pathetic part—a character not quite bright, perhaps. I feel I could bring it poignance. Maybe some day . . ."

I SAW Gene in California immediately after her divorce was granted and again in New York. In New York she had taken time out from decorating her apartment to sit for Elsie Earle, a niece of Somerset Maugham, and a pastel artist of note. The portrait of Gene was to be hung in London—together with a portrait Mrs. Earle had done of the Queen—at an exhibition for the benefit of delinquent children.

Gene was wearing a brown chambray skirt and a black bra. She had taken off her jacket because the neck-line interfered with the lines of the portrait. Her shoulders and arms, like her face, were suntanned and gleaming with good health.

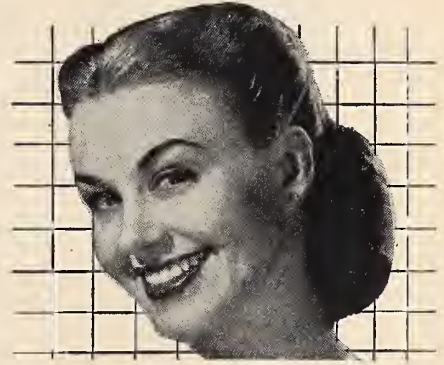
"It's all that milk you drink—as well as the California sun," her mother exclaimed, laughing, "Just a New England country girl!"

There was good talk that morning . . . talk of Somerset Maugham "who is really very kind even though he does say scathing things sometimes" . . . talk of Gene's apartment, which she hoped we were interested in because she loves to describe it. "The living-room walls," she specified, "are to be that wonderful color of cocoa with lots of milk in it—a pinkish brown. The rug is beige. I've found a beautiful crystal chandelier. A pair of chairs are to

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be done in a quilted chintz, all soft muted colors, with dark green birds that have a bit of coral in their plumage. And with the sofa in that coral, in a rough fabric.

"Someone—who assumed that of course I had a view—asked how I was going to treat the windows to frame the view advantageously." She laughed with genuine mirth. "You should see my view. Very cosmopolitan, it is—all fire-escapes with pots and pans and clothes-lines. And you should see my living room. Like the Black Hole of Calcutta. Fortunately, Pat and I do most of our entertaining in the evening when the curtains—cocoa damask to match the walls—will pull across.

"The dining room has old Eighteenth Century furniture, a scenic wallpaper of flowers and birds, quite feathery, and done in white and gray and dusty blues.

"The bedroom Pat and I will share has wallpaper with bunches of violets." So romantic, I think! And two low chairs upholstered in a chintz of the same pattern. Wide ruffled white organdy will hang at the windows and skirt our dressing table—which is seven feet long and will have two benches. Pat will have her end with her perfumes and creams. And I will have my end with mine. So we won't get into each other's hair looking over each other's shoulders."

When she came to Daria's room her eyes and voice softened unmistakably.

"It's the loveliest room of all, I think. The paper has little old-fashioned bouquets of pink and blue flowers. She's such a sensitive, sentimental child. Her rug is braided, blue and cream. And her little bed is to have a ruffled white organdy spread that looks as if it were about to pick up its skirts and dance away..."

At this point Elsie Earle held up the portrait for inspection.

"It's nifty!" Gene said "Nifty!"

"Nifty" is one of her favorite words. But her beautiful diction makes it her own.

"I wish I knew," she said, returning to the model's chair, "why such a fuss has been made over my decision to live in New York.

"With the speedy air service we have today there's no reason why a film player shouldn't live anywhere in the country. I can be in Hollywood nine hours after the studio calls me.

"Besides, I think it's a good thing for actors and actresses to get away between pictures. It refreshes the viewpoint!"

I agree with Gene. No longer is there any need for movies or movie people to be so insular about that reclaimed strip of desert land which holds Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Holmby Hills, The Valley, Culver City, Santa Monica and Malibu.

I applaud the fact that exterior shots, more and more, are being filmed against their actual locale, and not against a bit of Canada or Florida that has been erected on the studio's back lot. It makes sense to me that films like "Carnegie Hall" and "Portrait of Jenny" should be filmed in New York where the stories take place.

As for the stars; for some time now, between pictures, they've been migrating to homes they've established in various places throughout the United States. Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith maintain an apartment in California, but think of a New York State farm as home. Claude Rains has his fine farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Bette Davis has long trekked to her "Butternut" in New Hampshire. There was no great hoop-la when these players struck down roots beyond the Sierra Nevada. Gene's change in living caused comment, I think, because it was spotlighted by her divorce from Cassini together with her sale of her big twelve-room house and her yacht "The Barbill."

"The boat always was a useless extra-

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gance," she says. "I never had time to enjoy it. With part of the money I got for it I bought a black Cadillac sedan. The balance I banked in my daughter's name. "To have kept the big house would have been ridiculous. A house like that is charming only if you're doing nothing but being social. Pat and I will be happier in the five-room cottage I've taken near the studio. It's so conveniently appointed that we can care for it ourselves.

"The living room is just large enough to have a buffet supper for six. And six, I've decided, is the most comfortable conversational number for a party. Should I ever want to give a big party again—which I most seriously doubt—I can entertain out."

All of which makes a great deal of sense and really should squelch the whispers occasioned by Gene's decision to live in the East between pictures and to keep Daria and her nurse there at all times. Such whispers as "Did you hear that Gene Tierney hates Hollywood? After all Hollywood has done for her too!" And "It's a romance that takes Gene to New York. A romance with an Important Man!"

There are, to be exact, two Important Men in New York. They have been in love with Gene since before she married Oleg Cassini. Undoubtedly she will see and be seen with both of them. But at this writing she is not in love with anybody.

Gene has done what she's done in an understandable effort to ease the loneliness she knows following her divorce and to live up to her responsibility as breadwinner for Daria and herself.

Eventually, I hope, she will care for someone as much as she cared for Oleg Cassini. If and when this happens I have no doubt she will have as much to offer as she once offered Oleg. For she's the giving type. I wish you could hear her talking to her family. She mothers all of them.

But there is no romance now. That belongs to another day, another story.

THE END



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Three Wishes Had Esther

(Continued from page 56) "Who's doing it for you?" Don wanted to know. "I am," replied the swimming star. "How quaint!" quoth Loper. "That's what I want it to be," said Esther still smiling. "But darling," drawled Don, "it isn't chic to be quaint!" But "chic" is a word that Esther reserves for her work and for her public appearances, not for her home.

But don't get the use wrong. It's a little gem, due to the hard work—and love—put into it by Esther and Ben.

We had another helping of pea soup and then Esther, the champion swimmer of Hollywood, shows me what is probably the smallest and least pretentious pool in Hollywood. In fact it's little more than a plunge—but don't tell Esther I said so because she's very proud of it. And so would you be if you had painted the bottom turquoise blue, with your own fair hands! "The filter system," says Esther with pride, "was put in by Ben."

She shows me the cute dressing room alongside the pool. "It was someone's shed down the road and we bought it for ten dollars. The wash basin, etc., we picked up in a junk shop for five dollars!"

"YOU know something?" continues the all-American home girl, "Before I married Ben, I had an offer of marriage from a man who had the most perfect home—everything complete, down to the last wash cloth in the marvelous bathrooms. I couldn't have married him even if I hadn't been so much in love with Ben, because I couldn't be a fixture in a house. I'd want to do the house over!"

I keep looking around for a maid to clear away the dishes. I had assumed it was the cook's day off because of Esther's whipping up the meal herself. But she puts me wise to the incredible situation—for a star, I mean.

"We have no servants," says Esther, "except a cleaning woman who comes in two hours a day, five times a week. Why have a cook, when I can cook?" "But when you're making a picture—?" begins this skeptical gal. "When I'm working, I still do the cooking. You see when I'm exhausted after a long day in the studio, cooking relaxes me. And besides, I'd rather be alone with Ben in the house and not have someone in the kitchen."

"But who taught you to cook?" I want to know, relinquishing, for the sake of my figure, another helping of Esther's marvelous apple pie. "I didn't learn to cook from anybody," she says, "I sort of absorbed it from my mother."

And now we're really cooking with gas, in the business of understanding what makes Esther Williams tick.

She is the "family-est" girl I think I ever met in my life, with tremendous love and respect for her mother who is indeed a remarkable woman.

Esther has two sisters and a brother—another brother died when he was sixteen. And the sisters and brother each have two children. And Esther does very cute things for them. Like, when Esther bought herself a smart pinafore, she had copies of it made for her nieces and they wore them together at a Sunday barbecue dinner. "We have as many as forty friends and relatives for barbecue dinner on Sundays," says Esther. And Esther and Ben do the cooking!

"The one time we had the Brown Derby do the catering," she tells me, "was for my mother's birthday, because I wanted my mother to be waited on. When we cook ourselves, she's always jumping up to help." When Ben's mother had a birthday party, Esther thoughtfully invited six ladies who were her friends.



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And as for Esther and Ben's friends: with the exception of June Allyson and Dick Powell, Janet Blair and the Sonny Tufts (Ben plays golf with Sonny) the names would be unfamiliar to you—make-up men from the studio, and radio technicians from Ben's broadcasting station.

Incidentally, Ben has never made a broadcast since their marriage without Esther in the control room—except of course when she is working at Metro. Ben makes three broadcasts on Friday and two on Monday. But whether they are doing broadcasts or pictures, when Esther has to get up at five-thirty in the morning, they always have breakfast together, and Esther always cooks it.

"We are very lucky to have so much time together," says Esther. "Some people don't get as much in a whole lifetime as we've had already."

She smiled. "All my life, ever since I can remember that is, I've had three wishes. To find my guy. To be a happily married woman. To have children. I didn't want to be the President of the United States, or a Congresswoman. I didn't even want to be a movie star!" And it is true that Louis B. Mayer had to do a heap of persuading to get Esther's signature to a contract. "I didn't think I had anything to offer them," she explains.

BUT she is honest enough to admit that she likes the fame that goes with being a movie star. "And I don't mind the autograph hunters. I only mind them when they intrude on what I call our strict privacy. At night clubs or premieres, I expect it. We're on display and it's part of the job. But I don't like to ride in an armored car, I want to get some air. And when kids jump on the running board of our car I think that's wrong."

Even then, Esther has a tolerant attitude. There was one very persistent fan. Everywhere that Esther and Ben went, they were sure to find this fan waiting for them and thrusting herself at them.

"This is the wrong way for you to live," Esther told the surprised girl. "You're wasting your life following me and other stars. I've got a better idea. You like movie stars, don't you?" She did. "All right," said Esther, and she got her a job helping with the fan mail for another star at her studio. I don't know any other movie actress in Hollywood who would have bothered.

But then Esther is smarter than most actresses. You'd think she had a Wall Street background, the way she invests her money. "It's all very solid," says Esther with satisfaction. There's an annuity for her mother and some of their money is invested in gilt-edged stocks.

"And," continues Esther, "we have some property in the Palisade district, and we're building a unit apartment house there facing the ocean. And we have some land in Acapulco in Mexico, and we'll build a house. And we have some land, not far from here. And when this house gets too small for us, we'll build ourselves a new house there."

After the loss of her expected baby, Esther and her husband wanted to have another one right away. "But," she tells me, "if that happened, then I couldn't work for Metro for more than a year. And that wouldn't be fair. They were very good to me when I was expecting the baby during shooting of 'This Time for Keeps.' Joe Pasternak and Dick Thorpe did all they could to keep me well, and when I went off to rest, M-G-M paid me a nice bonus. So I'll do one or two more pictures now, and then I will take time off for a family."

When people sympathize with Esther about the baby, she replies: "When the merry-go-round throws you off, I believe in getting back on."

THE END



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The Affairs of Peck

(Continued from page 41) you must have inherited it from a long line of theatrical forebears!"

"No," he said. "My father's a druggist in Long Beach."

"But your other relatives—there must have been artistes among them?"

"The only one I know is my Uncle Charlie. He was a street car conductor at La Jolla. I always used to say he was the only one of us who knew where he was going!"

To her other questions, Peck gave answers as honest. Then he waited for the interview to appear. There was no mention of his father, or of Uncle Charlie. The interviewer wasn't going to have her idealization spoiled—not even by its object.

Peck was not aggrieved. "I'm grateful when they write the truth about me. I'm pleased when nice things are said," he stated. "But I don't get mad when they pan me. Writing's a writer's business—acting is mine."

Stretched out in a comfortable chair in the living room of his attractive, unpretentious home, Gregory Peck discussed the printed aspect of a star's life. A misted view of dusk, descending on rolling hills, could be glimpsed through the wide bay window. Sounds of supper in preparation came from the kitchen and the nurse had just passed through the room, carrying the blue-blanketed bundle of his younger son, Stephen. Jonathan, aged two and a bit, played nearby.

"It was hard to learn," Gregory Peck went on, "that our private life was a public concern. That took time to understand."

At this moment, young Jonathan spilled a large box of big wooden matches all over the floor. Gregory Peck just said: "Whoa, there, Johnny!" His son knelt down and began gathering up the matches and putting them back in the box.

"Greta, you know," Johnny's father said, "claims she learned about Johnny through reading the papers. She'd been to see the doctor once and it was still just one of those maybes. Then, there it was in print—we were infanticiding."

"Greta was slightly chagrined. She had wanted it to be a secret for a while anyway—as it could have been in San Diego or Podunk; anywhere but here in the gold-fish bowl district."

"My professional problems on this score came later. To whom would I give the news scoop when the baby arrived?" Here Peck's craggy features broke into a broad grin. "If you let one magazine take first pictures, you get your neck in a noose with the other magazines. There's only one baby at a time—and a lot of magazines."

News stories have cast Peck in about 200 pictures in the last three years. He no longer rushes to a phone to call his agent when he reads such stories. Signing a contract is the only proof that he's going into a new film.

"I stumbled into this business," he said, "from a non-theatrical background. I'm crazy about it but there are 139,000,000 people who aren't in it. I'd like to remain part of that group, too. I don't want to build myself a little ivory tower and then pull in the gates. It'll be too hard to open them. In Hollywood, when you talk, it's shop-talk. When you eat, it's with people who're in the same business. You can't get away from it."

"The one chance you have is to leave town. I grab this chance because I need the change of perspective that being with businessmen, architects, fishermen, doctors—non-theatrical people—gives me."

"I love the place. I love the people. I'm

not ungrateful, and never want to be, to Hollywood. But sometimes from the outside, you appreciate it more."

Greg Peck loves his work and, while he says he comes close to being the world's laziest man, his three months' layoff before he went into Alfred Hitchcock's "The Paradine Case," gave him the jitters.

He's enthusiastic about two of his recently released pictures; "The Yearling" and "Duel in the Sun." The critics raved about Peck's performance in "The Yearling." But Greg was concerned only with the appraisal of the work done by Jane Wyman and Claude Jarman.

"Jane did a swell job, a wonderful job," he said. "And the boy—the boy's a natural actor. And you know how rare they are."

"The Yearling" left one other real memory. That, he remarked, scratching himself abstractedly, was the memory of Florida's fiercely ravenous red bugs. The crew was located in Florida for seven weeks and the red bugs were located on the crew for the same length of time.

"Never scratched so much in my life," Peck laughed. "We tried all the remedies but finally agreed with the natives. Those red bugs stop biting when they've had enough—and not before. They're even worse than the snakes I met up with there."

"Duel in the Sun" gives Peck a chance to play a villain—a virile, fascinating brute. "I liked being a full-blown rat," he said. "A fine change in roles. But I don't know how one part of the public is going to take it. Ever since 'Keys of the Kingdom,' sweet old ladies have stopped me and said: 'The expression in your eyes was so real—you must have just lived the part.' I wonder if they'll think so about this picture?"

THE Father Chisholm role did one thing for Peck for which he is thankful. It gave even publicity photographers the idea that they couldn't ask him to pose for some of the usual pictures.

"Nobody ever asks me to do stunt pictures now," he explained. "Like baring my chest for male cheesecake. Corny pictures are out—which is a relief."

However, pictures must be taken and Peck says they are becoming a problem. "I must have done every possible pose, in the past three years. The other day a photographer came up with a new idea—a double exposure trick with me doing two expressions—serious and smiling."

"I do have a couple of other expressions. I can look puzzled and often do. And then there's the far-off looking-into-the-future expression. One of my best. It ought to be, I had to use it enough. I developed it when I used to pose for the Montgomery-Ward Catalogue. Got a lot of useful experience out of those posing jobs," Peck added. "And \$25 a day—which I needed. And I worked eight hours a day, as hard as I ever worked. When I'd get to the photographer's studio, there would be a row of clothes a block long waiting for me. A tailor stood by with clips to make the suits fit me. You dashed in, took the far-future expression. They snapped the picture and off you were for the next change."

"The practice in quick-changes came in handy later for the stage. On Broadway, when I was in 'Sons and Soldiers,' I had a twenty-second change from a business suit into an RAF uniform—and without Montgomery Ward behind me, I'd never have made it."

At this moment, the nurse came rushing through the room again, with a crying Stephen in her arms. Gregory Peck looked up and said: "Thank goodness she's a quick-change artist, too!"

THE END

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Hollywood vs. the Fan Club

(Continued from page 33) were concerned—deeply concerned—about the fact that although Mrs. Roufs says the average age of the presidents is twenty-six and some of them are grandmothers, still there are many who are minors.

The producers also were agreed that Mrs. Roufs had no right to commit the studios to visits from hundreds of people without consulting them first. They called attention to the old and necessarily rigid rule against such mass visits. Large crowds on sound stages stop expensive productions.

And that wasn't all! The Screen Actors Guild and the Co-ordinating Committee, which have jurisdiction over gratis appearances of the stars, specifically ban star participation in such dances and social affairs as Mrs. Roufs planned. The statement of the Guild concerning the convention said: "It is dynamite which could explode and result in nation-wide unfavorable publicity, seriously hurting Hollywood in general and the actors in particular. All stars asked to participate are asked to note the Guild's disapproval of this affair."

In refutation of all this Mrs. Roufs said, "They never gave me a chance to explain. I did not want to swamp the studios with visitors. I meant to take the club presidents through in buses, never permitting them to get off. I have always found that the back lots are very interesting. We had no intention of going on sound stages."

"And we never promised that any stars would be at our functions. We said we hoped they would. But dozens and dozens of stars told me they would like to attend."

Arch Reeve, of the public information committee of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, and Joe Alvin, of the public information committee of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, undertook a thorough research of plans for the convention. They reported that the invitation to club members promised three days of visits to the studios. They said it was to be regretted that a copy of the invitations had not been shown to them before they were mailed to the members.

HOWEVER, in this general disavowal of the convention, these organizations representing the studios were careful not to disavow the fan clubs themselves. They said, "We are of the opinion that the project as outlined is ill-advised and would prove extremely embarrassing to fan club delegates who might accept."

The studios have never made any attempt to assay the value of fan clubs generally, but they spend hundreds of thousands of dollars every year servicing fans.

Also, most stars not only welcome these clubs but cooperate with them. Take some stars at random: Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Shirley Temple, Joan Crawford. They pay great attention in trying to answer the intelligent letters in their fan mail.

Studios and stars alike understand that the members of these clubs are, generally speaking, reliable individuals who have nothing in common with the handful of extroverts who gang up on stars in public places.

Actually the clubs constitute a great deal more than mere admiration societies. They are hobbies created and largely personally financed by individuals, women mostly, who enjoy being amateur editors and publishers. For usually the publication of a bulletin or journal three or four times a year is a club's chief activity. And since dues never are more than one dollar and sometimes are as low as twenty-five



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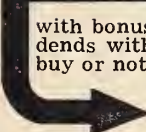
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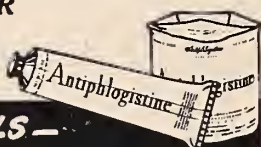
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cents the originator of a club invariably has to pay some of the costs out of his own pocket.

Scrupulous fan clubs make it a point not to ask stars to contribute money. There are stars, however, with loyal clubs behind them, who do give typewriters or mimeographing machines or contribute the paper for an occasional edition.

Always a star writes a letter for each issue and sends snapshots which are pasted into the journals after they have been mimeographed, in various shapes and sizes, labors of love by the club presidents. Printing, of course, would be much too expensive.

The largest known fan club, incidentally, is that of James Mason. It has five thousand members, here and in England. Gene Autry's club has twenty-five hundred members. So does Roy Rogers's. June Allyson's club has nineteen hundred members. The John Ridgely Club—John has never starred in a picture—boasts eight hundred members, mostly in England. And Frank Sinatra has more than one thousand ardent club members, all expertly serviced by his press-agent, George Evans of New York.

Some of these clubs engage in charitable activities. Jean Pierre Aumont's Club, according to Mrs. Ellen E. Roufs, is supporting a French orphan. Jeanette MacDonald's Club is sending a young man to singing school. Gene Autry's Club recently engaged in a campaign to send coal to England; each member being asked to package five or ten pounds of coal and ship it to their English representative in an effort to keep their British fans warm.

THERE have been rackets in this field. Unscrupulous persons have collected money from fans in return for which the fans have received nothing. These rackets, however, are petty and infrequent.

It very definitely is not because either the studios or stars feel that the fans who would attend the convention are irresponsible or in any way undesirable that they refuse to give Mrs. Roufs's idea their support.

It is the idea itself and the hazards it presents to which they object.

Mrs. Roufs, however, has not been daunted by her Hollywood opposition. On April 15 she called in her attorney and incorporated the 21-year old International Fan Club with its three directors, Mrs. Roufs, Gladys Perkins and Phebe Parsons Wilhelm who are her employees. At that time she announced she would go ahead with the convention.

"We can hold our convention without the studios, and we will," she said. "I expect 189 club presidents, including one from Honolulu and one from Scotland. Possibly there will be a hundred or so more from California—not more than 300 all told.

"I expect that the stars will invite the club presidents to their homes. And they may invite them to the studios as their special guests."

There you have the story. All the hullabaloo, bitterness and national publicity, misunderstood, of course, by many fans, started with an idea in a Los Angeles mimeographing office. Mrs. Roufs thought she had a wonderful idea and that it would be applauded.

Hollywood thought otherwise. Hollywood in fact, wants no part of it. Hollywood says that without skilful supervision, elaborate planning, and precise timing the stars and studios could not possibly participate in such a convention. As the Screen Actors Guild says, it would be "dynamite."

And Hollywood is right.

THE END

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Fabulous Fairbanks

(Continued from page 105) Doug wished then that the wall was conveniently hung with vines for a foothold, as the screen prop men would most certainly have done for him. But there wasn't any make-believe about this one. He led the way back to the front. The men battered down the door and took their prisoners.

Doug's big dream while he was in the service was first, to rest and spend a lot of time with his wife and two daughters and second, to return to Hollywood as a producer. He wants to be responsible for everything that goes into one of his pictures. When he took off the colorful *Sinbad* costumes he moved over to a quiet little bungalow at Universal-International and hung out a staid, business-like shingle which reads: The Fairbanks Company.

There in workman-like fashion he delves into the problems of story, location, cost, direction, and cast for his two planned productions, "The Exile" and "Terry and the Pirates." There's no glamour about the office. At his desk, Doug usually works in a pair of slacks, a sport shirt open at the throat with a neckerchief tucked under for a tie.

HIS hard-working secretary is a former WAC who served in the Mediterranean war theater. To both of them film-making is a "job."

How about that home life Doug wanted to get back to? He manages that very nicely. Like any other good busy executive Doug spends as many hours during the day as necessary to complete his work. After that he belongs to his family.

Socially, the Fairbanks are definitely not Hollywood. Their big, beautiful home, Westridge, in Pacific Palisades, covers ten acres high up in the hills. From one side of his home Doug can look out over the ocean and from the opposite windows he can see the wide, timber-covered Will Rogers ranch. His closest friend, David Niven, is also his closest neighbor and Doug is godfather to David's youngest child.

But Westridge is more or less an international gathering place for leaders in all phases of world activities. When Lord Louis Mountbatten visited this country he stayed with Doug. And Virginia-born Mary Lee entertained for him at a huge ball—Southern style. Now Westridge is taking its place as the high social activity hub just as Pickfair used to when Doug Sr. and Mary Pickford reigned in Hollywood.

Time was of course when Doug Jr. was a gay-living son of moviedom. Maybe world conditions changed him. Maybe his own activities on behalf of the State Department and his Navy career steadied him. But for a good share of the change, credit quiet, non-professional Mary Lee.

There is one characteristic that everybody in filmdom mentions when they speak of Fairbanks, Junior or Senior. And that is the tradition of loyalty the pair have always shown. Somewhere, somehow, in every picture that each has made, there has been a job for most everyone with whom Doug Sr. worked on his first picture in 1915.

Charlie Stevens (Chief Eagle Eye) has appeared in every Fairbanks picture. In many cases he and others have been "written in" in spite of the script.

The gag around Hollywood is that Doug has to keep busy because so many people depend on him. But he loves it. And as he keeps jumping from one job to another now, his favorite quip is, "Did you hear what one moth said to another? It's great to be back in civilian clothes."

And it's great to have him back!

THE END

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Cast of Current Pictures

ADVENTURESS, THE—Eagle-Lion: Bridie Quilty, Deborah Kerr; David Baynes, Trevor Howard; Miller, Raymond Huntley; Lt. Hawkins, Michael Howard; Man in the Straw Hat, Norman Shelley; Michael O'Callaghan, Breda O'Rourke; Grandfather, James Harcourt; Uncle Timothy, Liam Redmond; Danny Quilty, W. O'Gorman; Captain Goodhusband, Garry Marsh; Lt. Spanswick, Tom Macaulay; Oscar Pryce, David Ward; Mrs. Edwards, Olga Lindo; Man in the Bookshop, John Salew; Chief Mourner, Harry Hutchinson; Art Gallery Guide, Tony Quinn; Walter, George Woodbridge; Sgt. Harris, Humphrey Heathcote; Old Lady in Train, Katie Johnson; Col. Dennington, Gerald K. Case; Irish Landlord, Albert Sharp; Women on Train, Everley Gregg and Kathleen Boutil.

BLAZE OF NOON—Paramount: Lucille Stewart, Anne Baxter; Colin McDonald, William Holden; Roland McDonald, Sonny Tufts; Porkie, William Bendix; Tad McDonald, Sterling Hayden; Gafferty, Howard DaSilva; Keith McDonald, Johnny Sands; Poppy, Jean Wallace; Mrs. Murphy, Edith King; Reverend Polly, Lloyd Corrigan; Sydney, Dick Hogan; Farmer, James Burke; Mr. Thomas, Will Wright.

BORN TO KILL—RKO: Sam, Lawrence Tierney; Helen, Claire Trevor; Arnett, Walter Slezak; Fred, Phillip Terry; Georgia, Audrey Long; Marty, Elisha Cook Jr.; Laury Palmer, Isabel Jewell; Mrs. Kraft, Esther Howard; Grace, Kathryn Card; Danny, Tony Barrett; Inspector Wilson, Grandon Rhodes.

CARNEGIE HALL—Federal-UA: Nora Ryan, Marsha Hunt; Young Tony Salerno, William Prince; Donovan, Frank McHugh; Ruth Haines, Martha O'Driscoll; Tony Salerno, Hans Yary.

CHILDREN ON TRIAL—English Films: Fred Watson (played by a Birmingham slum boy); Shirley Reynolds, Julia Lang; Chairman of Court, Basil Henriques, J. P.; all other characters re-enact their own roles.

CHRISTMAS EVE—Bogues-UA: Mario Reed, George Raft; Michael Reed, George Brent; Jonathan Reed, Randolph Scott; Matilda Reed, Ann Harding; Ann Nelson, Joan Blondell; Claire, Virginia Field; Jean Bradford, Dolores Moran; Phillip Hastings, Reginald Denny; Judge Alston, Clarence Kolb; Reichman, Kurt Katch.

COPACABANA—Coslow-UA: Lionel Devereaux, Groucho Marx; Carmen Navarro, Carmen Miranda; Steve Hunt, Steve Cochran; Anne, Gloria Jean; Liggett, Ralph Sanford; also, Andy Russell, Louis Sobol, Abel Green, Earl Wilson.

DISHONORED LADY—Stromberg-UA: Madeleine Damien, Hedy Lamarr; Dr. Cousins, Dennis O'Keefe; Ethel, Natalie Schafer; Felix Courtland, John Loder; Garet, William Lundigan; Kranish, Paul Cavanagh; Dr. Galeb, Morris Carnovsky; Prosecuting Attorney, Douglass Dumbrille; Defense Attorney, Nicholas Joy; A Landlady, Margaret Hamilton.

DOWN TO EARTH—Columbia: Terpsichore, Rita Hayworth; Danny Miller, Larry Parks; Eddie, Marc Platt; Mr. Jordan, Roland Culver; Max Corkle, James Gleason; Messenger 7013, Edward Everett Horton; Georgia Evans, Adele Jergens; Joe Manning, George Macready; Police Lieutenant, William Frawley; Betty, Jean Donahue; Dolly, Kathleen O'Malley; Spike, William Haade; Kelly, James Burke; Orchestra Leader, Fred Sears.

EGG AND I, THE—Universal-International: Betty, Claudette Colbert; Bob, Fred MacMurray; Ma Kettle, Marjorie Main; Harriet Putnam, Louise Allbritton; Pa Kettle, Percy Kilbride; Tom Kettle, Richard Long; Billy Reed, Billy House; Old Lady, Ida Moore; Mr. Henry, Donald MacBride; Sheriff, Samuel S. Hinds; Mrs. Hicks, Esther Dale; Betty's Mother, Elisabeth Risdon; Goodcut, John Berkes; Cowbar, Vic Potel; Cab Driver, Fuzzy Knight; Mrs. Hicks's Mother, Isabel O'Madigan; Maid, Dorothy Vaughan.

GHOST GOES WILD, THE—Republic: Monty Crandall, James Ellison; Phyllis Beecher, Anne Gwynne; Eric, Edward Everett Horton; Susan Beecher, Ruth Donnelly; Irene Waters, Stephanie Bachelor; Bill Waters, Grant Withers; Mr. Beecher, Lloyd Corrigan; Prof. Jacques Dubonnet, Emil Rameau; Max Atterbury, Jonathan Hale; T. O'Connor Scott, Charles Halton; The Judge, Holmes Herbert; Magazine Man, Edward Gargan; 1st Reporter, Gene Garrick; 2nd Reporter, Michael Hughes; Chauffeur, William Austin.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal-International: Pip, John Mills; Estella, Valerie Hobson; Joe Gargery, Bernard Miles; Jaggers, Francis L. Sullivan; Magwitch, Finlay Currie; Miss Havisham, Martha Hunt; Pip (as a boy), Anthony Wager; Estella (as a girl), Jean Simmons; Herbert Pocket, Alec Guinness; Wemmick, Ivor Bernard; Mrs. Joe Gargery, Freda Jackson; Bentley Drummie, Torin

Thatcher; Biddy, Eileen Erskine; Uncle Pumblechook, Hay Petrie; Compeyson, George Hayes; The Sergeant, Richard George; Sarah Pocket, Everley Gregg; Mr. Wopsie, John Burch; Mrs. Wopsie, Grace Denbigh-Russell; The Aged Parent, O. B. Clarence; Pale Young Gentleman, John Forrest.

HOMESTEADERS OF PARADISE VALLEY—Republic: Red Ryder, Allan Lane; Little Beaver, Bobby Blake; The Duchess, Martha Wentworth; Melinda, Ann Todd; Bill Hume, Gene Stutenroth; Steve, John James; Rufe Hume, Mauritz Hugo; Langley, Emmett Vogan; Blaine, Milton Kihhee; Rancher, Tom London; Mrs. Hume, Edythe Elliott; White, George Chesebro; Sheriff, Edward Cassidy.

HOMESTRETCH, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jock, Cornell Wilde; Leslie Hale, Maureen O'Hara; Bill Van Dyke, Glenn Langan; Kitty, Helen Walker; Doc Kilborne, James Gleason; Balcares, Henry Stephenson; Ellamae Scott, Margaret Bannerman; Aunt Martha, Ethel Griffies; Pablo, Tommy Cook.

HONEYMOON—RKO: Barbara, Shirley Temple; Flanner, Franchot Tone; Phil, Guy Madison; Raquel, Lina Romay; Prescott, Gene Lockhart; Senora Mendoza, Corinna Mura; Crenshaw, Grant Mitchell; Senor Mendoza, Julio Villareal; Registrar, Manuel Arvide; Doctor Diego, Jose R. Goula.

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Henri Verdoux, alias Varney, Bonheur, Flory, Charles Chaplin; Mona, Mady Correll; Peter, Allison Roddan; Maurice Bottello, Robert Lewis; Martha, Audrey Betz; Annabella Bonheur, Martha Raye; Annette, Ada-May; Marie Grosnay, Isobel Elsom; Marie's Maid, Marjorie Bennett; Yvonne, Helene Heigh; Lydia Flory, Margaret Hoffman; The Girl, Marilyn Nash; Pierre Couvais, Irving Bacon; Jean Couvais, Edwin Mills; Carlotta Couvais, Virginia Brissac; Lena Couvais, Almira Sessions; Phoebe Couvais, Eula Morgan; Prefect of Police, Bernard J. Nedell; Detective Morrow, Charles Evans; Rental Agent, Arthur Hohl; Vicki, Vera Marshe; Joe, John Harmon.

OTHER LOVE, THE—Enterprise-UA: Karen Duncan, Barbara Stanwyck; Dr. Anthony Stanton, David Niven; Huberta, Maria Palmer; Celestine, Joan Loring; Paul Clermont, Richard Conte; Prof. Linaker, Richard Hale; Richard Shelton, Edward Ashley; Dora Shelton, Natalie Schafer; Yvonne, Lenore Aubert; Pete, Jimmy Horne; Mme. Gruen, Mary Forbes; Megaros, M. Romanoff; Florist, Ann Codee; Florist's Assistant, Kathleen Williams; Croupier, Gilbert Roland.

PERILS OF PAULINE—Paramount: Pearl White, Betty Hutton; Michael Farrington, John Lund; Timmy, Billy De Wolfe; Chuck McManus, William Demarest; Julia Gibbs, Constance Collier; Joe Gurt, Frank Faylen; Hero—Western Saloon Set, William Farnum; 1st Chef Comic, Chester Conklin; Gent. Interior Drawing Room, Paul Panzer; Prop Man. Western Saloon, Snub Pollard; 2nd Chef Comic, James Finlayson; Marcelled Leading Man, Creighton Hale; Chef Comic, Hank Mann; Heavy. Western Saloon Set, Francis McDonald; Bartender. Western Saloon Set, Bert Roach; Studio Cop. Western Saloon Set, Heinie Conklin.

SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK, THE—California-UA: Harold Diddlebock, Harold Lloyd; Miss Otis, Frances Ramsden; Wormy, Jimmy Conlin; J. E. Waggleberry, Raymond Walburn; Formfit Franklin, Franklin Pangborn; Flora, Margaret Hamilton; Manicurist, Arline Judge; Wild Bill Hitchcock, Al Bridge; Jake, Edgar Kennedy; Mike, Frank Moran; Barber, Torben Meyer; Prof. Potelle, Victor Potel; James B. Smoke, Jack Norton; Banker Blackston, Arthur Hoyt; Bearded Lady, Georgia Caine; Snake Charmer, Gladys Forrest; A Doorman, Max Wagner.

TROUBLE WITH WOMEN, THE—Paramount: Prof. Gilbert Sedley, Ray Milland; Kate Farrell, Teresa Wright; Joe McBride, Brian Donlevy; Dean Agnes Meeler, Rose Hohart; Ulysses S. Jones, Charles Smith; Dr. Wilmer Dawson, Lewis Russell; Rita La May, Iris Adrian; Geeger, Frank Faylen; Judge. Rhys Williams; Avery Wilson, Lloyd Bridges; Mrs. Wilmer Dawson, Norma Varden; Keefe, James Millican; Herman, Matt McHugh; Peanuts, Jimmie Smith.

WOMAN ON THE BEACH, THE—RKO: Peggy, Joan Bennett; Scott, Roy Ryan; Ted, Charles Bickford; Eve, Nan Leslie; Otto Wernecke, Walter Sande; Mrs. Wernecke, Irene Ryan; Kirk, Glenn Vernon; Lars, Frank Darien; Jimmy, Jay Norris.

YANKEE FAKIR—Republic: Yankee Davis, Douglas Fowley; Mary Mason, Joan Woodbury; Shaggy Hartley, Clem Bevans; Professor Newton, Ransom Sherman; Randall, Frank Reicher; Duke, Marc Lawrence; Sheriff, Walter Soderling; Mrs. Tetley, Eula Guy; Mason, Forrest Taylor; Jenny, Elinor Appleton; Walker, Peter Michael; Scrubwoman, Elspeth Dudgeon; Charlie, Ernest Adams; Tommy, Tommy Bernard.

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Lana Turner
By Paul Hesse

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Ricardo's equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar... equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!



The beauty of Esther Williams... the manliness of Montalban... the music of Mexico... the magic of Technicolor... the thrills of the arena—that's M-G-M's "Fiesta".

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

"Fiesta" leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon "The Hucksters" comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced "new star"). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman's bombshell best-seller! You'll be saying "Love that picture!"

Coming along, too, is "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We'll say only one thing about it: "Song of Love" is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

Meantime, be a guest-a at "Fiesta".

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

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Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

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Cover: Lana Turner, star of "Green Dolphin Street"

Miss Turner's blouse by Desda of Beverly Hills

Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

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Bravo for a Beautiful Daredevil!

By day, disguised as a man, she fought the fiercest beasts in Mexico's bull ring—but at night, in the arms of her sweetheart, she was all woman!

M-G-M's BIGGEST, GAYEST
TECHNICOLOR SPECTACLE

FIESTA

(WHERE THEY LIVE AND LOVE DANGEROUSLY)

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM CYD JOHN MARY FORTUNIO
TAMIROFF • CHARISSE • CARROLL • ASTOR • BONANOVA
AND INTRODUCING **RICARDO MONTALBAN**

Gorgeous
ESTHER WILLIAMS
is an eyeful
—in dazzling evening gowns!
—in matador costume!
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Torrid romance with new
star Ricardo Montalban!



Saved by a miracle
from death in the arena!



Music! The dance of desire—
with exotic Cyd Charisse.

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Joan Caulfield, Bill Holden: From letters to love in tender and riotous film

✓✓ Dear Ruth (Paramount)

LITTLE girls can do lots of things that send their elders right into hysterics. *Miriam Wilkins* did just that in "Dear Ruth" for a couple of years on Broadway; now Mona Freeman takes her over on the screen and turns her out to teenster perfection in a picture that runs along on clever lines, festive comedy and the good acting of Edward Arnold.

"Dear Ruth" is the way the letters from overseas started; they were written by William Holden to *Ruth Wilkins*, a very pretty and not at all adolescent Joan Caulfield. The catch is little sister *Miriam*. In the midst of her draft-women project she's taken time off to write some letters to soldier Holden, enclosing sister *Ruth's*

picture and some moonlight-and-roses touches. Everything would be fine except that the soldier shows up with "that overseas look in his eye." Take it from there and you have a picture that's going to lift your spirits right up into the category that's known as "blithe."

Players Arnold, Billy De Wolfe and little Mona Freeman carry things along so well you don't even mind when events get a little ludicrously out of hand towards the end. Caulfield and Holden make a nice straight-shooting team and everything is fast and funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Good play makes a good picture.



Tense and dramatic scene in GI marriage of Ann Sheridan, Zachary Scott

✓✓ The Unfaithful (Warners)

A HARD-HITTING picture played with a suspense, this is an expert treatment of a vital theme.

As *Chris Hunter* who had been married only a week when her husband was sent overseas for three years, Ann Sheridan gives an unforgettable portrayal. Bob (Zachary Scott) has been home a year when the picture opens and he and *Chris* are ideally happy. There is nothing to warn *Chris* that the one indiscretion of a lonely woman is already threatening her happiness and that because of it she will be involved in a murder charge. But the

truth cannot be hidden and in an unforgettable scene between husband and wife, *Chris* tries to explain her unfaithfulness.

Zachary Scott, as the husband, and Lew Ayres, as *Larry Hannaford*, the lawyer who handles her case, turn in mature, understanding performances.

The picture offers no excuse for women whose wartime loneliness betrayed their love but it does put the woman's problem squarely up to the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: A "must" for thoughtful movie-goers.



Beguiling proof of a Santa: Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood, Edmund Gwenn

✓✓ Miracle on 34th St. (20th Century-Fox)

THIS is really a miracle! Fox takes a pleasant little picture about the fabulous Macy's department store, adds Edmund Gwenn in the captivating role of *Kris Kringle*, pairs off Maureen O'Hara and John Payne, runs up some inspired dialogue, has everything moving fast and out comes one of the best pictures in many a movie month.

Get out your bag of cheers and get ready to go. You'll be beguiled by every bit of it—from Edmund Gwenn's magnificent acting as the little man who's real name is *Kris Kringle* to the great sport you'll have watching the merchandising business going for a merry ride. Not to mention the law and politics—they come in for their share of the fun with Gene Lockhart as the judge in a courtroom scene

that has lawyer John Payne making his miraculous point with a chuckle.

Natalie Wood is a solemn-eyed little girl who manages to be both lovable and precocious, an accomplishment that puts her right up in the major league of little-girl actresses.

There's nothing for you to figure out—this miracle is just as logical and just as wonderful as Christmas. If you don't come out feeling that the world is a happy place you'd better start checking your sense of humor. There's no sticky *Pollyanna* business about this either—it's just everyone working together in a film that's worth working for.

Your Reviewer Says: A Twentieth Century miracle.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 10

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 12

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 29



Don't answer this ad...

Don't

Don't

Don't

HUNT STROMBERG presents
 GEORGE SANDERS * LUCILLE BALL * CHARLES COBURN * BORIS KARLOFF

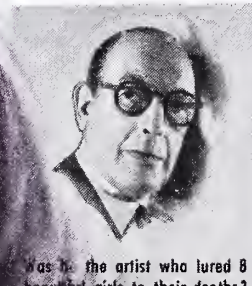
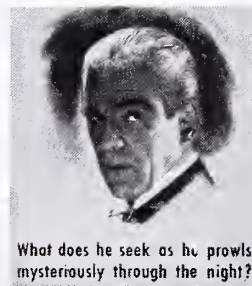
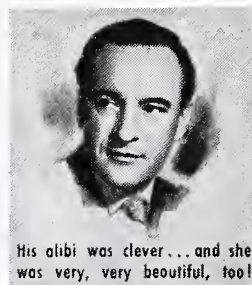
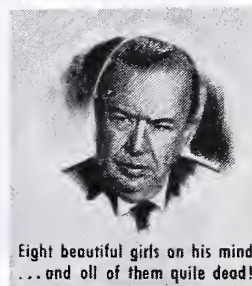
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WITH
 SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE * JOSEPH CALLEIA
 ALAN MOWBRAY * GEORGE ZUCCO

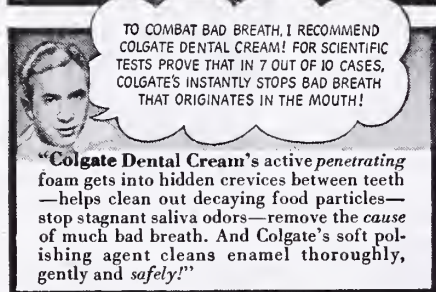
Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN
 PRODUCED BY JAMES NASSER

Executive Producer, HUNT STROMBERG

Released thru United Artists



Woe is Me!
I've Got No She!



(Continued from page 4)
✓✓ **Possessed (Warners)**
THIS is scaled to adult size—a film showing the torturing and eventual breakdown of a woman's mind. The woman is Joan Crawford who makes a neurotic role convincing to a normal audience. Van Heflin is the opportunist who rejects her, thereby sending her into a loveless marriage with Raymond Massey. That's the plot; the picture is a morbid account of the approach of insanity.

Crawford has a hard task; she does it magnificently. Heflin has the demanding job of making himself both sympathetic and unsympathetic to the audience; he does it well. He is the materialist who wants what he wants at the expense of others; since he gives fair warning of his code, he must be excused from complete blame. Raymond Massey as the husband has an even role that calls forth none of his great talents but fits in beautifully in the general patchwork of contorted love and hate. Nana Bryant plays the young stepdaughter with finesse; but the credits go to Crawford and Heflin.

The picture is not entertainment but a psychological study that may do the good work of bringing more neurotics to medical treatment before it is too late.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be haunted.

✓✓ **The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer (RKO)**

PRACE yourself for a slice of sheer mirth when you see this one. What, no message, no problem, no world dilemma? Nary a one. Even the growing pains of this story of adolescence are painless.

Cary Grant, artist and man-about-town, finds himself facing charges in the court of Judge Myrna Loy, for disturbing the night club peace and inspiring violent emotions in the bosom of her teen-age sister, Shirley Temple. On the pretext of being a model, Shirley wangles her way into his apartment. Some hours later the startled Grant finds her there just as her terrified sister, supported by the forces of law and order, bangs on the door.

Matters become hilarious as the hapless and helpless Cary struggles with his flaming juniors, the while his eyes appraise the uncharted charms of lady judges.

Shirley is strictly in her Temple stride. Miss Loy might have allowed *Her Honor* to unbend a little more but even so she gives her a lot of the Loy appeal. As Shirley's calf-eyed swain, Johnny Sands is likely to stir up activity on the bobby-sox front. Ray Collins and Rudy Vallee are both good. But it is Cary Grant, with his magnificent sense of comedy, who keeps the whoops of laughter rolling.

Your Reviewer Says: Sock entertainment.

✓ **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (20th Century-Fox)**

WHO'S that coming through the window? First you can't see him, then you can—and he's Rex Harrison wearing a beard and a very attractive look for a guy who's just a ghost. He's coming back because *Mrs. Muir*—Gene Tierney to you—has refused to be frightened away from his former home and has decided to take over *Gold Cottage*. What she hadn't bargained for was being taken over by a sea-captain ghost and inveigled into writing a lusty book dictated by him just in the nick of time to save her family fortunes.

When a fragile English lady and an attractive male ghost get together like that, you have something in the way of entertainment. And when George Sanders comes

in leering over you really enjoy yourself. He's the best rake around and you won't blame Gene for letting him pull all that wool over her pretty eyes.

It's all done up cleverly with some bright comedy touches. You'll like Rex Harrison and wish he weren't just a spirit; you'll love Mr. Sanders and you'll find Gene, Edna Best as the maid and Vanessa Brown as the daughter thoroughly right in their roles. The only catch is just how things can end up. After all, what can happen when a ghost and a lady fall in love? You're right, it does.

Your Reviewer Says: Different and diverting.

Monsieur Verdoux (Chaplin-UA)

THE greatest artist of pantomime, Charles Chaplin, takes all his talents—writing, directing, producing and acting—to turn out a picture that has aroused more curiosity than a dozen thrillers. This "*Monsieur Verdoux*" is brilliant—but it is brilliant only in spots. It is not, as Chaplin called it, a "comedy." It is, instead, a pretentious and confused picture of a dapper little murderer in ascot and Hom-burg who presumes to raise his voice against a universal ethical code and excuse his crime on the basis that nations have committed bigger and better ones.

The Chaplin genius is still there—in those spontaneous sequences where the hero reverts to his old ways, throws his hand over his heart and strikes a pose that makes you remember those wonderful old days of the baggy pants and battered cane. But you cannot laugh heartily at *Verdoux*, a cold-blooded murderer; and, Chaplin or no, you still won't like him.

You can—and will—laugh at Martha Raye, full-blooded and ready for fun. She's done what no one else could—or was permitted to do—stolen Chaplin's scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: It's up to you.

Hit Parade of 1947 (Republic)

THE headliners are Joan Edwards, Eddie Albert, Constance Moore and Gil Lamb; the plot's a musical; the picture is just what you'd expect. A foursome starts out in the entertaining business, discovers they have to forego loyalty for profit so they split up after a lot of movie heartbreak. In the midst of this the show keeps going on, with Joan singing, Eddie writing music, Gil clowning and Constance being a big Hollywood star.

Woody Herman and his orchestra swing in with some tunes and Roy Rogers plus Trigger has a guest spot. If you're enamoured of Joan Edwards's singing and Gil Lamb's acts, you may like the way this rambles along.

Your Reviewer Says: Not too good, not too bad.

✓ **Green for Danger (Eagle-Lion)**

IT takes Alastair Sim as *Inspector Cock-rill* to straighten out this murderous mix-up. If you're as clever as he you may guess the who-dunnit answer to this British film before the end; otherwise, like the rest of the capable cast, you'll get mixed up in some pretty wily clues.

Everything happens in an English hospital in wartime. What with surgical knives, oxygen tanks and white-robed figures in the moonlight there's enough atmosphere to give you some good chills. There's also the rocket bomb to keep you uneasy; so by the time nurses Sally Gray, Rosamund John and Judy Campbell and doctors Trevor Howard and Leo Genn have been (Continued on page 8)

SEE IT NOW...from now on you'll be hearing about it !!!!!!!



**ANN
SHERIDAN
LEW
AYRES
ZACHARY
SCOTT**

it's so easy to cry "Shame!"

THE UNFAITHFUL

**IF SHE WERE YOURS
COULD YOU FORGIVE ?**

**THE NEW
WARNER
SENSATION!**



EVE ARDEN

Directed by **STEVEN GERAY** • Produced by **VINCENT SHERMAN** • **JERRY WALD**
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY DAVID GOODIS AND JAMES GUNN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

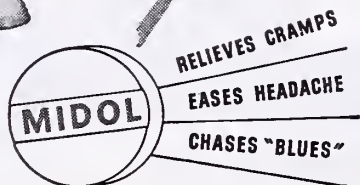
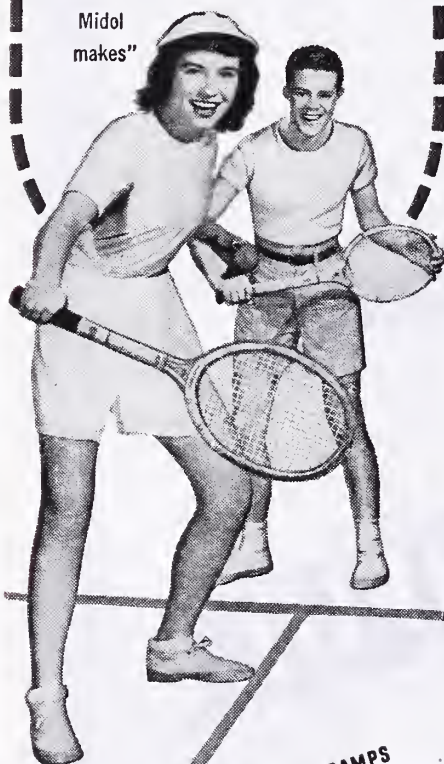


"DREADED" DAYS CAN BE ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE
Midol
makes"



(Continued from page 5) under suspicion for the murders you'll be glad the criminal is found.

Alastair Sim is debonair as all get-out about the gory business and we bet you'll guess just about everybody did it, which all makes for a pretty good perplexer.

Your Reviewer Soys: An up-to-the-mark mystery.

A Likely Story (RKO)

ABOUT the unlikely story is this contrived nonsense concerning Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, with Sam Levene perking around now and then. Bill is a veteran who thinks he's about to die; Barbara's a painter who thinks she's about to be a genius. They're both wrong, but before they find that out there's some fake-insurance-policy business, a few silly gangster scenes and confusion for the on-lookers.

Barbara's a pretty miss who looks a lot like the grown-up Miss Temple. We can even see where an honest young man like Bill might want to sign over a few grand to her. They'd make a likely team for a likelier story. The warmth of their being man and wife in real life comes through on the screen.

Your Reviewer Soys: Slightly unlikely.

Wyoming (Republic)

THE Homestead Act certainly comes in handy in Hollywood. Here it is being worked out in Wyoming by big rancher Bill Elliott who—you're right—doesn't want the "nesters" to move in and cut up his land into farms. Daughter Vera Ralston thinks they may be right—but she's swayed in her opinion by right-thinking John Carroll.

You know the rest—this runs right along on the tried-and-true Western road. There are no surprises in store, just lots of fights, but on the whole you won't mind too much watching Elliott come around to the right side.

Albert Dekker does his villain stunt and Mme. Ouspenskaya adds a charming gentle-lady touch.

Your Reviewer Soys: Mild shooting match.

Desert Fury (Paramount)

THIS fury turned into a slight case of madness on the part of whoever thought this cryptically told tale about a bunch of unpleasant people out in the desert could ever come under the heading of a good picture. You just won't like anyone—except maybe Burt Lancaster who has to be the good boy and he's so misplaced he merely becomes a comic "copper." You can't believe Mary Astor could talk out of the side of her mouth as the lady boss of a desert town; or that daughter Elizabeth Scott could be so stupid as not to catch on to the dastardly doings of John Hodiak.

Everything starts off with everybody talking in half-sentences, intimating that something very big is going on. When things finally come out in the open, you discover it's just a lot of silly ado about Mary's spoiled daughter Elizabeth who's supposed to be a young finishing-school girl but looks more like a lady who could readily follow in her mother's saloon-keeping footsteps. She's just determined to ignore good honest Burt and hook up with Hodiak.

There are big tries at big heroics, but it all degenerates into a laughingstock with Miss Scott succeeding only in looking very odd in her big moments. Wendell Cory makes his gangster debut and talks through

tight lips fairly convincingly, but he's much nicer when he unscrews his face and looks like any pleasant young man.

Your Reviewer Soys: No go.

The Patient Vanishes (Film Classics)

A FEW years ago James Mason played *A Mick Cardby*, the detective hero of David Hume's mystery, in an English film. Seeing as how he now is a big name in the movie game, over comes this picture to show American audiences how he used to look. It's not much of a film—any detective that lets himself get caught up by the villains so many times has no right to catch the crooks in the end, but if you just can't do without Mason you may like watching his sleuthing activities.

The patient is a lord's daughter who vanishes from a rest home. There's a murder and the police are called in, but Mason beats them to the punch by his private detecting which, as we've said, does seem to have a slightly clumsy touch. Mary Clare is a wicked wife to wicked Frederick Valk, but they just can't get anywhere with their evil plans once Mason and his secretary Margaret Vyner start stalking.

The thrills-and-chills touch flops completely.

Your Reviewer Soys: Mason's younger days.

✓ Moss Rose (20th Century-Fox)

MURDER, murder everywhere and Victor Mature lurking sinisterly in the background, looking tall, dark and enigmatic in his greatcoat. A moss rose and a Bible are around, too, whenever there's trouble, so naturally *Inspector Vincent Price* has a very unusual mystery on his hands. A pale pretty finger of suspicion is pointed by cockney chorus girl Peggy Cummins to Victor Mature. But nobleman Mature's mother, Ethel Barrymore, has a few tricks up her sleeve and before she's through, you've had a pretty high old time watching things work out.

The plot and the people are fairly credible. Mature looks just a little too Latin to be even a half-blooded Englishman, even though he's spent most of his life in Canada and doesn't say or do too much to give him away. Peggy Cummins looks just too fresh and pretty to be the centerpiece of these moss rose murders.

The spooky old house makes for good atmosphere and Ethel Barrymore does the same by acting very strangely now and then. Margo Woode throws looks that kill; and there's thrills and chills—chills from those murders and thrills, of course, benefit of that handsome Mature.

Your Reviewer Soys: Good enough.

✓ Cynthia (M-G-M)

EVERYBODY and his kid brother will relish this family story about *Cynthia Bishop*. She's Elizabeth Taylor, acting with a glow that's unmistakable. Things get off to a rather slow start, but they start speeding up and before the end everyone is having a fine time at a family-portrait movie slightly reminiscent of the *Andy Hardy* winners.

James Lydon steps right out in front as the young sailor who's come home to throw aside his gun for some high-school books. His role is A-1; his performance the same. Scotty Beckett as *Will Parker* has a brief moment of glory that wins the big laugh rating of the film.

George Murphy and Mary Astor pull together well; there's a scene at the end between them (Continued on page 10)

There's a *New* Word in Entertainment...

COPACABANA

GROUCHO MARX
CARMEN MIRANDA
ANDY RUSSELL
STEVE COCHRAN
GLORIA JEAN

in a *Sam Coslow* MUSICAL PRODUCTION

"COPACABANA"

with the **COPA GIRLS**—the 14 Most Beautiful Girls in America—and the Nation's Top Nightspot Reporters... **LOUIS SOBEL—ABEL GREEN—EARL WILSON**
Directed by **ALFRED E. GREEN**

Screenplay by Laslo Vadnay, Alan Boretz and Howard Harris
Additional dialogue by Sydney R. Zelinka
Words and Music by Sam Coslow

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Hear 'em sing
"JE VOUS AIME"
"STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED"
"MY HEART WAS DOING A BOLERO"
"LET'S DO THE COPACABANA"

IT'S *Lavish...Lilting Laugh-laden!*
Hollywood's topmost talent...in Broadway's brightest nightspot!

GROUCHO'S A GAUCHO!
MIRANDA'S MIRACULOUS!
ANDY'S SO AMOROUS!
GLORIA'S JUST GLORIOUS!

GROUCHO LOVES CARMEN

ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Beech-Nut GUM

Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it



Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.



(Continued from page 8) that has the perfect touch of pathos without being a tear-jerker. S. Z. Sakall goes through those typical—and good—Sakall motions as Professor Rosenkrantz; Gene Lockhart and Spring Byington turn in their talents to round out a good cast in a good picture.

Your Reviewer Says: You couldn't have a pleasanter time.

Oregon Trail Scouts (Republic)

IF YOU follow *Red Ryder* in the comic strip you know just about what sort of pitfalls he encounters. This time he has some trouble with crooked Roy Barcroft who tries to mix up some nice straight Indians. Allan Lane's equal to it all, though; and there's Bobby Blake as *Little Beaver* who rides around with the hero.

The good old *Duchess* (Martha Wentworth) fires her gun with a steady hand in the big shoot-it-out scene. This is a Western done up in knee britches, a small-fry special.

Your Reviewer Says: At 'em, *Red*!

✓ Northwest Outpost (Republic)

ONCE upon a time the Russians had some outposts in California. Being a colorful people, they went in for some fancy costumes and fancy doings which are just the ticket to make this light little story into an extra-pleasant film operetta. With Nelson Eddy riding around lustily, Ilona Massey looking every inch the lady in her hoop skirts and Elsa Lanchester getting off some buffoonery as the Russian princess you have as nice a little musical offering as you'd want.

Eddy looks like a robust West Point cavalryman back in those Russian-accented days and his singing, as always, is good on any stage. Ilona is the lady with the convict husband whom she's followed to the wilderness; the convict husband is Joseph Schildkraut who turns his hand to comedy dramatics with fine style.

Everyone rolls his r's beautifully to supply the Russian atmosphere, there are lots of Russian songs, a glimpse of a Russian Easter service and as much going on as you'd find in a Gilbert and Sullivan.

Your Reviewer Says: Operetta fun plus Eddy.

Spoilers of the North (Republic)

TROUBLE, trouble, trouble in this one. Paul Kelly is a sly salmon-fisher up in Alaska with an eye for the ladies and illegal business. When he's hauling up the nets and tinning the salmon, things get fairly interesting, but when he tries to be irresistible to both Adrian Booth and Evelyn Ankers it's just no go.

James A. Millican is his good and honest brother who doesn't go for Paul's lady-killing or his shady salmon fishing. There are some Indians wandering around and Adrian Booth as the half-breed wears off-the-shoulder blouses and a vengeful passionate look. Evelyn Ankers is cool and calm as the city girl taken in by Paul's questionable wiles; but in the end, of course, she turns right around to where Millican's standing and knows she's been fooled all the while.

There are a few poor attempts at comedy and some poorer attempts at dramatic murder.

Your Reviewer Says: Not worth it.

✓ They Won't Believe Me (RKO)

IF Robert Young told you all the terrible things he had done, you might not be-

lieve that he hadn't committed murder, too. He looks like a real honest young man, though; so in this one you can just sit in and listen with the jury while he tells you the tale.

It certainly isn't a very pretty one. He had a nice wife, Rita Johnson, but the trouble was she had too much money, which made him feel as though he were tied to her satin apron strings. So he decided to cut loose via the other-women way. Jane Greer's one of them and she comes through as a young hopeful with plenty to back up any hopes. Susan Hayward is a most attractive bad girl, swishing around in black dresses, making passes and cocktails for philanderer Young.

You'll be interested all the way through; and you'll figure that twist at the end would be any *Larry's* way of working things out.

Your Reviewer Says: You get on a jury.

Winter Wonderland (Republic)

LYNNE ROBERTS and Charles Drake get out their skis to do a ballet on the mountainside, get caught in icy caverns and effect a daring rescue, thus turning out some fancy figures for winter-sports enthusiasts. The skating and skiing scenes would catch any cameraman's eyes, equipped as they are with flaming torches, filmy ballet costumes and all the trappings.

Lynne Roberts is pretty enough to catch anyone's eye, too. She's a "native" who keeps insisting she doesn't belong up at the big expensive ski lodge where Drake is ski-master. For our money, she looked better than any of the million-dollar clients. Drake thought so too, but he really should have worked a little harder at registering emotion—any emotion.

There's a little-sister act carried on adequately by Mary Eleanor Donahue, a big-bad-father role filled by Roman Bohnen and Eric Blore wanders around looking not at all the part of the stuffed-shirt lodge owner.

Your Reviewer Says: Mild romance on skis.

Best Pictures of the Month

Dear Ruth
The Unfaithful
Miracle on 34th St.
Possessed

The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer

Best Performances

Edward Arnold
in "Dear Ruth"

Ann Sheridan
in "The Unfaithful"

Edmund Gwenn in
"Miracle on 34th St."

Joan Crawford, Van Heflin
in "Possessed"

Cary Grant, Shirley Temple
in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer"

Rex Harrison in
"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir"

Martha Raye in
"Monsieur Verdoux"

Trevor Howard, Leo Genn
in "Green for Danger"

Jimmy Lydon
in "Cynthia"

**Only a
Sucker Would
Turn His Back...**

on a

Dynamite

Dame Like

This!...



Killer mob closing in!... A blonde in his arms who might double-cross him for a dime... anything can happen to a guy in the toughest racket in tough Panama!

PAT O'BRIEN

WALTER SLEZAK

ANNE JEFFREYS

in

"RIFF-RAFF"

with
**PERCY KILBRIDE
JEROME COWAN
GEORGE GIVOT**



Produced by **NAT HOLT** • Directed by **TED TETZLAFF** • Screen Play by **MARTIN RACKIN**



Of course you can . .



go in swimming . .



with Tampax!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without any hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Casts of Current Pictures

BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER, THE—RKO: Dick, Cary Grant; Margaret, Myrna Loy; Susan, Shirley Temple; Tommy, Rudy Vallee; Beemish, Ray Collins; Thaddeus, Harry Davenport; Jerry, Johnny Sands; Tony, Don Beddoe; Bessie, Lillian Randolph; Agnes Prescott, Veda Ann Borg; Walters, Dan Tobin; Judge Treadwell, Ransom Sherman; Winners, William Bakewell; Melvin, Irving Bacon; Perry, Ian Bernard; Florence, Carol Hughes; Anthony Herman, William Hall; Maitre d'Hotel, Gregory Gay.

CYNTHIA—M-G-M: Cynthia Bishop, Elizabeth Taylor; Larry Bishop, George Murphy; Prof. Rosenkrantz, S. Z. Sakall; Louise Bishop, Mary Astor; Dr. Fred J. Jannings, Gene Lockhart; Carrie Jannings, Spring Byington; Ricky Latham, James Lydon; Will Parker, Scotty Beckett; Fredonia Jannings, Carol Brannan; Miss Brady, Anna Q. Nilsson; Mr. Phillips, Morris Ankrum; McQuillan, Kathleen Howard; Stella Regan, Shirley Johns; Alice, Barbara Challis; J. M. Dingle, Harlan Briggs; Gus Wood, Will Wright.

DEAR RUTH—Paramount: Ruth Wilkins, Joan Caulfield; Lieut. William Seacroft, William Holden; Miriam Wilkins, Mona Freeman; Judge Harry Wilkins, Edward Arnold; Albert Kummer, Billy De Wolfe; Mrs. Wilkins, Mary Philips; Martha Seacroft, Virginia Welles; Sergeant Chuck Vincent, Kenny O'Morrison.

DESERT FURY—Wallis-Paramount: Eddie Bendix, John Hodiak; Paula Haller, Lizabeth Scott; Tom Hanson, Burt Lancaster; Fritz Haller, Mary Astor; Claire Lindquist, Kristine Miller; Judge Berle Lindquist, William Harrigan; Pat Johnson—Sheriff, James Flavin; Mrs. Lindquist, Jane Novak; Johnny Ryan, Wendell Corey.

GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, THE—20th Century-Fox: Lucy Muir, Gene Tierney; Ghost of Capt. Daniel Gregg, Rex Harrison; Miles Fairley, George Sanders; Martha, Edna Best; Anna (Groen), Vanessa Brown; Mrs. Miles Fairley, Anna Lee; Coombe, Robert Coote; Anna, Natalie Wood; Angelica, Isobel Elsom; Eva, Victoria Horne; Gardener, Houseley Stevenson; Sproule, Whitford Kane; Inquiries, Brad Slaven; Bill, William Stelling; Author, Helen Freeman; Porter, Will Stanton; Scroggins, David Thurshby; Maid, Heather Wilde.

GREEN FOR DANGER—Eagle-Lion: Nurse Freddie Linley, Sally Gray; Dr. Barnes, Trevor Howard; Nurse Sanson, Rosamund John; Inspector Cockrill, Alastair Sim; Mr. Eden, Leo Genn; Nurse Woods, Megs Jenkins; Sister Bates, Judy Campbell; Postman Higgins, Moore Marriott.

HIT PARADE OF 1947—Republic: Kip Walker, Eddie Albert; Ellen Baker, Constance Moore; Joan, Joan Edwards; Eddie Paige, Gil Lamb; Rod Huntley, Bill Goodwin; Harry Holmes, William Frawley; Serial Director, Richard Lane; Mr. Bonardi, Frank Fenton; Small, Ralph Sanford; Sammy, Frank Scannell; Announcer, Knox Manning; Announcer, Del Sharbutt; Specialty Dancer, Albert Ruiz; Cooper, Harland Tucker; Assistant in Radio Station, Chester Clute; Woody Herman and his Orchestra.

LIKELY STORY—RKO: Bill, Bill Williams; Vicki, Barbara Hale; Jamie, Lanny Rees; Louie, Sam Levine; Phil Bright, Dan Tobin; Tiny, Nestor Paiva; Mr. Steppoff, Max Willenz; Prometheus, Henry Kulky; Ticket Girl, Robin Raymond; Little Old Lady, Mary Young.

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—20th Century-Fox: Doris Walker, Maureen O'Hara; Fred Gailey, John Payne; Kris Kringle, Edmund Gwenn; Judge Henry X. Harper, Gene Lockhart; Susan, Natalie Wood; Mr. Sawyer, Porter Hall; Charles Halloran, William Frawley; Thomas Mara, Jerome Cowan; Mr. Shellhammer, Philip Tongue; Dr. Pierce, James Seay; Mr. Macy, Harry Antrim; Mothers, Thelma Ritter and Mary Field; Cleo, Theresa Harris; Albert, Alvin Greenman; Mrs. Mara, Anne Staunton; Thomas Mara Jr., Robert Hyatt; Reporters, Richard Irving and Jeff Corey; Secretary, Anne O'Neal; Mrs. Shellhammer, Lela Bliss; Peter, Anthony Sydes; Dr. Rogers, William Forrest; Mara's Assistant, Alvin Hammer; Bailiff, Joseph McInerney; Drum Major-ette, Ida McGuire; Santa Claus, Percy Helton; Mrs. Harper, Jane Green; Salesman, Loren Raker; Dutch Girl, Marlene Lydon.

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Henri Verdoux, alias Varnay, Bonheur, Floray, Charles Chaplin; Mona, Mady Correll; Peter, Allison Roddan; Maurice, Bottello; Robert Lewis, Martha, Andrey Betz; Annabella Bonheur, Martha Raye; Annette, Ada-May; Marie Grosnay, Isobel Elsom; Marie's maid, Marjorie Bennett; Yvonne, Helene Heigh; Lydia Floray, Margaret Hoffman; The Girl, Marilyn Nash; Pierre Couvais, Irving Bacon; Jean Couvais, Edwin Mills; Carlotta Couvais, Virginia Brissac; Lena Couvais, Almira Sessions; Phoebe Cou-

vais, Enia Morgan; Prefect of Police, Bernard J. Nedell; Detective Morrow, Charles Evans; Rental Agent, Arthur Hohl; Vicki, Vera Marshe; Joe, John Harmon.

MOSS ROSE—20th Century-Fox: Belle Adair, Peggy Cummins; Michael Drego, Victor Mature; Lady Margaret Drego, Ethel Barrymore; Inspector Clinner, Vincent Price; Daisy Arrow, Margo Wood; Craxton, George Zucco; Audrey Ashton, Patricia Medina; Deputy Inspector Evans, Rhys Williams; Lisa, Felippa Rock; Harriet, Carol Savage; Wilson, Victor Wood; George Gilby, Patrick O'Moore; White Horse Caddy, Billy Bevan; Asst. Hotel Manager, Michael Dyne; Fothergill, John Rogers; Alf, Charles McNaughton; Mr. Bulke, Alex Frazer; Threadbare Little Man, Harry Allen; Footmen, Gilbert Wilson and Stanley Mann.

NORTHWEST OUTPOST—Republic: Capt. James Laurence, Nelson Eddy; Natalie Alanova, Ilona Massey; Count Igor Savin, Joseph Schildkraut; Princess Tanya, Elsa Lanchester; Prince Nickolai Balinin, Hugo Haas; Baroness Kruposny, Lenore Ulric; Volkoff, Peter Whitney; Olga, Tamara Shayne; Kyril, Erno Verebes; Baron Kruposny, George Sorel; Dovkin, Rick Vallin; Noble Ladies, Countess Rosanska, Dina Smirnova, Antonina Barnett, Lola DeTolly and Myra Sokolskaya; Noble Gentlemen, George Blagoi, Sam Savitsky, Igor Dolgoruki and Nestor Eristoff.

OREGON TRAIL SCOUTS—Republic: Red Ryder, Allan Lane; Little Beaver, Bobby Blake; The Duchess, Martha Wentworth; Hunter, Roy Barcroft; Bear Trap, Emmett Lynn; Jack, Edmund Cobb; Judge, Earle Hodgins; Bliss, Edward Cassidy; Running Fox, Frank Lackteen; Barking Squirrel, Billy Cummings; Stagecoach Driver, Jack Kirk.

PATIENT VANISHES, THE—Film Classics: Mick Caraby, James Mason; The Matron, Mary Clare; Mollie Bennett, Margaret Vyner; Detective Inspector Carby, Gordon McLeod; Doctor Moger, Frederick Valk; Mrs. Caraby, Barbara Everest; Lena Morne, Barbara James; Lord Morne, G. H. Mulcaster; Al Meason, Eric Clavering; Detective-Sergeant Trotter, Terry Conlin; Mr. Eslick, W. G. Fay; Doctor Crosbie, Bessie O'Rourke; Nurse, Viola Lyel; Sir Wallace Benson, Anthony Shaw.

POSSESSED—Warners: Louise Howell, Joan Crawford; David Sutton, Van Heflin; Dean Graham, Raymond Massey; Carol Graham, Geraldine Brooks; Dr. H. Willard, Stanley Ridges; Harker, John Ridgeley; Dr. Ames, Moroni Olsen; Pauline Graham, Nana Bryant; Dr. M. Sherman, Erskine Sanford; Wynn Graham, Gerald Perreau; Elsie, Lisa Golm; Dr. Craig, Don McGuire; Jury Foreman, Douglas Kennedy; Norris, Monte Blue; Coroner, Griff Barnett.

SPOILERS OF THE NORTH—Republic: Matt Garraway, Paul Kelly; Jane Koster, Adrian Booth; Laura Reed, Evelyn Ankers; Bill Garraway, James A. Millican; Moose McGovern, Roy Barcroft; Inspector Cal. Winters, Louis Jean Heydt; Joe Taku, Ted Hecht; Salty, Harlan Briggs; Pete Koster, Francis McDonald; Doctor, Maurice Cass; Johnny, Neyle Morrow.

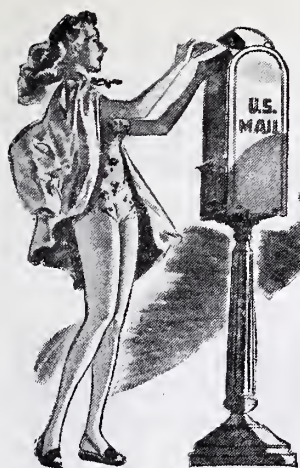
THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME—RKO: Larry, Robert Young; Verna, Susan Hayward; Janice, Jane Greer; Gretta, Rita Johnson; Trenton, Tom Powers; L. T. Carr, George Tyne; Thomason, Don Beddoe; Cahill, Frank Ferguson; Judge Fletcher, Harry Harvey.

UNFAITHFUL, THE—Warners: Chris Hunter, Ann Sheridan; Larry Hunafoord, Lew Ayres; Bob Hunter, Zachary Scott; Paula, Eve Arden; Prosecuting Atty., Jerome Cowan; Martin Barrow, Steven Geray; Det. Lieut. Reynolds, John Hoyt; Claire, Peggy Knudsen; Mrs. Tanner, Marta Mitrovich; Roger, Douglas Kennedy; Martha, Claire Meade; Agnes, Frances Morris; Joan, Jane Harker.

WINTER WONDERLAND—Republic: Nancy Wheeler, Lynne Roberts; Steve Kirk, Charles Drake; Timothy Wheeler, Roman Bohnen; Luddington, Eric Blore; Betty Wheeler, Mary Eleanor Donahue; Phyllis Simpson, Renee Godfrey; Marge, Janet Warren; Seth, Harry Tyler; Mrs. Schuyler-Kings, Renie Riano; Telephone Operator, Diana Mumby; Bellboy, Alvin Hammer.

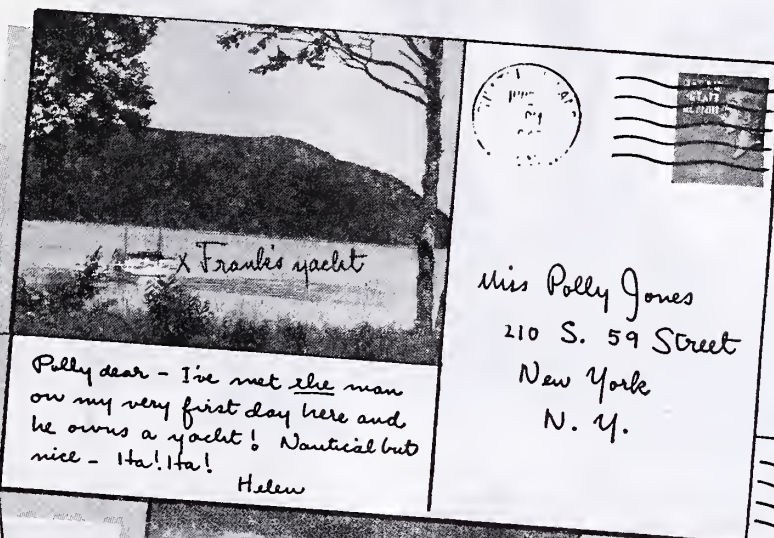
WYOMING—Republic: Charles Alderson, William Elliott; Karen, Vera Ralston; Glenn Forrester, John Carroll; Windy Gibson, George (Gabby) Hayes; Duke Lassiter, Albert Dekker; Lila Regan, Virginia Grey; Maria, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya; Joe Sublette, Grant Withers; Ben Jackson, Harry Woods; Ouseyie, Minna Gombell; Ed Lassiter, Dick Curtis; Sheriff Niles, Roy Barcroft; Timmons, Trevor Bardette; Judge Sheridan, Paul Harvey; Karen (nine years), Louise Kane; Jennings, Tom London; Wolf, George Chesebro; Karen (3 years), Linda Green; Bartender, Jack O'Shea.

JENNIFER JONES will be PHOTOPLAY'S exciting cover girl in the September issue—
on sale August 8th, or as soon thereafter as transportation permits

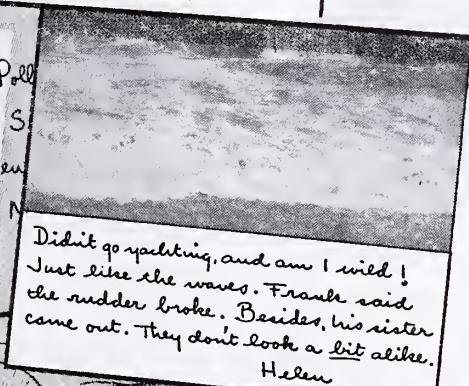


There Sure was a Hex on Helen!

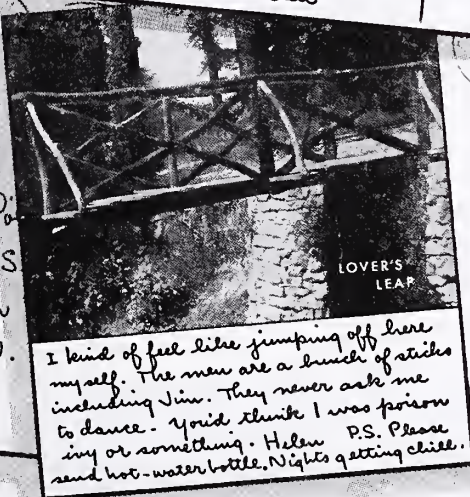
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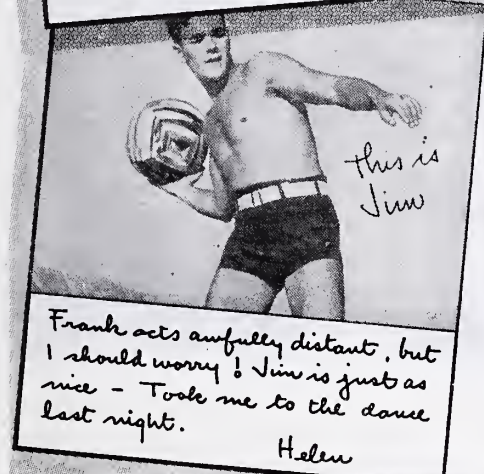
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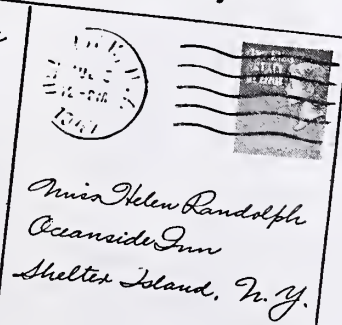
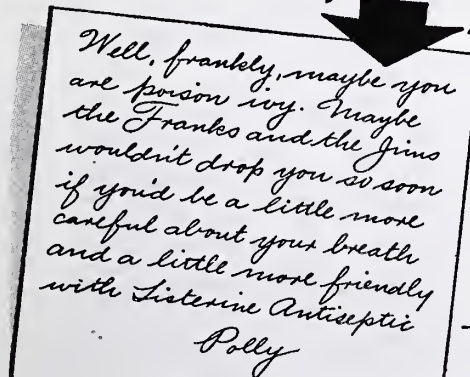


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...and now a postcard

somebody should have sent to Helen



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against simple, non-systemic cases of
halitosis (unpleasant breath).
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Before every date let
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
look after your breath



It's father's night out, so Glenn Ford and Bob Walker take in Ice Capades



Larry Parks will find himself holding the bag when wife Betty Garrett gets through with her raid

Around Town: The Betty Grable-Harry James baby which arrived ahead of schedule and will eventually answer to the name of Jessica, is said to be a beautiful little vest-pocket edition of its lovely mama . . . The minute George Montgomery and Dinah Shore discovered they were really going to become parents, they telephoned all their friends and then sat down to plan for a new nursery . . . Cal nominates for the cutest married couple in town Pat Nearney and Mona Freeman who are about to become parents. It's almost impossible to believe that Mona, who was so outstanding as Joan Caulfield's fresh-faced kid sister in "Dear Ruth," is a grown-up "matron" . . . Orson Welles became so noisy in his

loud monologues to his guests at Jay's beach cafe, the surrounding diners took to hissing and then clapping to drown out the noise. Didn't daunt the Great Exhibitionist in the least. Ava Gardner is said to be hoisting a terrific torch for Orson who is playing the field . . . John Dall and Helena Carter dancing around Mocambo and stopping at Cal's table for a chat. The two are playing in Deanna Durbin's new film "Something in the Wind" and seem to like it and each other . . . After Linda Darnell returns from her vacation in Europe, she and her cameraman husband Peverell Marley hope to adopt two youngsters, which should certainly spike those separation rumors that persist in cropping up.

The Flynns: After the family, Cal was the first to glimpse the Errol Flynn baby. Errol proudly tells everyone his new daughter Rory is a real beauty, with a gleam of pride in his eyes as he looks at her. Errol seems to be establishing himself as a good father and husband.

Thinking to show Nora a good time after her long siege at home, Errol took her to Ciro's for Sunday night supper. While waiting outside for his car, an out of town heckler accosted the actor and openly insulted him. Bystanders complimented the Flynns on their dignity in ignoring the insults. Had Errol taken exception to the remarks, as any man might, headlines on a Hollywood brawl would once again have made news.

STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



It's all done with figures. Lou Costello demonstrates for an indulgent Ice Capet



Also in on the ice fun, Cary Grant falls for that tall tale told by Bill Bendix

Photographs by Fink and Smith

Walter Pidgeon disdains the robe, but the Bob Montgomerys won't risk a chill from the rink

Dinner Party: Van Johnson greeted us at the door of Jean Sablon's Bel-Air suite saying, "Gee, everybody here I like." Which was a good beginning to a wonderful evening with the popular French singer entertaining Van and Evie, the Louis Jourdans, Wynn Rocomora, Corinne Calvet and Maria Montez and her husband Jean Pierre Aumont. Music and cocktails in the suite were followed by dinner in the main dining room. And what a dinner! Monsieur Jean Sablon knows his food.

Louis Jourdan, who has just finished "The Paradine Case," was anxious to know if there was any improvement in his accent since last we had seen him. He was very (Continued on page 16)





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Mirror of herself: It's a tense moment for Joan Crawford as she views screen self at private press showing of "Possessed." Van and Evie Johnson were guests

INSIDE STUFF

pleased when we honestly stated he seemed to have none at all. Incidentally, be warned. Here's the next sensation or we miss our guess.

Cal became convulsed when Jourdan rattled off a long speech in French to Jean Pierre, and was answered in pure American—"You are so right, baby, so right."

Jean Pierre told us of his contemplated trip to Paris to make a picture and how he would miss Maria and their little daughter, Maria Christina.

Back in the suite we listened to recordings made by Sablon's sister, Germaine, now singing in New York, and Van's new record, "Goodnight Sweetheart."

"I could have done better and you know it," Van told Cal. "Bet they won't ask me to make another one."

Corinne Calvet, who was brought here from Paris to play opposite Ray Milland, is a sweet-faced blonde but certainly not typically French as we imagine them. We all decided it was such a charming dinner party we hated to leave for home.

* * *

Happy June: June Allyson is a happy, bubbly girl these days for husband Dick Powell is recovering from the penicillin poisoning that almost proved fatal and they've bought a new home in Bel-Air large enough for that family they want so much to have.

The house is an Old English type with rooms for Dick's two children, Norman and Ellen, to visit when their mother Joan Blondell is out of town.

"Heaven knows how we'll manage to get moved," Junie said, "for as soon as I finish 'Good News' I go right into 'Virtuous' with Van Johnson."

June and Dick were receiving warm smiles from all the other customers at Martha Smith's ice-cream counter which is a sure indication that here's a couple the whole town loves and wishes well.

Correction Please: Seems those reports that Joan Caulfield wasn't making too many friends on her loan-out to Warners for "The Unsuspected" were mighty misleading. Joan herself told us at a recent party that on just one occasion she had a blow-up with director Mike Curtiz. It was at the end of a high-tension day when the wily Mike had been purposely working her up for the dramatic scene that was to be shot. Only Joan didn't know it until Mike told her afterward. Everything's okay because Curtiz wrote her Paramount bosses a glowing letter about her when the picture was finished and Joan herself says it's the best work she's done. That makes it unanimous.

* * *

Preview with Cary: At the press preview of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer," Cary Grant slid into the next seat, saying, "I want to sit by you."

"Now just a minute," Cal parried, "this can bring on complications. Suppose, for instance, we don't like your picture. What happens then?"

"Well, you just say, 'goodnight, Cary, I'll see you sometime' and I'll say, 'well, so long. See you around.'"

But we didn't have to worry about any such thing. From the very beginning we were in hysterics with Cary, the star, not far behind. It was fun having a preview within a preview as it were, for Cary kept whispering information. "Those basketball scenes were taken at Beverly Hills High School," he said, "and the kids were wonderful to us. They got right into the spirit of it."

"Now watch Rudy Vallee in this scene. He's the funniest thing I've ever seen."

He went on to explain how he had ad libbed the jail scene between him and the lawyer because it seemed more natural that way. And judging from the roars of the audience, this may start an entire new trend. "It took a week to shoot that picnic scene with (Continued on page 19)

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Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy...
Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snerd...
Donald Duck...plus three rollicking
new Disney characters...*all together*
in one of the funniest feature-length
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There's *Mickey Mouse* in
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adventure.



There's radio's favorite
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(I'll mow 'em down)
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There's *Bongo*, the famous
circus bear who wants to
get away from it all...

FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

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FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN — DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR



...and little *Lulubelle*,
who causes *Bongo* plenty
of heartaches.



There's the *only Goofy*, who
is more confused
than ever.

There's *Jiminy Cricket*, who's
full of fun—and fancy free.

EDGAR BERGEN
in the flesh with his radio
pals *Charlie McCarthy*
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DINAH SHORE
singing and narrating the
tuneful story of *Bongo*—
the little circus bear.

with

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy
and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters
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***Parade of
hit songs***

"Fun and Fancy Free"
"Lazy Countryside"
"Too Good To Be True"
"Say It With a Slap"
and others you'll be
humming soon.





The "nose" have it! Frank Sinatra, Edna Borzage (Red's ex-wife and writer), Red Skelton at Catholic Youth benefit, Hollywood Bowl

INSIDE STUFF

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)

(Continued from page 16) the races," he said. "And I was black and blue all over." It pleased him, too, that the airline of his friend Howard Hughes got a plug and that RKO vice-president, Dore Schary, appeared in one scene driving Cary to the airport. In fact, he got so much honest enjoyment out of watching it we made him promise to sit by us through all Cary Grant previews.

Our Bets of the Month: Martha Vickers, unmarried and beautiful, while achieving better and better screen roles, is rapidly becoming the most popular young lady in town with all the swains hovering around. Socialite Spencer Martin seems to have the inside track at the moment.

With the release of "Fiesta" we predict handsome young Ricardo Montalban, Mexican actor who once attended Fairfax High in Hollywood (Mickey Rooney's old alma mater), will be the newest bobby-sox rage—but he's married to Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna, and has two children.

Discovered all over again is Bill Holden of "Dear Ruth." (Recently Lt. Holden of the Air Force.) His boyish good looks and natural charm swept the preview audience right off their balance. We can imagine what the kids who have either forgotten about the Holden charm or are just about to get acquainted with it, think of him.

A Visitor: An under-the-weather spell that hit Cal both ways from Sunday brought the young director Fred De Cordova to call. Cal was more than glad to see him. Freddie, who has just finished directing the latest *Janie* film, "Wall-flower," laughed off the reported feud between the players, Bob Hutton and Joyce Reynolds (her first film since the birth of her baby). Freddie explained the kids were young and didn't seem to understand each other very well. "But that often happens," he said, "and at no time were Bob or Joyce temperamental." At any rate, he laughed, it helped each to give their best performance yet.

Home-town Boy: Dale Evans, who has been riding through most of those Western films out Republic way, tells of the recent visit of her aunt, from Uvalde, Texas.

After gifting Dale with a canary, brought from her home town, her aunt settled down in Dale's Valley home for a quiet visit.

"By the way," she remarked casually one day, "one of the boys in my Sunday



Jane Powell and radio comedian Danny Thomas compare notes at same howlfest

School class back in Uvalde came to Hollywood and is doing right well too." "Who is it?" Dale asked with some surprise.

"Andrews," the aunt replied, "Dana Andrews. Awfully nice little fellow he was, too."

Home for the Autrys: Gene Autry and his lovely Ina can hardly believe it. Along with thousands of others in the same fix, the cowboy star and his wife have been practically homeless since their beautiful Valley home burned down five years ago.

Right after the tragedy the Autrys moved into the rustic cottage on their ranch which had been intended only for weekend visits. But Ina Autry remained there throughout the war years while Gene was away with the Army Air Forces.

After the war Gene felt building materials should go to veterans who had no homes at all but now that materials are less scarce, Gene has already begun to landscape his four-acre homesite in Studio City and in the fall building will start. And maybe you think after five years it won't be good to own a home again. Or maybe you know all about that feeling.

Cowboy Takes Advice: It's rather wonderful the way Roy Rogers's fans take an interest in his three motherless children.



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Elsa forecasts fun as
she arrives to broadcast
on "Hollywood Tour"



INSIDE STUFF

Recently when Roy announced he intended taking his two little girls with him on his rodeo tour, letters poured in from fans all over the country advising him against it. Women with small children of their own pointed out to Roy that constant travel, change of food and sleeping hours may be harmful to the children's health. So, although he'll be lonesome for them and they for him, he took the advice and will leave all three at home.

* * *

Happy Birthday to Tyrone: As we rang Lana Turner's doorbell we heard laughter within. Then suddenly we were caught up in the midst of it. Cesar Romero who had arrived just ahead of us had presented Lana with a beautiful corsage of orchids—embedded in the discarded beard he'd worn all through "Captain from Castile." "This has to adorn the dinner table," Lana laughed placing it in the center of her beautifully laid table.

The occasion was Tyrone's birthday. A few of his close friends had gathered to wish him happiness. Lee Cobb, who was on location in Mexico with Ty and Cesar brought his lovely brown-haired wife, the actress, Helen Beverly. They told Cal about their four-year-old Vincent and expressed a wish their next child, due very soon, might be a girl.

At dinner, Cesar had us all in stitches

with his amusing anecdotes. A very funny guy, that Romero. Lana, cute and pert in trim black slacks, moaned over her aching muscles, the result of an all-day soft-ball session with Spencer Tracy down by the east side gas "woiks" for a scene in "Cass Timberlane."

Tyrone opened his gifts after dinner. A gold latticed cigarette case, a Sulka scarf, a pigskin script case were among the gifts from Lana. The cigarette case designed by Lana, is one in a million. Cesar gave Ty soft wool for a sport coat, Cal, a pipe lighter. (Ty has recently gone in for pipes.) Lana was working the following day, so we left early with many happy returns.

* * *

The Final Take: It was the last day of shooting on the "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay" set out on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox and while the bride, June Haver, had her curls combed out for the final take, Cal chatted with her in the portable dressing room. All bubbly with excitement and happiness she told us of the month she and her groom, Jimmy Zito will have together in San Francisco when Jimmy's band opens there for an engagement. June will loaf, rest and listen. Then they'll hie off to Chicago to visit all those friends and relations of Jimmy's, going on to New York where June will spend several weeks playing summer stock in (Continued on page 22)



A singer, and good, is Madame Van Wee,
She trills and she hits a very high "C,"
But she said on the air without any glee,
"I can't hit a note when a headache hits me."

★ ★ ★

Poor lady, somebody should tell her about "BC." Soothing "BC" that comforts headaches, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. On sale everywhere. 10¢ and 25¢ a package. Caution: use only as directed. Ask for a package today!

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**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
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(Continued from page 20) Dennis, Mass.

After the final scene, which had June emerging from a country church, she passed around the numerous presents she'd bought for cast and crew. Lon McCallister was also handing out his gifts. "Gee," he confided to Cal, "I feel just as if I were graduating or something on this last day. We've had so much fun."

Lon, we noticed, has acquired a few silver hairs over the temples which are a promise of mature handsomeness ahead.

"No, no romance," he said when we asked him. But Cal noticed that his glance kept straying between brown-eyed Vanessa Brown and cute Colleen Townsend who plays June's sister in the film. Lon chuckled when Colleen said she hoped the poison oak she contracted on this, her first picture, just like Jeannie Crain had on her first picture, meant the same good luck.

* * *

Here and There: Our congratulations went to Joan Crawford for her wonderful performance in "Possessed" and right before everyone in the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room we almost got kissed. A truly grateful girl, that Crawford . . . At the next table at Romanoff's, cute, pert Gloria De Haven, who was dieting, complained that husband Johnny Payne seemed to eat everything in sight and never put on weight. "I only shoveled eighteen tons of gravel for our new driveway today,"

INSIDE STUFF



She's "Oh, Kaye!" Friends at Beverly Wilshire Hotel got a private showing when Danny Kaye produced pic of his tiny daughter

John confided to Cal, "so why shouldn't I eat and keep thin?" We were happy to see this nice couple has patched up their misunderstanding . . . Across the way Virginia Bruce and her husband Ali

Apar were entertaining friends and nearby director John Farrow was buying dinner for Maureen O'Sullivan, his pretty wife and the mother of his four children. Maureen has returned to the screen as Alan Ladd's leading lady in "Whispering Smith" . . . Boots Malory with Bart Marshall at their usual corner table looking dejected after that run-in with traffic cops . . . Dinner at Sydney Greenstreet's home with director Jean Negulesco and his pretty wife Dusty Anderson. Jean pleased with his picture "Humoresque" and its star, Joan Crawford; Sydney pleased with his last picture "The Hucksters"; Cal just pleased to be there.

* * *

Hearts—Single and Double: Diana Lynn returned from visiting Bob Neal's folks in Texas looking happy and marriage minded . . . After personal appearances throughout the States, Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston are as compatible as ever so that August wedding is still on . . . The long, low car belonging to Bob Walker is parked most every evening before the apartment of Lee Marshall, ex-wife of Herbert Marshall. But each claim it's only friendship . . . For the couple who apparently finds complete enjoyment in their own

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Three-way party line: Bill Dozier talks while Doug Fairbanks and his leading lady Paule Croset listen in

INSIDE STUFF

company exclusively, we nominate Olivia de Havilland and Marc Goodrich who stay at home and like it . . . Michael North, who seems to lead as romantic a life off screen as on, isn't going to marry Janet Paige as rumored. Or anybody, at the moment. And that tonsilectomy of Michael's was not due to a sore throat or even a doctor's decision. Director Mike Curtiz and a diction teacher just decided North could enunciate better without them, so out they came.

* * *

Newcomer: Introducing newcomers to the press is strictly routine in Hollywood but when Douglas Fairbanks Jr. bade us meet his new leading lady, Paule Croset (pronounced Paul Cro-say), we found ourselves delightfully surprised. Miss Croset's natural blonde beauty, honesty and unsophisticated eagerness were quite the most refreshing we've bowed to in ages.

Born in Tahiti of Swiss-French parents, Paule traveled the world wide with her father and was living in Korea when war broke out. Managing to get to the States, Paule fell in love with California and sought a screen career in order to stay here. Her English is perfect and so is her French, German, Italian and Chinese.

"I played only bits at RKO for two years but I studied very hard at the Actors' Lab," she said. Her knowledge of the world plus her good looks, won her the role with Doug.

And by the way, friends, after you've seen Miss Croset, write us and tell us your reaction. Unless something unforeseen happens to Paule on the screen, we believe you, too, will be Croset fans.

* * *

People You Like: The Gregory Pecks no sooner moved into their new Pacific Palisade home than Greg trotted off to New York to make scenes for "Gentleman's Agreement." Later he, with other Selznick stars, will direct and act in plays at La Jolla, his home town in Cali-

Are you in the know?



What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ A smart beret-beach-bag
- ☐ A white bask-ground
- ☐ A hot bath

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- ☐ Keep a cool head
- ☐ Tell him off
- ☐ Let your hair down

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive *safety center*. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!



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- ☐ A good mink
- ☐ A "bargain" beaver
- ☐ A magnificent mouton

You drool for a mink, but it's too rich for your budget? It's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem days, it's smart to select Kotex — for only Kotex offers you 3 sizes to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex — each made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So too, in buying furs, choose what's best for you. The very finest mouton, rather than a third-rate beaver.



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Executive producer Maurice Ostrer
Directed by Arthur Crabtree
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RELEASE

INSIDE STUFF

Give me five minutes more!
pleads June Haver of new
husband, Jimmy Zito—they're
at the Meadowbrook where
Jimmy's band is now playing

fornia; Johnny Sands, whom you'll be asking about after "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" (he played Shirley Temple's beau), has married a childhood sweetheart. Johnny is just twenty himself . . . Rumors have it that after "The Pirate" is finished, Judy Garland and her husband, director Vincente Minnelli will separate. Things haven't been too smooth on the set between them . . . But Larry Parks and Betty Garrett are happier than ever since Betty landed that swell part with Esther Williams in "Neptune's Daughter" . . . Shirley Temple is taking conversational French at Berlitz School with that future European trip in mind . . . Spencer Tracy had to leave a local ball game after the fifth inning because an annoying photographer snapped Spencer's picture every time he rooted or cheered. Too bad when our stars can't even enjoy our national pastime in peace . . . Turhan Bey is now in Mexico making "The Adventures of Casanova." We hear he has been making with some of his own adventures down there.

* * *

The Sinatras Spruce up: Several years ago the Frank Sinatras bought twenty acres on a wooded hill near Tarzana with plans to build their dream house. But with building materials scarce and costly, they recently abandoned their plan for a new house and after selling several of the acres, decided to remodel their Toluca Lake house to fit their present needs.

The balcony that ran along the rear of the three bedrooms was torn out and little Nancy's room made larger as befits the needs of a growing young miss.



Frank Jr.'s room was redecorated to look more like a boy's room; the extra space left to the room of Frank Sr. and Nancy was converted into more closet space.

Every night for weeks when Frank returned home, he stumbled over painters, buckets, carpenters, tools, paperhangers and drapers. The old war-time carpet that buckled in the middle was replaced with new, softer rugs. New drapes, fresh paint and wall paper have now transformed the Sinatra home into a more comfortable and charming place to live.

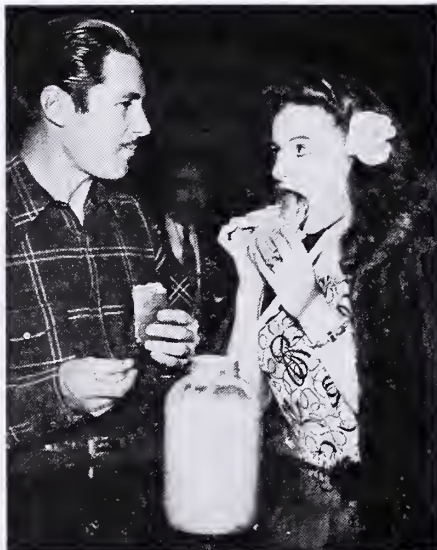
Incidentally, that new television set presented Frank by CBS occupies an important spot in the play room.

* * *

Putting on the Dog: It's been an animal year in pictures come to think of it with Lassie a dog, Flicka a horse, Flagg a yearling doe, grabbing off huge chunks of public interest. Even before PRC's picture "The Return of Rin Tin Tin" was released letters began pouring in asking for all sorts of information concerning the talented canine. He is, we're told, a grandson of the famous Rin Tin Tin of silent films who made fortunes for his backers, both in films and in personal appearances.

Rin Tin Tin III was born on the ranch of his owner Lee Duncan near Riverside, California. When World War II broke out Lee and his dog volunteered for service. The dog's mother, Truline Von Pondview, also in service, was killed in action in the jungles of the South Pacific. Rin Tin Tin III, however, was too valuable as a trainer of other dogs and as an entertainer to be sent into action.

The requirements of sound and color films have raised the standards of dog actors considerably higher than those of silent film days and the fans, sensing the skill of canine performers, are most appreciative. Certainly the performance of this great dog in his first picture since the war has earned applause from all who have seen it.



Parental pastime: New parents
Jeanne Crain and Paul Brink-
man celebrate with hamburgers
and mustard at Fox Studio party

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Gentleman's Agreement

by Laura Z. Hobson

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Center of distraction! Charles Brackett, Olivia de Havilland, Peggy Cummins, at Photoplay's party for ABC execs at Louella Parsons's

INSIDE STUFF



Look who's here! Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson among those presented



You wouldn't believe it, David Niven tells Joan Fontaine at same party. Joan didn't!



Attention-getters were hostess Louella and Spencer Tracy as they paired off to watch the party's progress



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Olga San Juan, delightful charmer in "Variety Girl"



Lively Latin

SHE rolls her r's, her eyes and her hips in true Latin style. But she was born in Brooklyn and doesn't care who knows it. Her real name is Olga San Juan, and at home her Puerto Rican family still speak Spanish.

The White House, no less, was the scene of her debut as a singer when Olga and 134 other New York school children presented a program for the late President Roosevelt. It was a hard pull from that White House caroling to the warm little tamale of "Blue Skies" but Olga sang and samba'd her way to success.

She was in the ninth grade at school when her father took ill. So Olga terminated her education and put to practical use the knowledge she'd gathered from her singing and dancing teachers. She began by giving Sunday presentations at New York's El Morocco. Then she was given the chance to present bolero numbers at the Astor Hotel. This brought her to a crossroad in her life. She could sign either with Xavier Cugat's band or accept an offer from New York's Copacabana. She chose the latter and with the aid of the show's producer Don Loper, who designed her clothes and coiffure, Olga was a hit.

Hollywood stars and executives carried home tales of Olga's talent and soon Paramount signed her. She capered through two Technicolor featurettes, and then went on to her role in "Blue Skies," singing and dancing with Fred Astaire, a feat that didn't scare her a bit, she says.

In true Hollywood style Paramount decided to forget Olga's singing and dancing talent and cast her in a straight role in "Variety Girl." Her raven hair was bleached a golden blonde which highlights rather pleasingly her hazel eyes and pale olive skin. Her friends can't make up their minds whether to like it or loathe it. Olga says, "For a change it's all right."

Twenty-year-old Olga is far from the bombs-bursting-in-air Latin we've come to accept as a type. Demure and rather shy, except for those rhythmic Brazilian songs and Cuban sambas, she could be a typical North American girl. She likes American food, is crazy about watercress salad, nice quiet boys and tennis.

She lives with her grandmother, whom she brought from Puerto Rico, her mother and thirteen-year-old sister, out San Fernando Valley way.

Pretty and shapely, men swarm around her in droves, but somehow Olga manages to keep her Puerto Rican equilibrium, or maybe she knows what they really do on a rainy night in Rio.

Brief Reviews

- ✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed
- ✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed
- ✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ADVENTURESS, THE**—Eagle-Lion: This Adventure is Deborah Kerr whom you'll see soon with Clark Gable. In this thriller, she gives you shivers plus laughs as the little Irish rebel who's just determined to get mixed up in some spy business. Trevor Howard helps her along. (July)

✓✓ **AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI, THE**—Loew-Lewin-UA: A *savoir-faire* piece with George Sanders playing a French rake of the last century. Also John Carradine, Angela Lansbury, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak. Plenty of atmosphere if you go for *bon mots* and the French spirit of things. (May)

✓ **BEAT THE BAND**—RKO: Gene Krupa and his band try to beat some sense into this, but even with Frances Langford and Phil Terry chiming in musically it turns out a silly bit about a girl who takes lessons from orchestra leader Terry, masquerading as a classical maestro. (June)

✓✓ **BEGINNING OR THE END, THE**—M-G-M: The atom bomb comes up for some pretty good celluloid discussion with Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker and Tom Drake beading a fine cast. (May)

✓✓ **BLAZE OF NOON**—Paramount: Four big popular guys, Bill Holden, Bill Bendix, Sonny Tufts and Sterling Hayden, fly the mail back in the days when the pilots used to like frightening chickens. Anne Baxter's the girl who gets mixed up in their high-tension lives. Good people; good film. (July)

✓ **BORN TO KILL**—RKO: A don't-waste-your-time bit about Lawrence Tierney who kills off people and at the same time is supposed to be irresistible to women. Claire Trevor proves that point by turning bad just for him, while Walter Slezak and Elisha Cook Jr. carry on fairly convincingly. (July)

✓ **BRASHER DOUBLOON, THE**—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery takes over Bogart's role of detective Philip Marlowe to go hunting for a valuable coin. Meant to be a chiller-diller. (May)

✓ **BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME**—Universal-International: Like Abbott and Costello? Then you'll probably like this gagged-up bit about their return to the home front and their tangles with copper Nat Pendleton. Silly as a Silly Symphony. (June)

✓ **CALCUTTA**—Paramount: Enough action out in Calcutta centering around American flyer Alan Ladd, his pal Bill Bendix and Gail Russell to keep you wondering who did smuggle the jewels. (June)

✓ **CARNEGIE HALL**—Federal-UA: The list of guest artists in this, from Walter Damrosch to Harry James, reads like a benefit performance and that's just about what this film is. You can expect—and get—beautiful music with Pons, Piatigorsky, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Stokowski; meanwhile you can practically forget the little plot. (July)

✓ **CHYENNE**—Warners: Nice bad man Dennis Morgan is fascinating to both Jane Wyman and Janis Paige in this fancy Western that has to do with the stage-coach robbery days of old Chyenne. An anonymous bandit called "The Poet" puts this in a different—and good—class by itself. (June)

✓ **CHILDREN ON TRIAL**—English Films: England shares her juvenile-delinquency problems with America in a documentary about two children reformed through "approved schools." Court procedure and the children's actual training are shown realistically enough to give punch. (July)

✓ **CHRISTMAS EVE**—Bogues-UA: Why was this ever produced? It has a confused plot about old lady Ann Harding who gathers her adopted sons George Raft, George Brent and Randolph Scott about her at Christmas Eve. (July)

✓ **COPACABANA**—Coslow-UA: If you're entertained by Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda, you may enjoy this picture set against New York's famous night club. There's a glimpse of some "Copa Girls," of night-life figures Louis Sobol, Abel Green and Earl Wilson and a "grown-up" Gloria Jean. (July)

✓ **DISHONORED LADY**—Chertok-Stromberg-UA: Nothing real about this whole business except Hedy Lamarr's beauty. She still manages to look imperious even when she's a neurotic. John Loder tries to be a wolf and poor Dennis O'Keefe just doesn't know what to make of the whole thing. (July)

✓ **DOWN TO EARTH**—Columbia: Rita Hayworth comes down to earth as the Muse Terpsichore to play the lead in Larry Parks's musical. She sticks a celestial finger in the pie and almost spoils everything until Mr. Jordan sets her straight. Lots of songs and dances in Technicolor. (July)

✓ **DUEL IN THE SUN**—Vanguard: Jennifer Jones loves two men—wild-oat sower Gregory Peck and his even-keel brother Joseph Cotten way down in Texas. Its big-time overtones, plus Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore, still don't make it any more than a dressed-up "melodrammer." (June)

✓ **EGG AND I, THE**—Universal: The rough-and-riotous best seller had everyone laughing but the film turned into a rather scrambled egg with Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert looking chic in a chic setting. There's a blonde millionairess down the road; and one of the *Kettles* is clean! Marjorie Main helps some but not enough. (July)

✓ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—Warners: Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida Lupino and Gig Young cavort around lightly for the first half, then get maudlin in a tear-jerking second half. It jumps around from the Tyrol to London slums. (May)

✓ **FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE**—RKO: This is the way democratic politics should work, with Joseph Cotten, Loretta Young and Ethel Barrymore running things. Loretta is the servant *Katy* in Cotten's home and what she does to the electorate makes an amusing make-believe evening. (June)

✓✓ **FRAMED**—Columbia: Glenn Ford gets picked up, then let down by beautiful schemer Janis Carter and wicked Barry Sullivan. Filled with Ford's special brand of acting. (June)

✓ **GHOST GOES WILD, THE**—Republic: Everybody else goes wild in this, too. James Ellison and his butler Edward Everett Horton walk around in sheets while Anne Gwynne registers horror. Ruth Donnelly isn't scared; you won't be either. (July)

✓✓ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal-International: You won't be disappointed for a single minute by this English film based on the Dickens novel. A "young man of great expectations" falls heir to a fortune, leads a life of romance and mystery. It has everything needed for a laurel-winner plus John Mills and Valerie Hobson. (July)

✓ **GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE**—Columbia: Rosalind Russell is a neurotic war widow who walks through misty backgrounds trying to find out why her husband gave up his life in the war. Melvyn Douglas plays her guide; Sid Caesar gives the proceedings a shot in the arm with a take-off on "psychological" films. You may like it. (May)

✓ **HIGH BARBAREE**—M-G-M: A money-maker with two favorite blondes, Van Johnson and Jean Allyson, who start out as a little boy and girl dreaming about a fabulous mountain, *High Barbaree*. It takes lots of homey incidents in an Iowa town, the war and Thomas Mitchell to get the two on the right road to the heights. (June)

✓ **HOMESTEADERS OF PARADISE VALLEY**—Republic: Allan Lane as Red Ryder has to clean up a lot of trouble in a Western valley with the help of *Little Beaver* and Ann Todd. (July)

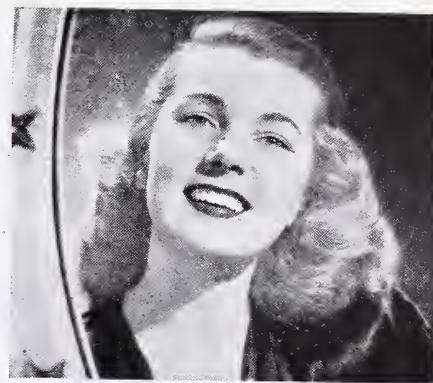
✓ **HOMESTRETCH, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Cornel Wilde is called upon to act like a hare-brained waster in a film about horses and race tracks. The races are fairly exciting, the romantic problems of Wilde and Maureen O'Hara less so. (July)

✓ **HONEYMOON**—RKO: An attempt at some fun with Shirley Temple trying to catch up with soldier Guy Madison in Mexico City in order to marry him and Franchot Tone trying to catch up with her zany doings. It has colorful shots of flowers and serapes but the comedy doesn't quite come off. (July)

✓ **IMPERFECT LADY**—Paramount: Teresa Wright's past, especially her little mix-up with Anthony Quinn, interferes with husband Ray Milland's career in Parliament. You'll have a good evening's entertainment. Virginia Field and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are good, too. (May)

✓ **IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN**—M-G-M: As perky goings-on in Brooklyn as you'd want with genial Frank Sinatra as the ex-veteran who meets up with music teacher Kathryn Grayson. Jimmy Durante steals the show in his best linguistic manner and Peter Lawford is the nice Englishman. (June)

✓ **IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE**—Allied Artists: Unpretentious and highly amusing, this has Victor Moore as a tramp-philosopher who borrows tycoon Charlie Ruggles' Fifth Avenue mansion while Charlie's away. Lots of homey fun. (May)



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



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Amazing New Plan! DRESS for YOU for Ordering 3!



THRILLING New Plan! Your choice of Gorgeous New Dress or Suit—in your favorite style, size and color, given to you for sending orders for only Three Dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all. Not one cent to pay. Everything supplied without cost.

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Famous Harford Frocks will send you their big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., at sensationally low money-saving prices. Also sportswear, slacks, suits and coats. Show styles and fabrics to friends, neighbors, and family—send in only 3 orders—and your own dress is included without paying one cent.

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Your Choice
OF MORE THAN
100 STYLES

(Continued on page 107)

THE SONGS HE WROTE!

THE LOVES HE KNEW!



Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and melodies that set an era aflame! Gad, what a life!

The story of Joe Howard, America's most romantic troubadour!



I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Color by *Technicolor*

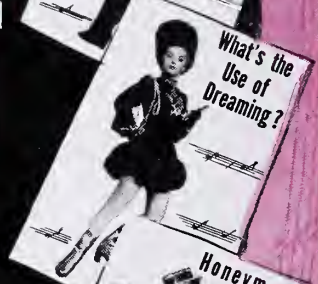
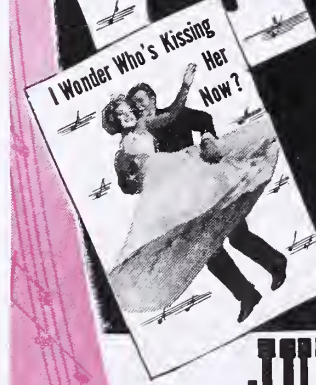
JUNE HAVER · MARK STEVENS

with MARTHA STEWART · REGINALD GARDINER

LENORE AUBERT · WILLIAM FRAWLEY · GENE NELSON · TRUMAN BRADLEY · GEORGE CLEVELAND

Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Screen Play by Lewis R. Foster



20th
CENTURY-FOX

Is Hollywood

RED?

Because of his known liberalism, PHOTOPLAY asked the eminent author of "Double Indemnity," "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Mildred Pierce" to discuss for our readers the question, "Is Hollywood Red?" In all fairness to Mr. Cain we are publishing his thoughts on the subject just as he put them down on paper.

Paul Hammit



AN EDITORIAL

BY JAMES M. CAIN

Mr. Leo Birinski, in recent years a picture writer, before that a playwright, once did a play called "Narrentanz," which had quite a vogue in Middle Europe, and which furnishes a viewpoint, it seems to me, on this question of Communism and Counter-Communism currently so hot in the picture business. It was based on a curious and little-known aspect of the Russian Revolution of 1905, in which certain spots were designated by the Revolutionists as neutral ground, where for various reasons, such as the safety of their archives, they permitted no disturbances, and life was quiet. In the play, the Governor of one such place was shown as quite unhappy, because though other governors were getting large sums from St. Petersburg to suppress the revolution he was getting none, a situation thus arising which was distressing to the gubernatorial, to say nothing of the Slavic mind. So, to stir up a little revolution he arranged an *attentat* on his life, a shot outside the window neatly pulled off by his secretary; but the chief revolutionary, thinking fast, made the thing personal, rather than political, by saying he fired the shot because he was in love with the Governor's wife. From there on in, as you might suppose, it was a delightful piece of nonsense.

But it embodied a principle which I believe both sides in this dispute might reflect on with the utmost concern. It is this: There can be areas where even the most fanatical Red can properly keep hands off, and where even the most well-intended counter-Red activities can easily verge on the absurd. That pictures should become such an area must be evident to all who have their well-being at heart. For, despite the megalomania of Hollywood, which tends to assume that because it speaks to the world it also speaks for the world, the conflict

(Continued on page 104)



Morris

"A fine and gentle girl . . ." Laraine Day, star of "Tycoon"

Time out for chin-chin: Laraine and Leo, during Dodgers' play in Havana



IN my thirty years of interviewing I have never talked with a woman laboring under such emotional strain as Laraine Day on the day she came to my home straight from the courtroom.

For five days a battery of lawyers had been trying to prove collusion in Laraine's divorce from Ray Hendricks.

She had sat within the range of a legal finger pointing her out as one who had flaunted the divorce laws of California so she could quickly get rid of one man to marry another in Mexico "without regard for the code of decency or conventions."

She had listened to Leo Durocher, the man she

loves, called a man who deserts a woman in time of crisis. "Where is this Romeo? Why isn't this dashing cavalier at her side when she needs him most?" the prosecution had shouted.

The strain had left marks that a day, that a week or a year cannot erase, no matter how hard she tries to forget. Laraine was so pitifully thin it was obvious it will take a long time to build back her emotional and physical health.

All the time we talked her hands trembled so noticeably that she had to clasp them to keep them under control. Her eyes filled constantly with tears that could not spill over in the welcome relief tears usually bring to most of us in trouble. Even

him all over again!"

and only interview since her headline divorce and marriage to Leo Durocher

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Attentive groom: Leo, on set shortly after their marriage, helps ready Laraine for picture shot

Laraine and Leo leave Ebbets Field where Leo said his goodbyes



a stone image would have been affected by this girl.

I think right here is the place to say I have no intention of arguing the moral or legal questions arising from Laraine's divorce from Ray Hendricks and her subsequent firecracker-setting-off marriage to Leo "Lippy" Durocher.

The Judge presiding on the case proclaimed her divorce from Hendricks valid. He did not condone her conduct in quickly marrying Durocher. These legal technicalities are out of my province. Legally she is divorced from Ray Hendricks and what I, personally, think about the second divorce and remarriage of Laraine (*Continued on page 90*)



Joan Crawford—artist: Star of "Possessed"

She writes her own ticket—

whether it's a million-dollar

contract or the latest man

in her life. That's why she's—

In-

A FEW weeks ago a picture which M-G-M is considering reissuing was being run off in a luxurious projection room before an audience of two people.

It was the story of a dancing girl and a hard-boiled stage manager, and despite the fact that the picture was made in 1933 it was as undated as the day it was released.

There was a girl in a very tiny characterization who stood out marvelously. Her name was Eve Arden. There was a singer, new to Hollywood in 1933, who came in for one chorus, and was swell. His name was



Joan the woman: Will she marry handsome Greg Bautzer?

Joan the mother: with Christina and Christopher



possessed

Nelson Eddy. A Hollywood-new dancer in it was a knockout, too, even though he did only one number. His name was Fred Astaire.

The title of the picture was "Dancing Lady" and the stars of it were Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

The audience of two that watched it a few weeks ago was Joan Crawford and myself. We were seated in her home projection room.

When Joan switched on the lights, I looked at her in absolute wonderment. Fourteen years had passed and yet the woman we had just seen on the (Continued on page 110)

BY RUTH WATERBURY

I Was There

Horseshoe Hymie has the luck
to catch Lana Turner and Ty Power out
on their first public date night

BY HYMIE FINK



"Anatole Litvak, Ty's house-mate, was supposed to join them—but didn't show up in time"

"No side-door exit for these two.
They even stopped for autographs"



"Maid's night out brought them out in the open"

I WAS at Ciro's on my regular rounds of the night clubs. Nothing much doing, so I phoned La Rue, Mocambo and the Chanteclair to ask who was there. Horseshoes! The headwaiter at the Chanteclair said Lana and Ty just walked in. I took my car and beat it out to the Strip to this newest lush dine-and-dance spot.

Sure enough, there were Lana and Ty. Strictly a cameramen's field day because this was just about the first time they had been seen publicly together in Hollywood since their hectic romance had blossomed. Anyway, the first time we boys had caught them—and you know how we hate to hear about a romance and then go camera-empty. And now here they were.

Seems since it was maid's night out, Ty had picked Lana up and they had dropped by for a "quick bite."

Ty and I gabbed about our stay in Mexico when Ty was on location for "Captain from Castile." He thanked me for the swell layout of color shots I took on that trip. That gave me my chance to ask for some pictures. Both he and Lana were mighty nice, said I could take as many as I wanted, as long as they didn't have to pose.

That's what I call horseshoes!





"I caught up with Lana and Ty at the Chanteclair, swanky new dine-and-dance restaurant"





Partners in "Triumph":
Star and author Erich Maria
Remarque discuss the script of
his biggest-selling novel

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Triumph for Ingrid

Six crucial months marked the
climax of Ingrid Bergman's fight to
become another woman

MY STORY begins with a lonely little girl. . . .
Her mother died when she was two years old.
Her father, it is true, sought to be
both parents to her—and her friend. But he
was an artist and so, more often than not, he
was preoccupied with his paints and his brushes
and his cameras, his own loneliness and his dreams. Nor was
he with her long. He died when she was twelve, and she
went to live with an aunt and uncle, who were very
strict. She used to stand outside the schoolhouse,
this little girl, and watch her classmates, met by
their mothers, go off on shopping sprees and
gay excursions in the town. And sometimes she dreamed
that she too came out of school to find a mother
waiting; that she slipped her hand into a mother's
hand and they walked off together laughing and
talking. It (Continued on page 72)

Bergman, "greatest of them
all," as the mercurial *Joan Madou*
in "Arch of Triumph"
Graybill





Pete, his shiny new car and the small but delightful house in Brentwood he bought for his parents

ACCIDENTALLY YOURS

It took an injured arm, a world war, three pairs of

wanderlust feet and boogie woogie—but now he's all yours

PPETER LAWFORD was walking down Hollywood Boulevard. He was discussing the weather, the new sports jacket, Mocambo, and a few serious things like that with his Metro friends, Jack Cummings and Jack Donohue.

Suddenly from out of the nowhere—a record shop to be precise—some hot boogie music changed the Boulevard into a jive palace. Forgetting his companions, Peter went into his dance. People stopped and stared. Even in Hollywood it's not a common sight to see a well-dressed young man of twenty-three with a face you know you've seen in the movies, jiving and swinging on the sidewalk. But more important, Pete's two companions, stopped and stared.

When they came to, Jack Cummings, the producer of "It Happened in Brooklyn," put in a call to Isobel Lennart, the author of the Brooklyn opus. (Continued on page 83)



Home isn't home—for an Englishman—without a dog

Peter Lawford—England's reverse lend-lease to bobby-soxers in "It Happened in Brooklyn"

← Engstead

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



BIT OF IRELAND

Warm your heart with Peg who was born in Wales, lived in Ireland and has Hollywood for a middle name

BY DOROTHY DEERE

PEGGY CUMMINS of the candid yet enigmatic green eyes, is distractingly unlike anyone you've met. Describing her, you reach for adjectives as cool and calm and simple as she is—and discard them for words of warmth and depth and utter contradiction.

Her hair is cool sunshine, her skin is warm snow. Her unpowdered snub nose astonishes you with its proximity to a mouth of womanly fullness. A figure as clean-lined as a child's, but intricately curved. She is totally uncalculated, yet with all sorts of promises in the lilt of her voice.

"How did I feel about losing 'Amber'? Well, I can't deny it was like having a lovely jewel, or some other wonderful gift, and then having to give it back.

"It's hard, but you have a choice. You can let yourself ache over your loss—or you can think instead of how wonderful and exciting it was while you had it. (Continued on page 113)

Irish from Killiney: Peggy Cummins, now in "The Late George Apley," soon in "Moss Rose"

Powolny



The house Peg lives in—a bit of England in Hollywood



Nobody told Peggy and her mother about a housing shortage, so they rented one three days after arrival

HOLLYWOOD



Out on the lot you spot surplus war planes, many still bearing the marks of numerous bombing missions, stacked beside an ocean-going ship in dry-dock



You approach the outer walls after coming through Cahuenga Pass



There's glamorous Joan Crawford posing in the portrait gallery. Joan knows so much about camera technique she should be eligible for a card in the cameramen's union



Crashing the set of "My Wild Irish Rose" you see Andrea King, as Lillian Russell, darling of the nineties, wearing a king's ransom in rented jewels



TOUR ▶▶▶▶

Ever tried flying around the

world in eight hours? You'll get

the same sensation when you join ▶

Photoplay's whirlwind jaunt through

Warner Brothers' famous celluloid city



Shades of Paul Revere! Are you in Hollywood or Cape Cod? This New England village, a permanent feature of Warner Brothers' back lot, was built in 1931



You watch Osa Massen, star of "Night unto Night," help keep the shiny fire engine in trim. The Studio Fire Department is one of the most modern in private industry

This is the nerve-center of the celluloid city. See the fan mail and publicity buildings over there?





A smiling "yes" for Martha Vickers on her way to work at Warners! These same studio guards can be the best "no" men in Hollywood when necessary

There's Alexis Smith, dressed up just like grandma, riding a studio scooter



You catch Lew Ayres on his way to change his clothes for the role of the lawyer in "The Unfaithful"



Why not join Bob Hutton, Geraldine Brooks and Martha Vickers for some food and table hopping among the stars at the Green Room





HOLLYWOOD TOUR

Here you are at the heart of the studio—this electrical plant generates enough current for a city of 40,000 inhabitants

THE sun is up over the Hollywood Hills . . . the world of make-believe magic is stirring. Time to be off on the second stage of PHOTOPLAY's super-colossal Hollywood Tour—an exciting visit to one of the biggest celluloid cities in the world—the Warner Brothers Studios at Burbank, California.

We drive through the picturesque San Fernando Valley, celebrated in song, with a backdrop of the Hollywood Hills. At last we pull up before the gates of the studio. Through these portals pass some of the most glamorous figures in cinemaland . . . Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers and lots more . . . as well as the thousands of more anonymous but (Continued on page 82)



Your next stop, first-aid station and hospital—one of the most modern and well-equipped in the industry



Getting a little nostalgic? Many a star's ship has come in at this Chandler's wharf, a prominent feature of the permanent New England village

The decision was not hers,
but in turning her back on a dream
she faced a brighter future

THIS SIDE OF Heaven



This portrait won June Haver
entry in M-G-M contest



She played the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise
Symphony" at seven—and won first prize

TO THE little blonde girl sitting bolt upright in her straight-backed chair on the stage of the old Albee Theater in Cincinnati, this was the ultimate ordeal. This was the culmination of a long series of trials which had placed her, at last, among the four who had survived out of 1,900.

June Stovenour (whom the world was later to acclaim as June Haver) stole a glance at the small brunette who was sitting beside her. An inner prescience warned that this one would prove the sternest competition she had yet met. There was a determination, almost fierce, in the young face beside her. June suddenly felt a spurt of uneasiness. To reassure herself she forced her thoughts back over the path she had traveled leading to this final moment.

There had been the hard-won prize for oratory; the four music contests in each of which she had achieved first place, playing the "Andante" from the "Surprise Symphony" by Haydn for Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. She had won the Shirley Temple contest, singing a medley of Shirley Temple songs and doing a (Continued on page 86)

BY HYATT DOWNING

Summer tapestry: June Haver,
star of "I Wonder Who's
Kissing Her Now"

Powolny





The Littlest Ladd

A barefoot boy has joined the cast of "The Happy Family"—the billing now reads, "The Four Ladds"

BY WYNN ROBERTS

THE small, luxurious but definitely crowded Ladd house was in a turmoil. Flowers were arriving. Telegrams were arriving. The phones were ringing.

The hospital nurse, who had accompanied Sue home, conferred with Kathleen, the nurse who has been at the Ladds' ever since their daughter Alana was born four years ago.

Susie had been carried upstairs and installed in the master bedroom, the self-same exquisite room in which she had waited an interminable eleven months for young David to make his debut on earth.

Alan, who had forgotten all about the studio

while rushing up- and downstairs on emergency errands, paused for one moment in the dark green drawing room, and lighted a cigarette. He was about to draw a sigh of relief at having an instant alone, when he became aware of Alana. She had slipped noiselessly into the room and was standing beside him.

"It's time for my dinner, Daddy," she said.

Distracted by a thousand details, Alan spoke quickly. "George will give you your dinner," he said, referring to the Ladd butler.

Alana's tiny figure began to shake as terribly as though an icy wind had struck through the room.



Hesse

Gay caballero and a busy ranchero—Alan Ladd, star of "Saigon"

The Littlest Ladd



The littlest Ladd and the biggest Ladd have a man-to-man talk



Though she almost lost her life when David was born, Sue Ladd has never looked better than she does right now

Then, without warning, she started to scream.

"I grabbed her and I said, 'You get into that dining room and eat,'" Alan now tells the story. "I was ready to give her hell, for I hate rude children, but then I suddenly realized what was happening to that youngster. For four years Susie and her nurse and I had been constantly with her. We'd fed her and dressed her and done everything for her.

"But now she was being ignored for a small, red thing up in a corner of her room, in the bassinette that had once been hers. She had known nothing but love and care, and now she felt shut out.

"I gathered her up in my arms, and I apologized to her. I went into the dining room with her and ordered dinner for just us. It was the first meal



"I learned a lesson," says Alan. "Now when I come home from the studio, I stop first and play with Lannie"

A baby brother could be fun too, decides Alana

we had ever had by ourselves, and it made her proud as Punch.

"I let her eat her ice cream while sitting on my lap and as she finished she whispered up to me, 'Daddy, you don't like sons better than daughters, do you?'"

"It took a moment before I could answer her. Then I leaned down and whispered back, 'Of course, I don't.' And that's the truth. It's wonderful to have a boy—but it's no more wonderful than having a girl. I know that other guys go around singing and dancing and passing out cigars when they have a son—but I don't get what that proves. I'm glad David is here. I'm glad that Sue is well again, after that very tough time she had. But that boy will (Continued on page 79)"





Jeanne Crain looks the sun straight in the eye in a yellow midriff, set off by black—and an intriguing Egyptian drape

SUN AND

Stream-lined simplicity by day—dream-lined elegance by night; the fashion accent in Hollywood is now on a dual personality

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town



Mona Freeman—with charming plaid ruffles at her hem and a “blessed event” on the way

Shirley Temple carries her garden out on her dress



SHADE PARADE

THERE are two definite trends in Hollywood this season and the word is "trends," not "styles." Fortunately for all concerned these trends bring a wide variety of styles, fabrics and silhouettes. The days of stereotyped fashion are over. It's no longer necessary for any gal to conform to set rules of design—whether flattering or unflattering—simply because these rules are set up as the "fashion" or "look" of the season.

Most of the stars are choosing to wear clothes of great simplicity for daytime wear. Of course they're accented by smartly designed hats and sleek accessories. The hair styles, I note, are modest, most of them a variation of the chignon—minus rattings and lacquer. Then at five p.m. the picture changes; coiffures become loose bobs or exaggerated creations, but still pretty. And beginning with the cocktail hour (*Continued on page 115*)

Gossamer flair for dancing and romancing, Diana Lynn's removable lace apron goes in for back chat



Lizabeth Scott plays a star role at home too in this taffeta dirndl topped by a jersey blouse

There's summer magic in Joan Bennett's dead-white lace frock with eye-catching sparkles at the pockets



EASY DOES IT

"A bachelor might just
as well go to a movie!"

"Some people even
ask me if I like
sauerkraut"



*Photographs
by Valeska*



"Loneliness can be
an awful thing"

"Just name it and I'll
play it—if it's in
the key of C"



You don't interview a guy like Jimmy,
as Susan finds out. You just relax
and talk—about the gosh-darndest things!

BY SUSAN PETERS

JIMMY STEWART and I were not exactly strangers. We had first been introduced a long time ago at a party given by Joan Crawford. I had said, "How do you do." He had responded, gallantly, "How do you do."

Fate had thrown us together on another memorable occasion. Mr. Stewart, coming into Chasen's restaurant, had stopped at my table and we had had a soul-to-soul talk revolving around our mutual regard for the delights of Mr. Chasen's spinach salad.

However, you could scarcely call us bosom pals, even in the Hollywood manner. So when I was assigned to interview Mr. S. it was quite a different proposition from the other articles I had written in PHOTOPLAY's series, "My Hollywood Friends." This time I would have to start from scratch without benefit of long association and mutual regard.



Jim made a golf date with Susan's son Timmie



Quizzical Jim Stewart of "A Miracle Can Happen"

Consequently, there was much pencil-chewing before I was able to compile a list of crafty questions, all calculated to elicit confidences that would make this interview a sensational, soul-searching session. Such questions as, "Do you like sour cream in borscht?" and "Which shoe do you put on first in the morning?"

In he came, at the appointed hour, a lank, diffident man in a leather flying jacket, a scarf, trousers, shoes and a head cold. He eased his six-foot-several down on my sofa, and with his first words my fancy list of questions flew out of the window.

"Ya know," he drawled, "some interviewers ask the doggondest questions. Why one girl asked me once if I liked sauerkraut! Honest! Now let's face it, who the heck cares?"

Well, you don't have to (Continued on page 76)



The Cautious Nymph: Joan Caulfield of "Dear Ruth" does her own investigating—of the underwater situation!



Virginia Welles of "Variety Girl" prefers one-piece suits, but settles for two

PARADISE

Photoplay's bemused investigator
takes a second look at the swimsuit crisis
and decides it's much ado about nothing

BY HERB HOWE



A modest *muchacha*, Olga San Juan does a two-way stretch



Bloomer girl: Mona Freeman of "Dear Ruth" wades right in

A SPECIAL investigating committee has been quietly looking into Hollywood bathing suits. Those symbols of our Hollywood way of life as worn by the founding mothers, the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls, are in danger of vanishing like sunbonnets.

Already we have diaper trunks; other suits have reached the vanishing point or points at which rhinestones, sequins or bubble gum are affixed to appease propriety; and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee is rumored to have been forced to retire to Wisconsin woods to strip for squirrels.

Everyone says civilization is collapsing. But need the Bathing Suit collapse along with it?

Miss Romay, a Latin wriggle in hoop earrings and beaded suit, of all things, was first witness subpoenaed by the investigating committee.

"There are tricks in bathing suits," Miss Romay testified.

"We observe," said the committee.

POOL'S PARADISE



A Latin trick! Lina Romay had nothing to hide—proved it in a beaded lastex no-swim suit



Esther Williams, star of "Fiesta," reeled off a line about baby oil, wards off pool wolves in one-piece swimsuits

"No dear," said Miss Romaine. "Tricks in design to make women look better. They hide things."

"Continue!" cried the alert committee.

"Some people have little rolls of fat here," said Miss Romaine, clutching in vain at her hips and then poking the committee exultantly, "there!"

She was sharply reminded that investigation of investigators is not congressional.

According to Miss Romaine, women have a tendency to overflow their banks and designing suits to make them look streamy is an engineering feat beside which the damming of the Colorado is a beaver's job. The trick lies in the cutting. Irene, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is a shear genius.

"She could make an old tub look like a speedboat,"



On the gold standard: Olga San Juan, another "Variety Girl," makes her mark in this number, but warns against diaper suits

said Miss Romay smiling pointedly at the committee.

The committee was on the point of holding Miss Romay in contempt for that crack but on second glance decided just to hold her.

The second investigation, after a breathing spell, revolved around Miss Olga San Juan or rather Olga revolved around it, being another Latin rumbalutionist. (The committee disclaims partiality but holds, with President Truman, the warmest feeling for our Latin American sisters.)

Miss San Juan chose to appear in a one-piece banana-gold metallic job in tribute to Puerto Rico where she spent her early childhood eating bananas.

"Viva Puerto Rico! Olé bananas!" cried the committee rising.

A modest *muchacha*, as Latin girls invariably are, Miss San Juan was wide-eyed with warning against diaper swim trunks. Miss San Juan saw a horrifying thing happen at Santa Monica. A girl lost hers in the breakers and drifted around for hours like a glass-bottom boat.

Miss San Juan warned her Paramount colleague, Miss Virginia Welles, who, being cute as a sandab, had been persuaded into one of those baby suits. Miss Welles despised it. She swims like a whizz from Wisconsin lakes and prefers a one-piece suit as good swimmers do. Besides, she thinks a two-piece makes a short girl appear sawed in half.

Miss San Juan, full of Latin (Continued on page 70)



It's still done with mirrors! Cyd Charisse of "Fiesta" reflects onlookers in her suit

How

A touch of earth: It gives roots to your sense of values, says Joan Leslie, starring in "Repeat Performance"



Cure for mental cobwebs: A horse, a breeze and a trail through the woods



beautiful is your mind?

HOW many times has this happened to you?

You walked into a party where the most beautiful girl in the world was holding court. Awed, you said to yourself, "What chance has any average girl against such knock-out beauty?"

But by the end of the evening—what had happened? You had discovered that it was not Miss Glamour at all who held the men spellbound for the bulk of the party—no, indeed. It was Miss Mousey, the plain woman in the quiet black dress. She had a certain magic, it almost seemed a definite beauty . . . and you spent days trying to figure out what it was.

That's happened to me, too, and it will happen to both of us over and over again. But next time we'll be prepared to understand that woman's power. Because, right here and now, we are going to examine her magic and see of what it consists. And we're going to use lovely Joan Leslie as our spokesman—for Joan's formula for living would make her beautiful if she had no physical beauty at all.

"I think the most important (Continued on page 88)

Count ten before you answer.

Then read this and see whether you
change your mind

BY ANITA COLBY



A furry friend is a heart-warming way to learn responsibility. This is Sandy

As the world grows smaller, minds must grow bigger. Courses are Joan's answer



THIS is my

As delightful a portrait as
you have ever seen of a debonair
husband by his dynamic wife

BY MARIA MONTEZ AUMONT
Star of "Pirates of Monterey"

Vivid Maria, gay Jean Pierre, co-stars in "Atlantis"

FLASH—Camera! At this moment Maria Christina took her first step to delighted cries from her parents



Husband



Jean Pierre Aumont, the insouciant half of this colorful duo

WHAT is it like to be married to Jean Pierre Aumont? I will simply tell you this: I budget our lives; Jean Pierre unbudgets them. It is I who make all hotel and train reservations; it is Jean Pierre who makes us miss trains and lose hotel rooms! My husband is delightfully happy-go-lucky—I am much, much too methodical. The result is complete pandemonium. But I wouldn't do without it because I couldn't do without Jean Pierre!

Jean Pierre is like this, exactly:

Picture the eve of our departure for Europe a few months ago. My suitcases were being carried to the car for the drive to the airport—packed with dresses and hats. There was no sign of Jean

Pierre. As usual, he had left his packing until the last second. Finally I called to him frantically—and he appeared. He was carrying one dejected old suitcase, tied up with rope!

I was horrified. "Jean Pierre!" I wailed. "Is that all you're taking with you? Did you put in your tails? Remember we will be entertained like mad in Paris!"

He shrugged and grinned at me. "No tails. In Paris these sad days they are passé. I left them in my closet."

You already know what happened. The instant we reached Paris, we were invited to London to the Command Performance of the King and Queen, the first time royalty had (*Continued on page 108*)

SMOKEY

Where there's smoke, there's
fire—if it's Rory Calhoun, who's
all ablaze about everything

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

IF YOU had met Rory Calhoun for the first time one day this past spring, you would have decided here was a first-class roustabout.

The black hair with its widow's peak looked as if it had just come through a high wind—or vice versa. The broad shoulders were anything but enhanced by the rumpled shirt which wouldn't stay down in the back. It wouldn't for the very good reason there was nothing to stay down, the shirttail being conspicuous by its absence.

But the crowning touch was the remnant of lipstick still shamelessly evident on his face.

A flash of triumph lighted his electric blue-green eyes. For his were the ravages of success. He had just completed his first solo flight. Whereupon the seasoned fliers seized the astonished fledgling, ripped off the tail of his shirt and tacked it up on the bulletin board of the airport with the name and date on it and the number of hours he spent in the air.

The lipstick? That, too was the result of masculine hands which inscribed cabalistic designs on his face. Thus was he made a member of the secret order of the air. Nice going—especially for the shirttail.

Rory had had no special aspirations to be a birdman until he'd gone out to an airfield near Los Angeles for some publicity pictures. Then suddenly he became obsessed with the idea of learning to fly. And learn to fly he did—in just two weeks and seven lessons.

While the congratulations on a remarkably short period of training were still raining (*Continued on page 102*)

Smokey and his mother: He likes the small-town feel of their house in the Valley





Rory lights up like a neon sign when you catch his interest. He's been holding yours in "The Red House"



Rory, as young woodsman, with provocative Julie London, in "The Red House"



A jewel of a workshop—Rory and his father are excellent craftsmen

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

What should I do?

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I happen to be a man married to a lovely woman with two daughters by a previous marriage. A more wonderful wife, and a more perfect companion could not be found. I am thirty-eight and my wife is forty-two. We have been married three years. When I met the family, my wife's daughters were twelve and ten; so they are now sixteen and fourteen.

The younger daughter is smart and co-operative. She gets top grades in school, reads widely, and helps her mother, who has retained her office position, do the housekeeping. She is always thinking of sweet things to do for both of us.

The older girl is lazy, poor in school, slovenly around the house and about her person, and sullen in her relationship with all of us. She has no respect for any sort of authority. We allowed her to attend a formal party recently, specifying that she was to be home by one o'clock. She arrived at two-thirty. Two weeks later, we allowed her another date, stating that this time she must be in at midnight. She arrived at one-thirty.

In family discussion she waits until she finds out what the rest of us believe, then she takes the opposite stand. When asked what she plans to do after she is graduated from high school, she said she had her own ideas, "which is all that is necessary."

I know that a good school would be just the thing for her, but unfortunately a good one is beyond our means, and we wouldn't think of trusting her to a mediocre faculty.

Both my wife and I would like your advice on this matter.

G. B. C.

I am sincerely glad that you wrote to me about this problem.

Nowadays, psychiatrists suggest that children be spaced four years apart for this reason: A child of four may be reasoned with, whereas a child under four supplanted by a new baby feels itself alienated from its mother. It misbehaves to gain attention. If the mother fails to understand the child's panic, and punishes instead of reasoning with it, the child feels indeed that it is an outcast.

In your family, the younger daughter gets all the compliments, the older all the rebukes. The reasons for her misbehaviour are beyond her own understanding. You and your wife must help her.

(Continued on page 80)



Claudette Colbert, star of "The Egg and I"

*Photoplay Fashions
In Color Start
on Page 93*

Can Love keep this Sweetness?



Your piercing joy as he whispers, "Always and only yours."

His heart in turmoil from the softness of your hands. Oh, there's magic in a woman's soft hands.

Your hands can keep this magic softness—even more surely now—with Jergens Lotion care. Amazingly—Jergens today is finer than ever. Makes your hands feel smoother, softer—protects longer—due to recent research. Jergens benefits your hands with two ingredients many doctors rely on.

Other women—the most charming—prefer Jergens Lotion way above any other hand care. Look:

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Young Marrieds give more than 4 to 1 preference to Jergens.

New York Models go nearly 5 to 1 for Jergens Lotion.

Won't you trust your hand care to this famous Jergens Lotion? Never oily—no stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).

Your daintiness—surer with new Dryad—new kind of deodorant cream.

Skin specialists approve Dryad.

It stops odor instantly, safely.

Helps check perspiration daintily.

Smooth as face cream.

Stays cream-smooth, thanks to secret ingredient.

Safe for skin and fabrics.

Daintily perfumed.

SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU...

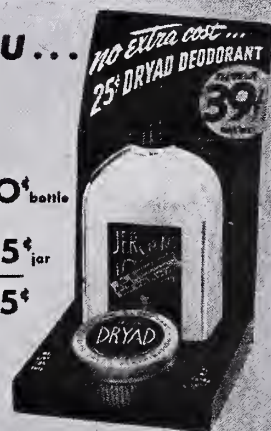
2 ways to insure the sweetness of love.

Both for the price of one—

Famous JERGENS LOTION.....50¢ bottle

New DRYAD deodorant.....25¢ jar

Both for **39¢** Value 75¢
(plus tax)



WONDERFUL BUY — ask for Jergens Special at your cosmetics counter today.



HAPPY DAYS— FREE DAYS— with MEDS!

No "lost days" this summer!
Pack a box of Meds tampons in
your bag—and enjoy *any* day!

Meds are different: the "Safety-
Well" for extra protection; soft,
luxurious cotton; neat applica-
tors—so handy to carry, so easy to
use, so simple to dispose of.

Now's the time to discover
how marvelous Meds are. Get a
box today—or send coupon be-
low for trial package of the
new easy-to-insert size with the
REGULAR absorbency most
mature women need.

Slender MEDS
with REGULAR
absorbency in the
light blue box

De Luxe MEDS
with SUPER
absorbency in the
dark blue box

29¢ for 10 in applicators



GUARANTEED BY A BOARD OF WOMEN
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation P-8
Milltown, New Jersey

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try REGULAR
Meds. Please send, in plain wrapper, with
full directions, trial package for which I en-
close 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Acceptable for advertising in the
Journal of the American Medical Association.

Pool's Paradise

(Continued from page 61) propriety, in-
terposed to say she thought a girl should
not be sawed in half unless the man
promised to marry her, as Mr. Welles did
Miss Hayworth.

"Not even then," said Miss Welles, a
spirited tike and earnest actress who was
about to take off to the University of
Wisconsin to take a summer course in
drama.

MISS ESTHER WILLIAMS, only profes-
sional woman swimmer to succeed as
an actress, is best authority on what a girl
should wear in the water.

"I always wear a thin coat of baby oil,"
said Miss Williams.

Baby oil, the committee was hastily
informed, is absorbable and protects skin
from drying effect of salt in sea and
chlorine in pools.

Those rhinestone and phosphorescent
suits you have seen on Miss Williams are
chichi for pictures only. If she wore them
at sea the fish would chase her. Bright
objects are bait for fish. Miss Williams in
rhinestones might make quite a catch; on
the other hand, the fish might. To throw
off sea lions and pool wolves, she wears a
white one-piece with tight-fitting trunks.
Still tempting.

Miss Cyd Charisse says she comes from
the Texas Panhandle but if you come
within range of her eyes and siren voice
you know she comes from around Scylla
and Charybdis where the girls wrecked
those mariners. It is deemed inadvisable
to allow Miss Charisse in the ocean because
our Navy is based here and we can afford
to take no chances on having it wrecked,
in spite of how they may feel, the world
situation being what it is.

But when it comes to a pool party, ah,
that's a different matter. La Charisse daz-
zles the denizens by appearing in a pink
satin suit hung with mirrors, no less. Thus
the oncoming pack is confounded by sud-
denly seeing their own images gleaming
back at them.

In fact, there is no end to the mad things
worn at swimming parties in pools. There
are suits of ostrich feathers, suede, se-
quins, gold mesh, gold and silver lame
that's waterproof, Tarzan leopard skin and
imitation bare skin.

Swimming pools are in as many sizes
and lovely shapes as the contents of suits.
Atwater Kent, a business tycoon who
gives dazzling parties, has a pool large

enough to float Cleopatra's barge or Elsa
Maxwell, and does. Miss Romay's pool
has only sufficient draft for a flat-bottomed
boat and therefore insufficient for Lina
who is digging another in a niche of hill.
This will resemble one of those secret
mountain pools of fiction on to which a
lonely man stumbles to behold a nymph
disporting.

However, there will be none of that, says
Miss Romay. She is never without her
earrings she says, and anyone stumbling
around her pool may encounter her big
brother Pancho or papa Porfirio.

Jimmy Durante, the old social climber,
just completed an eighteen-thousand-dol-
lar pool only to have frogs invade it. The
frogs at night sound exactly like Jimmy.
It's infuriatin', says Mr. Durante. Girls
passing at night might think he was calling
to them and leap in only to get a frog in
the throat.

Lewis Milestone has dumped tons of
sea salt into his pool to give it the tonic
zing of the sea that makes a man tingle.
Hearing of this, Miss San Juan dumped
chili peppers in her pool.

Bathing suits are worn everywhere in
Hollywood in summer, for sports events,
for shopping on the Boulevard, for business
such as car-hopping, soda-jerking and
assisting dentists to keep patients' minds
off the drill. They are even worn on
diplomatic missions.

That scintillating ambassador of good
thrill, Miss Lana Turner, on her trip to
Mexico packed in white satin suits aflame
with red flowers edged in sequins. Up till
then the biggest horticultural show in
Mexico had been the floating gardens of
Xochimilco. But these floating islands are
flat. Miss Turner is not. As a float Miss
Turner was voted sweepstakes by Mex-
ican caballeros who are notorious flower-
lovers.

Mexican feeling toward the United
States was never warmer, said President
Aleman. Now President Truman is being
urged to drop Miss Turner in the Kremlin
pool. It is argued the effect would be
more devastating than the atom bomb.

If man ignobly prefers the bomb to
Lana, all life may revert to that primordial
ooze from which our polliwog ancestors
emerged inadvisedly when taxes were low.

But bomb or Lana, the committee sees
no cause for melancholy. "Toujours gai!"
is the committee's motto.

The End

THERE'S A RADIO RINGSIDE SEAT RESERVED
FOR YOU AT THE

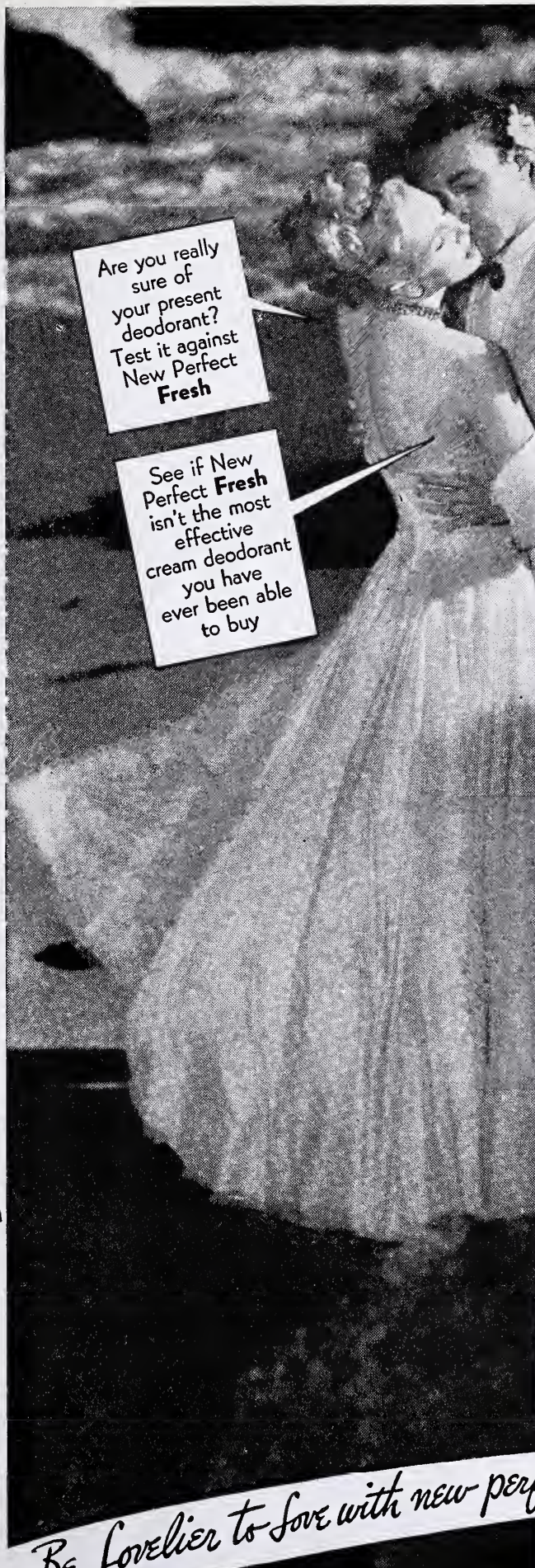
TOP
BOXING BOUT OF THE WEEK
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

Described by Ace Announcers
DON DUNPHY and BILL CORUM
on the
"Cavalcade of Sports"

Over All
ABC
Stations

10 P.M., E.D.T.
10 P.M., E.S.T.
9 P.M., C.D.T.
9 P.M., C.S.T.
8 P.M., M.T.
7 P.M., P.T.

Don't miss "Will Rocky Be A King Without a Crown"? by
Don Dunphy in the current SPORT magazine, now on sale!



Are you really
sure of
your present
deodorant?
Test it against
New Perfect
Fresh

See if New
Perfect **Fresh**
isn't the most
effective
cream deodorant
you have
ever been able
to buy

Never before in History!

But now Fresh brings you a new fluffier,
creamier deodorant . . . to give you carefree
underarm protection even on hottest days.

Only Fresh can give you this patented
combination of amazing ingredients in a new
deodorant that has never been made before.

New Fresh is the most effective cream deodorant
you have ever tried . . . we think you'll agree!
Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting . . .
normal skin is perfectly safe from irritation.

New Fresh is delicately perfumed, delightful to
smooth on. No gritty crystals or annoying hard
particles and it doesn't dry out in the jar.

But don't take our word for it—test it. Test
New Perfect Fresh today against your present
deodorant—see if it isn't the most effective—the
most pleasant cream deodorant you have ever
been able to buy. Get your jar of New Perfect
Fresh now—for carefree underarm protection
even on hottest days. Available at all drug and
toilet goods counters.

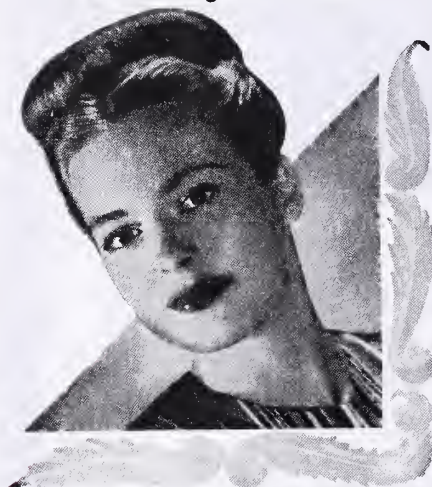


Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh

New Perfect Fresh comes to you at the same low pre-war prices . . . 10¢, 25¢, 43¢, and new 39¢ economy size.

THIS HIGHER TYPE *Intimate Feminine Hygiene* offers 'extra' advantage

So Widely Used Among The
More Intelligent Women!



Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours

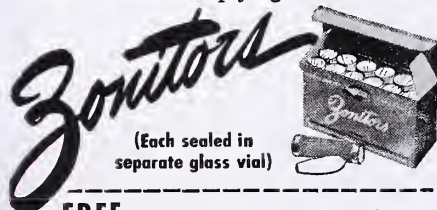
For a long time there has been an urgent need of a higher type method for intimate feminine cleanliness. One that would be easier, daintier, more convenient—one that would be *powerful yet absolutely safe* to delicate tissues. Now, thanks to modern science—you have *Zonitors*!

Positively No Burn—No Smart

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type which quickly melt away. Instead, when inserted—Zonitors instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue* to do so for hours. They are *positively non-burning, non-poisonous, and non-irritating*.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so *powerfully effective* they *immediately* kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE Zonitors kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.



FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZEP-87, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Triumph for Ingrid

(Continued from page 39) was a wonderful dream.

The lonely years passed and this girl, in her teens, found it less and less fun to be with boys and girls her own age. She began withdrawing from people to such an extent that she found it difficult to say or to do those little things that other girls seemed to do quite casually. All because, growing too fast, she felt herself unattractive; as if she were all head and feet.

More and more she went alone to the snowy hills of her northern homeland and found physical freedom at least, flying down those hills on skis. Where there was nobody to see she became quite adept in executing the most difficult turns. Presently she became a ski champion.

It was John Bernadotte, grandson of the King of Sweden, who told me about her being a ski champion. She had never mentioned it. She wouldn't. Her childhood and adolescence had left her much too shy and reserved. So shy and reserved that she's been an enigma in Hollywood.

For the girl of whom I write is Ingrid Bergman. . .

I predict, however, that from now on Ingrid will hold her own in Hollywood's social ranks. For she has emerged from her six triumphant months on Broadway lovely and poised, secure and unafraid.

NO one, of course, could experience the sensational success Ingrid has known this year and have remained the same. It's been a long time since New York's drama critics have had such praise for any star. And the public concurred. At every performance at the Alvin Theater where Ingrid played, the "Standing Room Only" sign was out. And illustrious persons from every walk of life ordered their tickets to see her weeks in advance.

At the same time movie houses all over the country—showing her latest films, "Saratoga Trunk," "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Spellbound" and "Notorious"—were crowded to capacity. No actress ever has known a more gala year.

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal went to Ingrid as a result of the national poll conducted by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research Inc., in which men and women, rich and poor, young and old, voted her the most popular actress of 1946 . . . The Minister of Sweden travelled to New York to honor her with the King of Sweden's Award . . . Helen Hayes, First Lady of the American Theater, presented her with the Drama League Medal.

"Ingrid Bergman's presence here is an historical event," she told the people of the theater gathered at that luncheon. "The theater has been enriched. It is not only her talent and her beauty but also her graciousness that brings me to say we are proud of her.

"She says she is going back to Hollywood to make a picture. But we are only lending her to Hollywood. For we of the theater have adopted her and she now belongs to us."

Ingrid had prepared a little speech of acceptance. But she never made it. As Helen Hayes spoke in her quiet, earnest way, Ingrid's hands began to tremble. And when she arose to face a great ovation she could not talk. She blurted out a few meaningless words, then said impulsively, "I have to kiss Helen Hayes. Excuse me!" Whereupon she rushed to Helen Hayes and threw her arms around her and for a full moment they held each other close.

There were other awards, too numerous

to mention. Preceding her to Hollywood went a crate of them, packed carefully by Ingrid herself.

Invariably, too, when she left the theater the crowds at the stage door would be so great that ushers and stagehands had to clear a lane to her car. "There she is," the cry would arise. And as she passed down the little break in the hundreds of people massed in the street, smiling in her gentle way, there would be such whispers as "Isn't she beautiful . . ." "See the shine of her hair . . ." "She's the greatest actress of them all. . ."

After one such experience Ingrid was silent as she and her manager, Joseph Henry Steele, drove away. Then, turning to him, she said quietly: "Joe, how long do you think this can last?"

Naturally Ingrid has been aware for years now that she ranks as an attractive woman, even in Hollywood. Nor has she been lonely. She has had her husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, and her daughter, Pia. She has had a few selected friends. But still the behavior pattern she acquired in her youth, when all behavior patterns are formed, persisted in her reticence and her shyness.

Usually six months would be too short a time to change a personality pattern as deeply rooted as Ingrid's. But not such a six months as she has just known. For in these months she has tasted greater triumph than comes to most in an entire lifetime.

I noticed the first change in Ingrid, dramatically enough, the night the eminent Maxwell Anderson announced he hoped to get her for "Joan of Lorraine." We were at a party at George Cukor's. George, directed Ingrid in "Gaslight."

"I'm working on the story of Joan of Arc as a new play," Maxwell Anderson told me.

"Don't you think George Bernard Shaw did that pretty well?" I countered.

"My story is different!"

"Who is to play Joan?" I asked.

It was a tactless question. Katie Hepburn was there. Garbo too, although, as always, Garbo slipped out soon after Ingrid arrived. There is rivalry here, I think, Garbo feeling that Ingrid, also Swedish, has usurped the place she once knew upon the screen. Both Katie and Garbo were eager to play Joan. Definitely I put Maxwell Anderson on a spot.

But he did not mince words. "Who is to play Joan?" he said. "Who but Ingrid!"

Ingrid blossomed that evening, talked and laughed as never before.

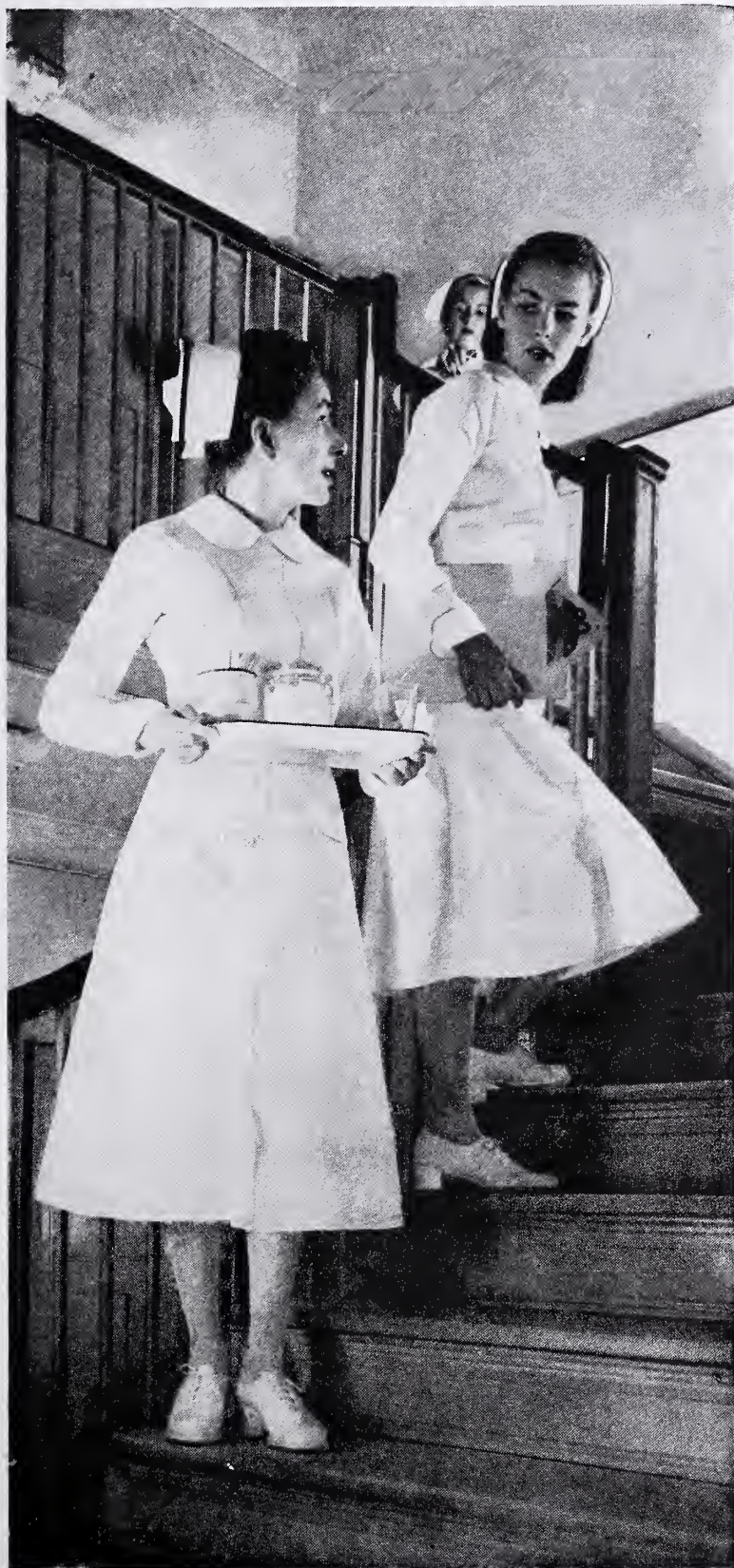
Several months later I met her again, this time at the Anderson's country house up in New York State. Helen Hayes was there with Charlie MacArthur, Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary. Milt Caniff, the wonderful comic strip artist, and his wife.

I was struck by the difference in Ingrid at once. She did not creep into the room. She was not listless. She was not shy. Watching her, I no longer thought, "What a pity these stars can't be normal!" She came into the room, smiling. She listened respectfully to the opinions of one and all. But she also asked intelligent questions and offered colorful and interesting opinions. And she had a delightful humor. In fact before that party was over everyone had a definite inkling of the way they were to feel about Ingrid before her season on Broadway was over.

So I say that it was the great compliment paid her by (Continued on page 74)

Be smart on a Budget - See Photoplay Fashions on Page 93

Who would know better than the girls in white?



**Nurses test new napkin—
101 out of 120 report no chafing
with new Free-Stride Modess!**

Nurses, busy nurses . . . bending, lifting, pulling, pushing, stretching . . . WHO could better judge the chafe-free comfort of a napkin?

Just read what *they* discovered:

In hospital after hospital, nurses who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin were asked to try a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride Modess*.

The brand was kept a secret. Nurses were simply asked to see if the new napkin gave freedom from chafe.

Their verdict: 101 out of 120 nurses reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess*!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many nurses discovered in *Free-Stride Modess* lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges*!

Free Stride Modess has *extra cotton* on its edges—*extra softness*—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride Modess* has a triple safety shield to keep you confident—free of accident fears. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you fresh as spring. No telltale outline—*Free-Stride Modess* is *silhouette-proof*!

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin now. Improved *Free-Stride Modess* is on sale everywhere *now*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!

Move with freedom!

Try the new Free-stride Modess!



Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

It's Now! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

It's Effective! Gives lasting protection.

Won't Rot or Fade Fabrics. Better Fabrics Testing Bureau says so.

No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

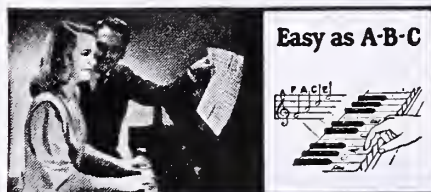
Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME THIS QUICK MONEY-SAVING WAY
Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "numbers" or trick music. Some of our 850,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you are playing popular music. Mail coupon for our Illustrated Free Book and Print and Picture Sample. Mention your favorite instrument. U. S. School of Music, 3068 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

FREE BOOKLET

U. S. School of Music, 3068 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y. Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name instrument).....

Instrument..... Have you..... Instrument?.....

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

(Continued from page 72) Maxwell Anderson when he chose her for his "Joan of Lorraine" that began her metamorphosis.

Ingrid is back in California now. A new woman. And, I suspect, a happier woman. For, freed of the inhibitions her lonely youth so long imposed upon her, she now is able to relax, to meet all the charming and intelligent people who have always wanted to know her, to have fun.

She flew back to California the day after her theater contract ended and the play closed—because there was no other actress who could or would follow her on Broadway. She was weary. Her New York schedule had included two charity appearances every week, numerous professional luncheons, interviews, photographic sittings, all the acclaim, all the honors—and eight performances a week in a role which undoubtedly was the most demanding, physically and histrionically, that the stage has seen for many a moon.

She also was very homesick for her husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, and their eight-year-old daughter Pia. In spite of the fact that the doctor and Pia had visited her in New York at Christmas and the doctor, alone, had flown on for week-ends whenever his work permitted.

"I am going to call my friends," she told me, "including the producer and director with whom I will make 'Joan of Lorraine' as a movie and say 'Hello, how are you?' And then I am going to ask them not even to call me for three weeks—to make believe I am not yet home.

"So I may rest—and visit my family—and do little else, except perhaps walk in my woods and read some new books."

She is a great walker and a great reader. Almost always she walked from her hotel to the theater. And whatever her schedule she reads at least two books a week. Her appetite for knowledge and experience is great. She wants to travel all over the world, meet different kinds of people in different walks of life, talk to them of their work, partake with them of their food.

She has an exploring mind.

Home to Ingrid is a house of stone and rafters up in the hills which rise above the fashionable Benedict Canyon. She calls it "The Barn" because it is, literally, a house built onto a great raftered living room. Directly opposite the living room door is a fireplace alcove. Ingrid calls this her den. And the embrasure of a window here, as deep as the great stones from which the house is built, she has heretofore designated as her trophy room. But it won't hold her trophies now.

To the right of the entrance door there is a large bow window with a built-in seat complemented by a table. This she calls her breakfast room. The other side of the room is the dining room. A kitchen, three bedrooms and baths complete the house.

The land consists of almost two acres, one-half of it in woodland. And it is here she loves to walk. For once you are in her woods there is no sight or sound of human habitation. You are alone with the birds and the insects and little wild animals and the wind that moves in the trees.

It will be January before she completes the movie "Joan of Lorraine." Then, after a couple of months' rest, she will go to the London studios to play a dipsomaniac in "Under Capricorn," with that master of thrills and chills, Alfred Hitchcock, directing. Whether it will be the stage again after that or another movie depends upon the characters that are offered her.

"I like crazy characters," she says with quiet firmness, meaning she likes characters who are offbeat. Straight leading lady roles usually bore her. Always she is thinking of the parts she would like to play even when she gets to be sixty or seventy years old. For acting is her whole life. Without it I firmly believe she would shrivel up and die.

Thus she has come a long way. And thus my story which began with a lonely little girl ends with a great actress—and even more—a great and happy woman.

THE END

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Write in the names below—

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Man.....

Woman.....

My Name.....

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you individually will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars who receive the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren of Chicago, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart—*can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins*."

For your date tonight . . .
give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent

Easy? You would never dream it could be so easy to give yourself a permanent at home. Just three simple steps:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
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Wonderfully simple...and oh, what a

beautiful wave! So soft, so smooth, so natural-looking. Exactly the amount of curl to suit yourself. Not too loose... not too tight...but just right. Easy to manage from the start because there's no stubborn frizzy stage with Toni.

Even if your hair is gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine it will take a beautiful wave. For Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Try it today.

All leading drug, notions and cosmetic counters feature and recommend the Toni Home Permanent Kit.

Ella, the twin at the right above, has the Toni. Could you tell?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

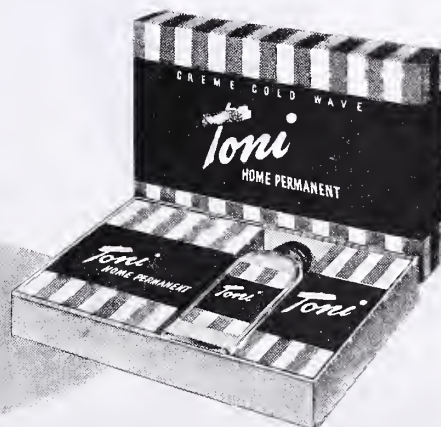
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373 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Easy Does It

(Continued from page 57) hit me with a shillelah for me to get the idea. The perennial favorite of "What's the best thing to do for a code id the head" offered safer ground. We combed the inevitable sure-cure remedies and reached the inevitable conclusion that there isn't a gosh-darned thing you can do about it, really, except carry a spare handkerchief and blow.

From there we digressed to my son Tim. I don't recall Jimmy talking, being too much the gentleman to interrupt me. However, Mr. S. has a way with little people. He and Tim hit it off famously. In fact they made a date for golf.

Jimmy has taken up golf since his return to mufti. He confessed to staggering scores requiring one caddy for the clubs and another for an adding machine but found solace in the fact that his close friend Bill Grady, Metro talent exec, has been playing ever since he's been Irish and still sends his score card to a C.P.A.

Then, of course, we discussed pictures and Hollywood. Jimmy rides the middle of the road on all things concerned with his work and the territory surrounding it. In this he is unique. He does not propound theories about picture subject matter, production methods, or directorial technique. He is an actor and would retain that status without thought of being a triple-threat genius.

"One job at a time is enough. I like to act and that's my business. I still have lots to learn about it so I'll leave the other jobs to fellows that know. I'm busy enough makin' pictures."

And busy he is. His latest job is a sequence in "A Miracle Can Happen" in which he teamed with his side-kick Hank Fonda, the first time in all their years in pictures that these two close friends have played together. One hears tell it's one of the most hilarious things to hit the screen. But I didn't get that from Jimmy. They play it safe in Indiana, Pennsylvania, where he comes from.

Recently he's finished "Magic Town" with Jane Wyman and like every picture he does, he enjoyed it. Again he's unique in that he has no preference as to roles. Westerns, farces or dramas, any darn thing so long as it's good entertainment and the part calls for a tall, slender guy who doesn't have to talk too fast.

He's more concerned about the public than anything. He's curious as to what the bobby-sox brigade will think of him . . . and he can't understand why some stars complain about the gamuts of gamins they must run when entering night clubs.

"Heck, they don't have to go to those places if it bothers them do they?" There's a question that's a pretty good answer!

The only desire he expressed in regard to his career, was to make a picture with Ingrid Bergman and his reason, "I think she's good," sounded infinitely more flattering to Miss Bergman than it reads.

Jimmy dropped just one key from his otherwise casual comfortable scale of philosophy when I steered our talk to marriage. He followed his middle-of-the-road policy by having nothing to say against either marriage or bachelorhood until the word "loneliness" crept into the conversation. He said, "When you get home from work tired—too tired to go out or to have people over, you get kinda lonesome. Loneliness can be an awful thing."

We analyzed the problem and had very little trouble arriving at marriage as the solution. But that presented still another

problem—to wit, the right girl.

His decision on that? "Loneliness is no reason to go looking for a wife. The right one just has to happen. If you're over-anxious you're liable to guess wrong—and you can be just as lonely with the wrong wife—maybe lonelier."

On the more futuristic side of this marriage topic we discussed children. Here Jimmy just feels sorta "left out." It seems every bull-session eventually winds up with the fathers extolling Jr.'s latest achievement. Then out come the latest snapshots. "When this happens, I can't get a word in edgeways. A bachelor might just as well get up and go to a movie."

I suppose you all know he plays the accordion and the part of the piano that's in C. And that he lives in a small cozy house and has a wonderful housekeeper named Daisy. But did you know he's a veritable Izaak Walton with rod and reel? His specialty is sword fish.

It all started one morning when the tabloids announced a run of marlin just off the coast. This struck an adventurous chord in Mr. S. so he promptly called cronies Leland Hayward and Ward Bond, chartered a boat and set out to acquire the necessary equipment.

HE recalled that the proper marlin bait was flying fish and recalled, too, an integral factor regarding these air-minded marlin tempters. It seems that shortly after a flying fish's demise, the eyes fall out! The wily marlin, chancing upon an eyeless flying fish will say, "Oh no, brother, you're too hard to digest with that hook in you," and take it on the lam. So the even wiliest fishermen must sew the eyes in cautiously and with finesse in order to fox Mr. Marlin. This calls for the proper thread and needle.

Mr. Stewart entered a store and asked the clerk for some thread. The clerk solicitously asked, "For what use, sir?" and the preoccupied Mr. S. answered, "To sew some eyes in a flying fish."

This sent the incredulous clerk in search of a larger clerk behind whom to hide. Eventually, however, our hero acquired the thread, also the proper needle for sewing flying-fish eyes, the tackle, the pole, and lasso (you lasso marlin!) and was ready. At 3:00 a.m. breakfast. At 4:30 a.m., Mr. Stewart and company boarded the boat and cast off. At 4:40 a.m., Mr. Stewart completed sewing his first eye. At 4:41 a.m. Mr. Stewart became suddenly ill and remained in this unfisherman-like condition for the remainder of the day.

The story goes, if you would believe the old salts who recall the voyage, that nary a marlin was seen that day. Nor has the tall fisherman with the green complexion been seen round that port since.

There's a moral to this story. Remember, "A stitch in time saves nine," whereas "a stitch in a flying fish ruined Stewart." But then the world is made up of give and take and if I hadn't been given the assignment of interviewing Jimmy Stewart you might never have known what it takes to catch a swordfish.

So you see, I did get a scoop after all!
THE END

We are sure PHOTOPLAY readers will be delighted to know that Susan will shortly start work in "Sign of the Ram"—her first picture since her accident nearly three years ago. She will play from her wheel chair—but don't expect a good-goody role. She will surprise you.
Lots of luck, Susan!

Be Smart on a Budget - See Photoplay Fashions on Page 93

Beauty Spots



Karin Booth, in
"The Unfinished
Dance," a la page boy

By
Mary Jane Fulton

QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

KARIN BOOTH is one gal who can dress in a hurry, and look as though she's spent hours getting ready. She'd overslept, but twenty minutes after we'd phoned her to say we were downstairs, she joined us for breakfast looking so gorgeous that all male eyes focused on her. . . . Knowing what a time the average femme has getting dressed, we asked how she did it. Laughingly, she replied that it's just a matter of habit. She keeps her clothes constantly "in order," so that she doesn't have to make one big job of it. She doesn't put off shampooing her hair, or manicuring her nails. Thus, at a moment's notice, she can appear looking her loveliest.

TIPS ON POISE

KARIN confided that, like many actresses, she is inclined to worry about doing a scene well. So she tries not to be afraid, and to have confidence in her ability. You'll have a chance to see how well this tall blue-eyed blonde's idea works in her latest M-G-M picture, "The Unfinished Dance." . . . Another tip on poise which she gave us, and we believe you'll find it worthwhile trying, is to think well of yourself, so others will, too. Karin claims if this attitude isn't done to the point of conceit, it has a definite psychological, beautifying effect.

STAR ATTRACTIONS

If your eyes are your best feature, she suggests giving them star billing by subtle use of eye make-up. And if you have lovely teeth, experiment until you find the most flattering lipstick shade. . . . The new cream lipsticks, incidentally, are claimed to have greater indelibility, and of course there's the liquid type, which requires a special remover. . . . Karin believes in her good luck, but "insures" it by folding new dollar bills once before spending them. Born June Frances Hoffman in Minneapolis, Minnesota, there must be a bit of Scotch in Karin Booth!



Karin again—upswept

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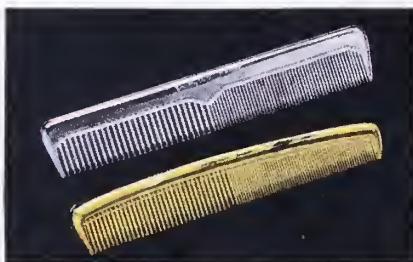
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J E W E L I T E B Y P R O - P H Y - L A C - T I C

The Littlest Ladd

(Continued from page 53) mean no more to me than my little girl.

"The only difference is that now when I come home from the studio, the first thing I do is stop and play with Alana for awhile. She isn't actually jealous but she is sensitive, and I don't think any child should ever be hurt. Currently I get loved all over the place by her when I come home, but she's gradually taking an interest in the baby, and I know things will work out so that she'll become proud of him. At the same time she will be proud of herself because she is bigger and older than he is. The other day she looked down at him and said, 'Daddy, he can't ride a horse yet, can he?'"

YOUNG DAVID isn't doing anything yet—except all those wonderful things that all miracle babies do at approximately six months. And David is definitely a miracle baby, let his fond parents tell it. Alan and Sue go through the usual parental routine of insisting he looks like the other one of them, but to this reporter he looks more like Alan, just as Alana does, though his face is rounder than his sister's. However, his eyes are exactly as blue and his hair as blond. He is a "long" baby meaning he will be tall, and natch, according to his doting parents, he "never cries."

He was named for sentimental reasons. "The first job that Sue ever got me—the first real break I ever had in pictures—was in 'Rulers of the Sea,'" Alan explains. "Life was absolutely tops to me then. I was falling in love. I was getting my chance—and I was sent to Catalina on location, which meant I was going to eat regularly for a change.

"I was assigned to bunk in with a guy named David Kline. He was old enough to be my father, and that's how he treated me. A week hadn't passed before I got to love the guy. I thought he didn't have a dollar. He knew that I didn't.

"Actually he was one of the best-off guys in town. He'd had an amazing career, running shows, carnivals and stock companies. His wife was Gaby Fay, who had been the first Tondeleyo of 'White Cargo,' which was one of those first 'wild women' parts, but they had come to settle down in Hollywood and his wife changed her name and became, of all things, the serene *Ma Hardy* of the screen, Fay Holden.

"Dave and Fay had exactly the kind of marriage to which I aspired for Sue and me. Our friendship grew. I got my Paramount contract. I got my Susie. As the years went by, we grew closer and closer together. Dave understood my problems and his advice was always the soundest I could get on any subject. He was one of the best, and when he died a couple of years ago I knew I had lost something from my life that can never be replaced.

"Often when we talked, I told him that if Susie and I ever had a son, he'd be called David. He was a quiet fellow. He didn't say a lot, but I always knew, by the way he beamed at that idea, that he went for it in a big way. If his namesake grows up to be half the man he was, that will be very much okay."

Small as he is, you may be sure that David Kline's namesake has already changed everything. To be truthful about it, his parents don't exactly know what to do about him. The Hollywood house is too small with him added to it. The ranch house, which Susie converted into a dwell-

ing despite its having been born to be a garage, is barely big enough for three Ladds, let alone four. And even as you and I, they have discovered that everything costs too much.

However, four of the ranch horses worked in "Whispering Smith," along with Alan, himself. Susie says, "Imagine those poor innocent horses working," but Alan grins and says, "They ate regularly. Why shouldn't they work?" If you really want to know those horses earned twenty dollars a day for a matter of three months on "Whispering Smith," which should buy them quite a few oats, wild or otherwise.

Alan says, "I'm fighting for security, which in my case means fighting for the kind of productions that will keep me at the top. Now with David, I want to do so many things for him and Lannie. The bond between me and Susie has never been closer. David adds to this.

"It's a growing thing, the difference between romance and a real marriage. Susie and I have had both, that wonderful excitement between us, and now this thing of a home and our two children. It is a bond that steadily grows deeper and deeper. It isn't easy to talk about. In a way you don't need to talk about it at all—but one thing you do need to do is to plan for it—to plan to protect it.

"My luck has held so far. Every one of my pictures has done better business than I dared hope—especially 'Two Years Before the Mast' and now 'Calcutta.' I'd like to get a purely romantic picture for a change, but those seem mighty hard to find. So far as actual working conditions are concerned, I never enjoyed making any picture as much as 'The Big Haircut' with Dottie Lamour. There is a girl in a million and after two days on a picture, you know why Crosby and Hope have fought to keep her with them."

Sue is still shopping for a bigger house for the family. David is still at the stage where he only requires the space of a bassinnet. Kathleen can care for both him and Alana, but add another six months and that blissful state will be impossible.

Alan's dream, meanwhile, remains as it was before David came. He wants to build up the ranch so that eventually it will be a resort spot, which he will run, and support the whole family thereby.

With this thought in mind, he has recently enlarged the swimming pool, and put in a great refrigerator and irrigation system. Sue grins at this long range planning and says, "Is this thrift really necessary? Don't forget we are going to make millions from Alsulad."

Alsulad and Marijuana are their two racers who are now busily engaged in eating the finest oats over at Santa Anita. Marijuana nearly got them in trouble during the telephone strike, when they had to wire the man who was going to breed her, "Marijuana ready to be picked up at ranch." Western Union asked lots of questions about that one.

But underneath all the kidding, Susie is just as serious about the future as Alan is. It seems impossible that it can hold anything but the loveliest things for them—but regardless, they know they will be together in it—so how could it be anything but perfect?

Alan sums it up when you ask where he's registered David for future education. "What college could possibly teach any boy more than dear old Paramount?" he asks.

The End

Turn to Page 93 for the New Clothes Modeled by the Stars

HATTIE had Hair-Do Fatigue



Smooth at six—
dressed for her date,
with a honey of a
smooth, sleek hair-
do. But, does the hair
stay that way? Alas,
no...



Tangled at ten. 
Hattie's hair just
seemed to tumble,
and so did her rating
with the lads (How
they notice hair!)...

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Now Hattie knows what to do—she bought a bottle of Nestle Hairlac and conquered all those wayward wisps. Why don't you get a bottle today?
At drug and dept. stores, 50c



Keeps all styles of Hair-Dos Well Groomed



A TRULY FRESH LIPSTICK

SIX SMART SHADES in gold-hued metal jewelry-style cases.

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A new lipstick that is **DATED**—to assure you it is truly **FRESH**, with oils and color unimpaired. Goes on, stays on, better. The date is on each box.

Forever Amber
Lipstick - Perfume - Cologne

Kathryn, Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) This girl probably feels she's unloved. That you do care deeply about her welfare is shown by your letter. Tell her, then. Find things about her to compliment. Instead of accusing her of negligence, why not tell her how pretty her hair is, and add that it always shines after it has been washed.

Give her the emotional security of feeling that you have confidence in her. It may take time and enormous patience, but she will respond.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Almost three years ago I had polio and was confined to bed a year. I was so happy when I was able to come home in the spring. I had recovered quite a bit and was walking and riding well when I had a horrible accident: A horse fell on me and crushed my crippled leg.

I was taken south to visit relatives so I had a wonderful time. I had dates—the boys pushed my wheel chair to the swimming pool and once I was in the water I could outswim most of them.

I was overjoyed when I came home and the doctor told me I was able to learn to walk again. A month afterward I started back to school on crutches.

You can imagine how I felt when I began to realize that I didn't fit in with the kids I had known. I have no close girl friends, and I don't rate any dates.

Finally I mentioned my plight to my singing teacher and she said, "You have such a beautiful voice that you should be thankful for it and not let anything make you unhappy. You will go far in this world—farther than anyone else I know."

I should be grateful, but I can't help being lonely. Tell me how to win the right kind of friends to ease my loneliness.

Estella C.

I think your singing teacher's philosophy is excellent: If you have a talent, as apparently you have, devote your entire strength toward preparing yourself for a career. Have the spunk and resourcefulness to bring fun into your own life, to study your music and to bring unexpected happiness to others.

If there is a government hospital near you, you should make arrangements to sing there each weekend; if a children's hospital, encourage youngsters who are suffering, by your return to health.

The sure way to contentment is to concern oneself with the needs of others.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In the February issue there was a letter from a girl signed "Jane U." who was six feet tall, and who complained of having no boy friends. I am nineteen, six feet tall, and weigh one hundred sixty-five pounds. I find that girls over 5' 7" are best for me to dance with and have the best personalities. I understand that you aren't running a lonely hearts club but I would appreciate it very much if you would ask this girl to write to me.

PFC C. G. Johnson, Jr.
B Company, Marine Barracks
Saipan, M. I. c/o FPO,
San Francisco, California,

Since "Jane U." failed to supply an address, I am publishing your letter. I hope she will see it and write to you. I also received a very nice letter from PFC Henri Despies, 833 O.B.D. Co Ordinance School, APG, Aberdeen, Maryland, who was eager to get in touch with "Jane U." PFC Despies is 6' 2", and is nineteen.

I hope all of you become pen pals.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I recently turned twenty-one. At all times I have striven to be a gentleman, but have found it doesn't pay. The older generation teaches us to have good manners, and be civilized human beings.

Well, it seems the better manners a person has, the more quickly other guys take advantage of him. The girls just think he is a sad sack.

I was taught to respect womanhood, but I've noticed that the guys who howl and maul get the girls.

Jim L.

Your letter reminds me of an interesting anecdote told about the prize-fighter, Gentleman Jim Corbett. As he was walking through a hotel lobby one evening, a bumptious, fuming bantam collided with him. Instead of apologizing, the man in error yelled at the pugilist, blaming him for the accident. Mr. Corbett just bowed and begged pardon. A friend with Corbett said, "Why didn't you tell the little fool off?"

"I can afford to be polite," said Corbett. "I have the punch to back it up."

You might remember that hereafter.

As for the "guys who howl and maul" getting the girls, it depends upon what kind of girls you have in mind. Every delivery of mail that I receive contains letters from girls eager to be popular without having to submit to mauling.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Could you please give me a list of linens that a girl, planning to marry in the fall, should have for her new home?

I've looked high and low in books for sensible advice. Most writers of etiquette books give a list that sounds like a banquet at Buckingham Palace and simply scares me to death.

Forsythia M.

I believe in starting married life with minimum essentials. Styles in table linens change almost as frequently as styles in clothing. A few years ago no one owned such a boon as a set of plastic place mats.

Since you are moving into a home, rather than into an apartment, I presume that you will have two bedrooms. In this case you should have six sets of sheets and pillow slips, so that at all times two sets will be in the laundry, two on the beds, and two on the closet shelf.

You will be able to figure out your own

towel requirements. In addition to family needs, you should have a dozen small guest towels.

As for table linen, I should think that six changes would be enough, including place mats of various types as well as linen cloths with napkins to match. There should be one festive cloth for large family affairs. You will also need about two dozen doilies.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

This is my first year in this town as we just moved here. Almost at once I made friends with a girl and she introduced me to her friends. At midterm I was voted most popular girl in the school.

This honor caused me plenty of trouble, because my girl friend who had introduced me around had won "Most Popular" for the past three years. She didn't say very much, but I knew that she was horribly disappointed.

The next thing I knew, a boy I had liked very much stopped asking me for dates. Then one of the girls gave a party and for the first time I wasn't included. A few days later, another party was given, and once again I wasn't invited.

Finally a committee from our gang made a date to see me, and explained that my "girl friend" had told everyone that my father was a drunkard, and that he came home from work every day and beat up my mother and me. She had said that I was very brave—imagine!—to put up with it, and that our life was terrible.

I said it wasn't true; but she had thought of that and had told the kids that I would deny it. Now what can I do?

Dalcye G.

Apparently you haven't discussed this problem with your mother. If you had I feel certain she would have hit instantly on the right solution, which is this:

Simply give a party in your own home—a big party. This needn't be expensive as you could serve hot dogs and soda. In addition to the usual gang make a point of inviting the trouble-making girl.

During the evening, your father should appear and make himself agreeable. Let your guests see for themselves that your father is a sober, pleasant man who loves his family.

Once you have made your point, I think you should see as little as possible of your erstwhile friend. She strikes me as being the sort of person who could be voted Least Likely To Succeed, if she is going to persist in fabricating evil stories every time she loses a contest.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and in high school. I go with a boy in my class and we have a wonderful time except for one thing.

I have a sister ten years old and she seems to think she should go every place I go. She is backed up by my mother who says I can take my choice: Either take my sister along on dates, and to school dances, or I can stay at home.

A ten-year-old sister is a dreadful drag on a girl's popularity. Luckily I'm sort of pretty or I'd never have a date.

PLEASE, help me.

Adela S.

The relation between two sisters is usually determined by the wisdom of their mother. To have a sister can be a blessed gift or the source of lifetime bitterness. Your mother should realize that. In the first place, a child of ten should be in bed by eight o'clock. In the second place, no child of ten should be allowed to attend

movies on school nights, and certainly there is no reason for her accompanying you to high school social functions. By insisting you accept your sister's presence at all times, your mother is building up resentment between the two of you.

I do hope that this letter, when shown to your mother, may prove effective.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ten months ago I married a widower. His wife had died of a heart attack while he was in the Marine Corps, leaving him with a baby son.

I should really be very happy. I have a husband who loves me dearly and whom I love with all my heart, a nice home, good health, my own car, and a cute little son.

But—I am jealous of my husband's son and vice versa. The boy was two years old when his mother died. He is so spoiled now, that he won't even sleep alone. He insisted on sleeping with us ever since we have been married.

I get up at five each morning to prepare Frank's breakfast, so the baby gets up too. He can hardly hold his eyes open, but he follows his daddy everywhere and is cross the rest of the day.

Twice we have hired "sitters" to stay with the boy so we could have an evening out. He cried and carried on so we had to dismiss the sitter and stay home.

I have tried to be good (I have a step-mother whom I love), but it's hopeless. If he sees a toy in a store he wants, but can't have, he cries, hits and kicks me and even throws things at me afterward.

I have said nothing to my husband about the boy's behavior for fear it would cause trouble in our marriage. Could you please give me some help?

(Mrs.) J. B. M.

It is natural for your husband to be devoted to his son, but he should be wise enough to see that his attitude towards the boy will eventually make both of you complete slaves of a spoiled child.

First of all, the child should be sold the idea of sleeping in a room alone. Any physician will assure you that the worst possible thing in the world for both parents and child is the arrangement you have described. The way to sell him the idea is to take him with you to the home of friends whose children have their own rooms. Then you can say, "Isn't Bobby lucky to have his own bed in his own room." Give the impression that there is something superior and desirable in having his private quarters. He'll catch on and demand his own bedroom.

You might try the same motivation in regard to the sitter. Tell him about other children who stay at home with nurse-maids while their parents are away. If he doesn't take kindly to suggestion, simply leave him with a sitter and walk out. The boy must learn cooperation now, or he will certainly become a problem child.

Buy some good books on child psychology and read them with your husband. Show him that you are interested in the welfare of your son, and in building a satisfactory life for yourselves.

Claudette Colbert

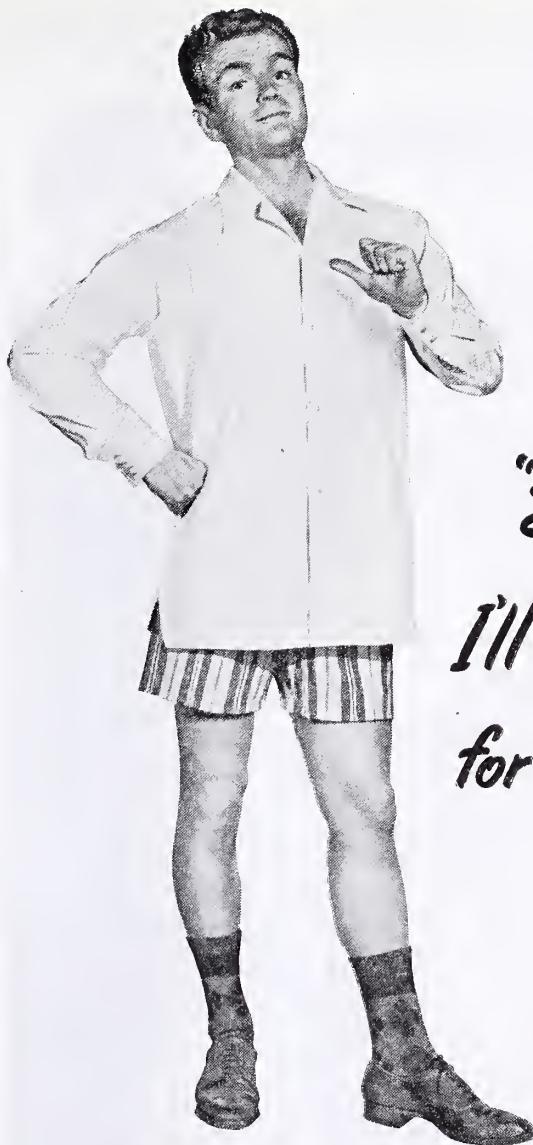
Dear Miss Colbert:

I saw "The Secret Heart" twice and fell in love with the theme song. Could you please tell me what the name of the melody is and whether it has been recorded?

Bonny B.

The melody is "La Plus Que Lent" by Debussy, and it has been recorded by a number of different pianists.

Claudette Colbert



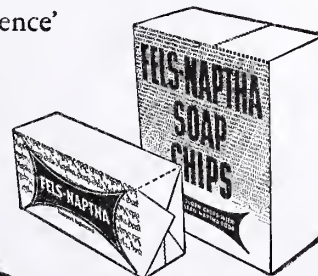
**"SURE
I'll be a Model...
for Fels-Naptha"**

"I'm nobody's pin-up boy—but any time I can do the Fels-Naptha folks a favor—count me in. The missus says I'm a fast man with a shirt and if it wasn't for Fels-Naptha Soap, her permanent address would be R. D. 1, Laundry Tub Row.

"Well... she keeps me stocked with clean shirts (white, that is) and she's ready to step whenever I am. So if I'm the type you're looking for... shoot! It's on the house."

/ / /

Welcome, Brother! You are now entitled to membership in the Fels-Naptha Boosters Club. 'Experience' meetings held every week on wash day. Be sure to bring the 'missus'. We want to hear her own report on Why Fels-Naptha is the Best Laundry Soap on the Market.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

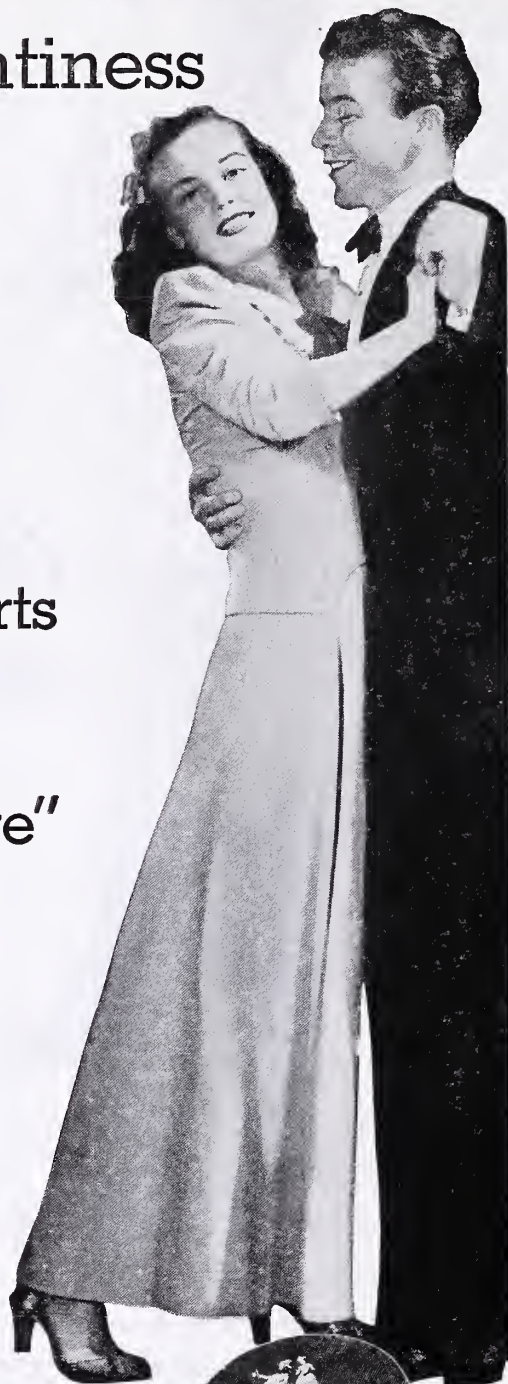
How Arthur Murray Girls guard daintiness while dancing!

Lovely experts
rely on this
"safe-and-sure"
deodorant!

SCHOOLED IN GRACE and graciousness . . . Arthur Murray's charming young instructresses take care to keep themselves *completely dainty* through strenuous hours of dancing.

FOR SAFE-AND-SURE PROTECTION they rely on Etiquet above all other deodorants. Etiquet works *effectively, efficiently* to keep them free from underarm odor, check perspiration. And they know from experience—Etiquet can be *depended upon* through hours of active exercise.

SO FLUFFY! SO LIGHT! Etiquet goes on easily—is soothing to the skin. And Etiquet stays moist in jar—is harmless to delicate fabrics. Now you can guard your daintiness as carefully as an Arthur Murray girl—protect your personal charm with Etiquet. Get Etiquet at any cosmetic counter—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure
deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Hollywood Tour

(Continued from page 47) equally industrious individuals whose daily labor makes possible the flickers on your home-town screen.

Our first impression is one of beauty . . . wide streets lined with nodding palms, luxurious shrubbery and landscaping. Then, of spaciousness . . . 140 acres subdivided by twelve miles of streets. It's a real city in a make-believe setting, with its own police and fire departments, school, library, restaurants, theaters, and communication system . . . twenty-two sound stages resembling airplane hangars, and scores of squat buildings housing shops, laboratories, dressing rooms, offices, a giant electrical plant, etc.

Through streets of lavish exterior sets representing small communities in England, France, Italy and early New England, even the sky-scrapers of New York . . . make-up men, prop men, and an occasional star thread through the busy automobile traffic on bicycles, bright red motor scooters, or motor bikes . . . the simplest and easiest transportation in this far-flung community. They are the citizens of this celluloid city—3,200 to 4,000 of them.

So much to see, so little time to take it all in. The Green Room, where the stars eat, which in typical Hollywood fashion is not green at all, but a sort of gray-blue, with colorful chintz drapes and vivid flowers . . . the luxurious dressing rooms, living room, kitchen and bath, compact and liveable apartments . . . what's all this about a housing shortage? Stage 21, the largest sound stage in the world, which can be flooded with water four-feet deep, to provide a realistic background for ocean epics . . . the Portrait Gallery, where the stars are immortalized . . . the airplanes and the ocean-going ships . . . the fan-mail department where eight men and women, working eight hours a day, clear 60,000 letters a month.

Hurry, hurry, hurry . . . the sun is dropping behind the Hollywood Hills, and we still haven't seen it all.

And next we have a full day with the Agars—Shirley Temple and her John—beginning with breakfast beside the Beverly Wilshire pool and ending—well, wait till you see!

THE END



Just for Laughs
tune in
**"CAN YOU
TOP THIS?"**

Starring

★ SENATOR FORD

★ HARRY
HERSHFIELD

★ JOE LAURIE JR.

Hear what America's three top wits think about America's most mirthful subjects in this laugh-loaded, completely unrehearsed program.

And read their best in the current August
True Story Magazine now on sale on the newsstands

EVERY SAT.—N.B.C.
Consult your local newspaper for time and station

Accidentally Yours

(Continued from page 41) "Write in a logical spot for a song and dance for Peter Lawford." And Peter was off to a new career as the new heartthrob of films.

Because when the girls who squeal young men into fame saw and heard Peter's number, "Tain't Right to Love You Like I Do," at the sneak preview of "It Happened in Brooklyn," they screamed, "Taint Right To Neglect You." For a few minutes they even forgot Frankie Boy and carried on fit to kill for Mr. Lawford. Now he's a star.

And all because Peter accidentally heard some music on Hollywood Boulevard. What would have happened to Peter and his career if instead of boogie woogie, the someone in that record shop had played the "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven?

But that's the way it's always been with Peter. Accidents of the moment have always changed the course of his career. He is accidentally yours!

It was accident that pushed him into British pictures when he was seven, an accident that brought him to California, an accident that kept him here.

And there is only one thing in Pete's life that will not happen accidentally. And that is his marriage. On that subject, his ideas are almost too definite.

"In the first place," says Pete, "I won't marry till I'm thirty." And that's surprising because he has been linked romantically with most Hollywood glamor gals.

Time was when Lana Turner and Pete were the handsomest twosome in Hollywood. "Lana's a girl to have a million laughs with," admits Mr. Lawford. "But—" The "but" means that they did not ever consider the less funny business of marriage. Before Lana there was Judy Garland. And now if it isn't Marilyn Maxwell, it's Audrey Totter, or Marie Winsor.

"I've never been in love," says Pete. He has a definite dream about the type of girl he will fall in love with and marry.

I WANT someone soignée, smart, chic. This you don't find in a girl less than twenty-eight years old, and by that time they're usually married—to someone else. The most attractive girls in this town are married," sums up the choosey star.

Here are some "musts" for Pete's wife.

"One, she must be a lady. I don't care if she's in pictures or not. Two, she must have a sense of humor, that's imperative. Three, not a social climber. Looks will help, but she doesn't have to be a raging beauty. She must have poise. She must know how to dress—if she doesn't know this when we marry, she'll never know it. She must never be loud or raucous. Or over-ambitious. Hollywood is full of over-ambitious girls—they're around every corner. And phony girls. The woods here are full of phonies."

The girl will probably be a New Yorker because—"I think New York has the most attractive girls in the world." Pete should know because he's been around the world several times.

In 1934 he stopped off in California for the first time, with his parents. They fell in love with the Golden State. And remembered it later.

Pete's father was a Lieutenant General in the first World War. Peter, who will be twenty-four, September 7th, was born in England. In the normal course of events, he would have entered Sandhurst and the Army.

Turn to Page 93 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color



At last—a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test* . . . a totally new kind of bobby pin! You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.



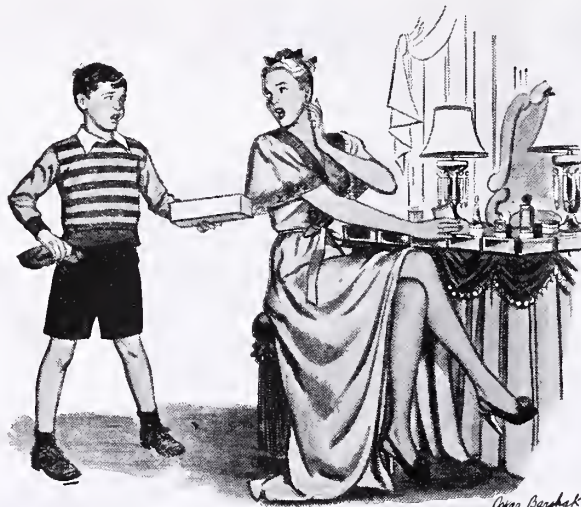
Gayla
HOLD-BOB
SUPERGRIP



*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946

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GAYLORD PRODUCTS,
INCORPORATED
CHICAGO 16, ILL.

"But I didn't say tissues... I said KLEENEX!"



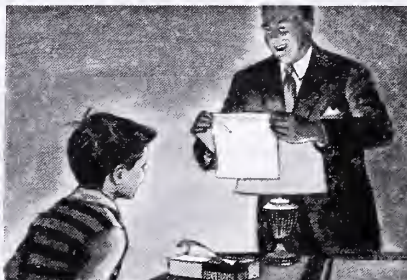
It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex Tissue*. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



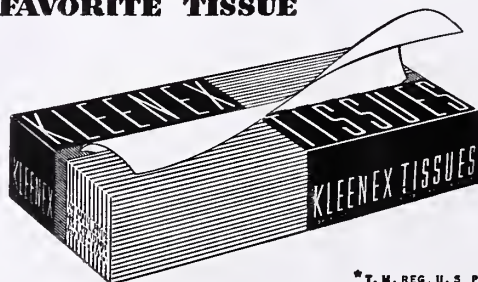
I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!



I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-yne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty soft. And husky! Your eyes tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know... There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"My mother was in politics with Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Thomas Paulson," says Pete, "and Sir Thomas had interests at Elstree. For a treat—I was seven at the time—I was taken to a studio to see how pictures are made." Monty Banks, at that moment was looking for a little boy to play an important part in "Poor Old Bill." "You're it," Banks shrieked jubilantly when he saw Pete. There was parental opposition. But Pete begged, "Just this once!" And that was the first of six pictures that young Lawford made in England. "I was in France with my father in 1937," he continues. "And I was playing with some kids when I tripped and fell through a window, and almost lost my arm." Pete still carries the scar on his left hand. It was this injury that kept him out of the service during the war.

It took a long time for the boy to recover from the shock and loss of blood, and his doctors said the best thing would be for him to spend the winter in a warm climate. "Like California," said Pete with finality. And that's where they came, always of course with the idea of returning to Europe. And it wasn't long before Peter had "accidentally" landed a part in "Lord Jeff."

But then Hitler marched into Poland! The Lawfords, who had booked passage on the Rex, cancelled and went to Florida.

THERE'S another side of Peter Lawford beside the fun and exuberance you see. He is a very good son. With their funds from England cut off, it was up to Pete, he felt, to support the two people who had lavished everything they had on him. The way was long and hard before he finally landed the part of Irene Dunne's son in "The White Cliffs of Dover," followed by "Two Sisters from Boston" and "Cluny Brown." He was on the way to realizing his great ambition—a house of their own for the two people he loves best—his parents.

And it's quite a house—small, but very fancy. Pete bought it last October. There are two bedrooms, a den, a living room or 'drawing room' as Pete calls it, on one acre of land in Brentwood.

Pete designed the color scheme himself—gray and maroon striped wallpaper in his bedroom with a gray leather headboard on his bed. The way he bought the bed was also an accident.

Pete saw and ordered the magnificent bed in a Chicago shop during a wait between trains. "First they sent me the headboard. Then three months later I received the box springs and mattress, but no legs! It took me six months to put the bed together." Now that it is all set up, the oversized double is a beautiful sight for tired eyes.

Most of the lamps in the house came from New York. In the living room the lamps are maroon and gray, and the long-haired rug is gray. It's all very modern, in keeping with the son of the house.

Maybe that's why the bobby-soxers are hep to him. He's modern and new, and their own generation. They understand him, and he has a pretty clear idea of what makes them tick.

Pete has changed—even in the comparatively short time that he has been a movie star. "At one time," he says, "my chief ambition was to own a Dunhill gold cigarette lighter." He shows me the gold badge of success in Hollywood and radio—you'll know what I mean if you've read "The Hucksters"—every self-respecting executive and star of radio and screen must have a gold lighter! "Now I don't want to be a millionaire, I just want enough money so I don't have to cut corners."

This should be a cinch for Pete because he is sure to get a new contract at Metro

after the release of "Good News," his recent co-starring stint with June Allyson. And to give you an idea of his new importance, for three months they held Esther Williams's picture, "On an Island with You," until Pete was available.

But a bigger change in Pete is his way of living. He used to live in night clubs. "Now," he tells me, "I'd rather go to people's houses. Every Saturday I go to the Gene Kellys'. And one of my great friends is Frank Sinatra. I may not see him often, but I know that if I needed help, Frank would be the first I'd turn to."

Pete used to go around a lot with Van Johnson, before he married Evie Wynn. Now he doesn't see too much of Van—no one does except Evie. Keenan Wynn is Pete's closest friend. He helped Pete with his early pictures at Metro—and still does.

Pete's wardrobe deserves a chapter to itself. He has to have a lot of clothes for his pictures in which he is usually cast as a well-dressed man-about-town. It's a miracle how he gets them all into his small home. "I love clothes," says Pete. He thinks Cary Grant is the best-dressed actor in

**IS THERE SOMETHING
YOU'VE WANTED
ALL YOUR LIFE?**

Dreams come true on radio's new and delightfully different daytime program, "HEART'S DESIRE."

All the drama, humor and love that go into real people's hopes make a heart-warming listening experience, every day, Monday through Friday.

**LISTEN TO
"HEART'S DESIRE"
ON ALL MUTUAL STATIONS**

*Consult your newspaper
for exact time and station*

*Don't miss the special "Heart's Desire"
feature in the August
TRUE STORY Magazine*

Hollywood. In fact, he's Pete's idol. "He has everything—charm, he knows how to wear clothes and he's a great actor."

In spite of his wardrobe, and swanky new red car, Pete is careful with his money. A saleswoman once tried to get Pete to buy some hand-knitted socks. "How much are they?" he asked, examining them carefully. "Five dollars a pair," she told him. "I get mine for eighty-nine cents," said Pete triumphantly. There was no sale.

Pete has two failings. He hates to get up in the morning, and he's always late for appointments. "But it's never my fault when I'm late," apologizes Peter. "It's always an accident."

Sure, it's always an accident, but just as long as these accidents keep Pete in Hollywood, that's all right.

THE END



**with this talcum powder,
so fragrant and cooling**

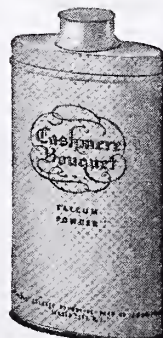
KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool. Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere

Bouquet Talc. Its silken sheath of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talc lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Pamper your person
with Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder.
Smartly packaged
with a big
velour puff.



**Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc**

with the fragrance men love

This Side of Heaven

(Continued from page 48) jump-rope dance. Oh, she thought wearily, there had been too many contests, even though she had won them all—too many medals and gold cups, and not enough fun playing with other kids of her own age.

She looked again at the dark little girl beside her. Suddenly, her spirits rose. In that instant she knew that this contest would end exactly as the others had ended because this was the greatest prize she had ever striven for—a screen test and the opportunity to go to Hollywood, the heaven which made all other promised heavens seem drab by comparison. Hollywood, for June, was more than a land of make-believe; it was reality itself, the epitome of desire. Even now among those who had crowded into the theater to witness this final contest, she could see the two men who had inspired this occasion. One was a Mr. Hal Roach and the other was Russell Stewart, a cameraman for M-G-M.

The appealing child in the pink organdie dress had finished her routine, and turned again to her chair amid a mild flutter of applause. "She has lost," June thought, "and she knows she has lost." She was conscious of a poignant sense of pity for the girl and, watching her closely, she could see the tears shimmering in her brown eyes. "Now she'll have to go home," June was whispering to herself, "and all the kids will say: 'Yah, yah, yah! You thought you were so smart and you didn't win.'"

But when you are very young the mind does not retain the feeling of tragedy and abruptly June's thoughts were jerked back to the vital moments which lay just ahead. The dark girl was rising from her chair. There was assurance in her young stride, an awareness of the people who had come

to see her in the smile on her lips as she met the applause that greeted her. Here, June felt intuitively, was no child injured to defeat. This girl was a thoroughbred and she knew it.

June's mind flashed back to something the girl had said in the theater lobby. "What do you want more than anything else?" a newsman had asked.

"I want to win so that I can come back someday to this same theater and tell all these nice people how much I love them," the girl replied.

June had carried the words onto the stage with her and now they were beating again through her mind. "She's sure she's going to win," June thought. "She thinks she's prettier than me, prettier than Shirley Temple, prettier than anybody. Well, she just isn't!" But even as these brave words were printing themselves indelibly on her mind June realized that the little dark girl was meeting her test like a trouper. Her sense of timing was professional, her young voice was a bar of music.

FOR the first time in the eight crowded years of her life June knew fear, a dark numbing thing which crawled up from somewhere inside her. Her hands were trembling and her mouth grew dry and cottony. She tried to swallow and couldn't.

And then June remembered something her mother had said that same morning: "Darling, do your best to win, but if you don't, just remember that some of the finest actresses in the world are great because they had the courage to overcome failure." June repeated these words to herself—and in that moment grew calm. She scarcely heard the master of ceremonies announcing to the audience that June

Stovenour would now present her interpretations of Mae West, Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Helen Hayes.

The spotlight found her as she crossed the stage and the opening lines of her script, the lines which her mother had herself written for her, began to shape themselves in her mind.

Down in the orchestra seats Hal Roach had gazed at each of the contestants with jaded eyes. He had seen too many stage-struck juveniles. The world seemed to be populated entirely by precocious youngsters and gushing mothers. His mind had grown numb during this quest, sponsored by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for a child star who could divert at least a ray of the lambent light that was currently beating about the tiny form of moppet Shirley Temple. So Mr. Roach and Mr. Stewart had been sent forth on a motor tour of the country beating the hedgerows for some child who might share just a little of the glory being heaped upon the curly head of the fabulous Shirley.

Now Mr. Roach was nearing the end of his journey. Thus far the results had not been encouraging. That little brunette might just possibly do. Certainly she had been miles in front of the others. Just one more remained. After that he would go back and talk to the child's mother. He sighed. There must be some way of making a living which did not include talking to ambitious mothers. He dozed.

Suddenly he felt a hand shaking his arm. "Get a load of this new kid," Stewart hissed. "She's a ball of fire. Boy, maybe this is it. Wake up, man, and watch this little blond kid do Hepburn. She's layin' 'em in the aisles."

Hal Roach straightened in his seat,

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



TOM
HENDERSON

"The three of us alone at last!"

blinked his eyes and a yawn died on his lips. Something was happening up there on the stage, something that he had not seen since Mary Miles Minter and the Gish sisters. And even they had not been so dewy-young, so unbelievably immature, as this little yellow-haired girl. What she was doing to Mae West would have startled that artist into a critical survey of her repertoire of tricks. It was astonishing, even alarming, to watch a slip of a girl exhibit such subtlety, capture all the fine nuances of another's mannerisms.

When June had finished and flashed her dimpling smile at a gaping audience, deafening applause shook the old Albee Theater. There never was any doubt as to the decision of the judges. The people themselves had made that for them. June's eyes searched for the two faces she most wanted to see at that moment—those of her mother and Jane Craig, her elocution teacher. She found them both, Mrs. Stovenour was smiling quietly, Jane Craig frankly crying.

AFTER the curtain had dropped June turned to thank the friends who had crowded onto the stage. She found herself looking into the tired eyes, now curiously lighted, of Hal Roach.

He gazed at her speculatively, almost a little sadly. Then he said: "Kid, you've won the right to a screen test. But you've won more than that. I'm offering you a Hollywood contract. Do you want it?"

Did she want it! June couldn't breathe because of the choking suffocation in her throat. She could only gasp: "Oh, Yes!"

Roach stood quite still, gazing down upon her. At last he murmured: "Yes, I guess you do. And somehow I wish you didn't."

That night a conference was held in the Stovenour home. June was perched on the edge of her chair, listening to the grave words which passed between her mother and father, aware that something more important than her young mind could grasp was taking place.

At last Mrs. Stovenour said gently: "June, if we accept this offer it will mean that Daddy will have to give up his business. Your sisters will be forced to leave school and all their friends. It would mean that you could never be a normal little girl again, and your Daddy and I want that for you more than anything else in the world. So we have decided that we'll just pretend that none of this has happened. Maybe sometime the chance will come again."

It took a long time for June to realize that though she had had one foot in heaven she could go no further; that the dream for which she had striven so feverishly was to remain after all, only a dream. Tears sprang in her eyes as she turned wordlessly from the room and went out into the yard where a group of worshipful friends were waiting. Then a tall youth whom June had always considered the most distinguished boy she had ever known took her hand and said almost roughly: "I'll buy you a soda."

Her friends crowded about her in a tight circle. These, she suddenly understood, were gallant knights and ladies come to pay homage. This was no pavement which she was treading. It was a carpet, royally purple, which had been magically spread before her. The tall boy was clad in shining armor and presently he would kneel and lay his jeweled sword at her feet. She looked up at him shyly and smiled. "Thank you," she murmured, "I think a soda would be lovely."

THE END

The Stars Model
Photoplay Fashions on Page 93

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

is no help to a happy marriage!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—
restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Do everyday tasks exhaust your energy and leave you fatigued and irritable? Do you look older than your years? Is your color poor? These signs often come from a blood condition. You may have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

The red cells in your blood may be below-par in color and size—they may be too weak to transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

And if this common blood condition is robbing you of your usual color and energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells. Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult

your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

*Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency

BORDERLINE ANEMIA why it can make you TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

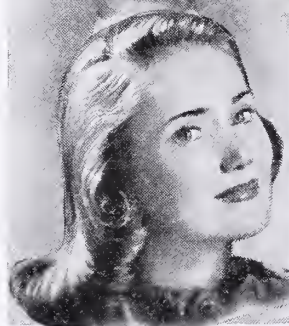
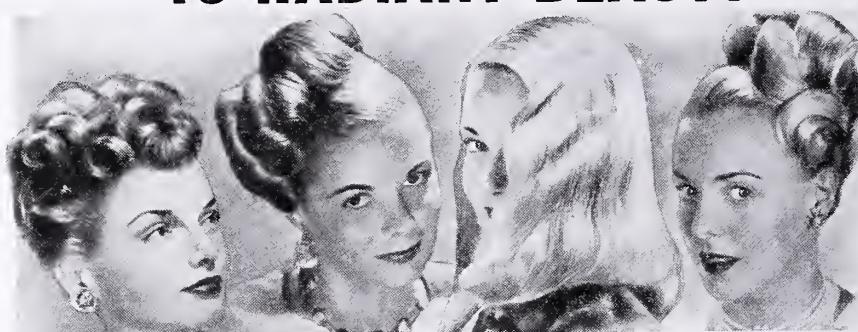


Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.



Improved, Concentrated Formula
Ironized Yeast
TABLETS

How Powers Models 'GLAMOUR-BATHE' THEIR HAIR TO RADIANT BEAUTY



These 'Queens of Beauty'—famous for their shining bright hair—were among the very first to discover the amazing beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo and these *million dollar* Powers Models claim *no other* shampoo leaves their hair more radiant with natural brilliant highlights.

Kreml Shampoo actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair to reveal ALL its natural gloss and sheen and it keeps it shining bright for days. Kreml Shampoo also has a 'built in' oil base, which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It removes dandruff flakes the very first time you use it!

Buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo and see how easy it is to 'glamour-bathe' your hair to tantalizing beauty. (Takes only 10 minutes—right at home.) All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

KREML SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



How Beautiful Is Your Mind?

(Continued from page 63) attribute a girl can have," Joan tells me, "is not beauty of face and figure, but the beauty that comes from within. And I can prove it. If you look at nearly all the famous women in history—past or present—you can prove it too. For the flat truth is that most 'famous beauties' of history weren't beautiful at all. They've gone down in the minds of generations as lovely women because they gave the *illusion* of loveliness by their charm, poise, intelligence and personality. And because they were truly interested in other people, and in the affairs of the world. Take a look at their pictures—and then think of what they achieved."

Joan started me thinking, all right—and I came up with some currently famous women who give the impression of beauty because of their mental outlook. See if you agree with me. I think that Mrs. Wendell Willkie is a fine example; so are Gertrude Lawrence and Helen Hayes; and so are many moving picture actresses who are not actually beautiful—although we firmly believe them to be. By the power of their personalities they create the aura of beauty.

All right. Now let's get down to exact Leslie figures on how to acquire this kind of beauty—the only lasting kind.

"FIRST on my list is to supplement the elementary education most of us get in high school, by taking college courses," says Joan. "I want to broaden my knowledge of people and customs—with airplane and radio the world has become so small that understanding of other countries is absolutely essential. And I want to know how to take my place as an intelligent member of society."

Joan is taking several courses at a university near her home. She also keeps her mind brushed up by an easy home schedule—she reads at least one newspaper thoroughly every day, one news magazine every week, one home and one fashion magazine every month. She attends at least one lecture, concert, or play every month. This makes Joan able to take her part in any conversation.

"Second on my list is a healthy body, which will automatically reflect a happy frame of mind," Joan went on. "For the body should not be forgotten—it should be the background of the mind. I keep my body in tune by getting exercise outdoors, where the rest of me is also in tune. There is something about such essentials as earth, sky, and sun, that makes me realize how really unimportant we are as individuals in the huge scope of things."

Joan spends hours in her garden, working with trowel and soil. She also takes long rides on her horse—meanwhile learning a great deal about the California countryside she rides through. She has learned to identify all the trees and bushes, all the birds that fly across her path, and all the little animals around her. Often, too, she goes off on long walks with her dog Sandy—which brings her to another point.

"I think that caring for some small animal, feeding it and training it, gives you a sense of responsibility that is of great use in the world—where you have to take your responsible place with other people."

Another way that Joan has learned responsibility and developed a sense of values is to take on the task of bookkeeping for her household and for her own needs. Still another is cooking on the cook's night out—regardless of distracting offers of dates.

Now to the fourth requisite:

"Laughter, a real sense of the ridiculous,

Stay Sweet with

LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF PEPPERMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Miss Sally Hughes, popular young model says: "For purity refreshment at its best I'll take LEAF Chewing gum everytime!"

is a wonderful quality for happy living . . . a sense of humor, if you want to call it that," said Joan. (A man once told me, "No woman is truly attractive without the light touch.") But Joan doesn't mean the kind of laughter that hurts someone else. She doesn't mean cruel practical jokes.

"I'll give you an example of a cruel joke," Joan went on, "I once knew a man who wrote poetry and was very proud of his poems. They may not have been very good, but he thought so and he liked to read them aloud to his friends. A big group of his friends thought up a practical joke to play on him—they all gathered and asked him to read aloud a collection of his works. He did so, and as he did, one by one the members of his audience slipped away silently until as he finished, only two were left. They thought it was a very funny 'rib' and they laughed themselves sick over his humiliation. But I wanted to cry when I heard it.

"But there are affectionate, practical jokes that are pure fun and hurt nobody. I'll give you an example of that too. Fred Astaire and Hermes Pan pulled this one on Ginger Rogers years ago, when Fred and Ginger were starring together in their famous dancing pictures. One day, Fred and Hermes asked Ginger to come to a projection room and see the rushes on the picture they were making. So off the three of them went to see the film—all carefully doctored ahead of time. Every time Ginger swayed with the music, there was a sharp ripping sound as if she'd torn her clothes. When she leaped into the air and came to the floor again, the sound effects resembled an explosion. When she bent her knees there was a terrible creaking sound as if her joints were ninety years old.

"Ginger watched for a few moments of stunned disbelief. Then she burst out laughing, and together with Fred and Hermes simply loved the whole gag. That's what I call an affectionate, kindly type of practical joke."

NOW let's stop a moment and sum up Joan's formula so far, before going on to the last—and most important—requisite. An informed mind, a healthy body, dependability, and a sense of laughter will take any woman a long way toward her goal. She will be *almost* beautiful to the beholder.

But here's the fourth and final essential that assures her beauty without any question. It's the real secret—and it's Joan's basis of operation.

"I try to have understanding love for everyone around me—for my family, friends, and eventually I hope I'll have it for the man I'll marry," says Joan.

We all know women who are generously loving in their attitude toward everyone they meet, and are therefore deeply loved in return—although they have little more to offer the world than love. What more is there, when you think of it? Everyone is lonely and a little uncertain. Everyone is attracted toward kindness and understanding.

"No matter how beautiful your face may be in youth," says Joan, "time goes on. And as it goes, it writes a story on your face—the story of your character. Beauty of spirit is written on the faces of such people as Lincoln and Florence Nightingale—the faces of people who loved mankind. Whatever your spiritual story is, never forget that it too will be written on your face as you grow older.

"How beautiful is your mind? I think it can be as beautiful as your capacity for love."

And that is Joan's creed. I believe it to be as true as life itself. Make your mind beautiful, and you will have beauty.

THE END

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Gaby Greaseless

Suntan Lotion helps the sun
make you lovelier.

Gaby gives you a rich, even tan—
without painful sunburn!

This dainty, greaseless lotion actually
filters out the sun's harmful rays
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No messy oil . . . no stickiness . . . no
skin-drying alcohol. Trust your tan to Gaby!



25c 50c \$1.00 plus tax

"I'd Marry Him All Over Again!"

(Continued from page 33) Day to the deposed baseball king has nothing to do with my story. This is an interview with Laraine Day, the woman, and is not a discussion of the moral aspect of the elopement. That has all been thrashed out in the newspapers.

I AM interested in Laraine Day as an actress and as a human being. For she is as sweet and fine a girl as has ever sought and achieved a career in Hollywood.

It is little short of ironic that just a year ago Laraine, who neither smokes nor drinks nor makes with wisecracks, was considered dull copy by Hollywood interviewers!

I said, "Laraine, if you had known what misery you would have to endure—would you still have married Leo, with whom you have had nothing but trouble?"

The import of my sudden question did not seem to reach her at first. She looked so young leaning back against the divan in my living room, the dirndl type dress she wore and the Mexican costume jewelry making her seem even more like a child.

It was as though my question had to seep through the depths of her feeling before she could answer. Then she opened her eyes wide and looked at me.

"Oh, there can't be any question about that!" she cried, her voice quivering with excitement and protest. "I love him. That's all the answer there is. My husband is the most wonderful man I have ever known. He has been as badly treated as I have just because he loves me." Her words were tumbling over each other now. "I know very well he would never have been asked to leave the Brooklyn ball team that was his very life if we hadn't had all this public discussion of our marriage and elopement!"

The sobs were so close to the surface that she had to bite at her under lip nervously to hold them back.

"No matter what the price I would not have missed the love I have found with this fine man, this wonderful man who is my husband, for anything in the world!"

"I wish everyone could know him as I do—his consideration and tenderness. If I hadn't realized his love every minute, I could not have stood all the humiliation of this trial."

"Why wasn't he at my side in the courtroom—as that lawyer kept pounding and pounding? Because my attorney, Judge Pacht, had told him he must not come into court with me. It wasn't Leo's case. It was a trial to ascertain whether or not my divorce from Ray Hendricks was to be

thrown out of court because of collusion.

"Right at this unhappy time, the story broke that Leo had caught a plane back to New York. How untrue that was! If anyone had taken the trouble to investigate, he would have discovered that my husband was here—here at my side. I felt like standing up in court and crying it out to the world. Lawyers can say what they want to in court, but you can only answer direct questions put to you."

"Believe me, every day of this trial has been an Inquisition to both of us. If I tried to restrain myself and keep my emotions in check, I was 'hard and unconcerned.' If I cried and gave way to my feelings, I was 'acting.' I couldn't have stood any of it if I hadn't known Leo was waiting for me."

"He was so completely understanding. Do you know that when we met after each ordeal he never once mentioned what I had gone through until I was ready to talk about it? I would just realize he was there and with me—and then I could pour it all out in torrents."

SHE seemed calmer when she added, "One thing—I don't see how anything more can possibly happen to us."

She nervously clasped and unclasped her hands. "No matter what anyone else thinks, I believe in my heart that I am married to Leo Durocher and that he is married to me. If our Mexican marriage isn't legal, think how many other marriages come under the same category. But I hate to even mention that. I couldn't bear to have anyone else go through the agony Leo and I have endured these past few months."

"The thing that is so bitter to me is that Leo has been accused of breaking up my home. You know how untrue that is. You know I wasn't happy with Ray Hendricks."

"You knew I was miserable even when I didn't tell you the true state of affairs. Remember how often you telephoned me to ask if it were true I was leaving Ray? Then I never talked. At that time, I thought there wasn't any more happiness for me, except what I could find with my adopted children. They really filled my life—I loved and wanted them so much."

"Even now I can stand all the blows that come to Leo and me—if only the children aren't involved. Yes—they have even tried to take my babies away from me."

Laraine went on to tell me how a certain radio commentator had written the home where she obtained the two little girls and the baby boy and said she was unfit to have them. "Every American demands

that these children be taken away from Laraine Day," is what he wrote.

"The letter came back to me," she said tonelessly. "The head of the institution knew me. She had thoroughly investigated before she let me have the children in the first place and she knew my character. Leo wants to adopt my children," she went on, "but we fear what might happen—at least, until all this blackness has cleared away. If we could only live in California, Leo and the children and I, in my beautiful home—that's all the happiness we ask for. Leo wants it that way as much as I."

All conversational roads lead straight back to Durocher where Laraine is concerned as I fully realized by now. No man has ever had such paeans of praise sung to him. To the girl who loves him so much he is a man standing friendless in a world of enemies.

"They are determined that whatever he does is wrong," she said defiantly. "When we were in Havana we kept mostly to ourselves so no one could accuse him of associating with Lucky Luciano, who was very much in the picture down there. As a result we were criticized because I didn't appear with him at the ballpark. When we finally agreed to pose for a few publicity pictures, there was the criticism that he was neglecting his business for me."

"One thing about my husband," said Laraine (she always carefully referred to him as "my husband"), "is that all his faults have been spotlighted. Whatever he has done has been in every newspaper—so what more is there to say?"

I don't know Leo Durocher personally. But when a woman loves a man as much as Laraine Day loves him, he should be grateful to the end of his life. Such love doesn't come along every day. Whether it's right or wrong is not for me to say. I only know that he came to Hollywood, courted and won one of the gentlest and finest girls in our entire industry.

Again the tears were welling up in her eyes as she said, "My life was so miserable before I met him. He is so kind and so good. If we were wrong not to have waited a full year to get married after my divorce, it was not because we wanted to flaunt the law, but because we are so much in love. Someone suggested we should have lived together until the time was up—but that I could never do. We didn't want to get away with anything! We loved each other and we wanted to live as man and wife in a respectable home. That's the only code I know. If we erred, it is only because this desire was so deep with both of us."

And these are the words of a girl who has been accused (legally) of flaunting the code of decency and convention! My heart went out to her and I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say so.

Because of the strong moral scruples she has always had and always lived by in Hollywood, I suppose she must have thought she had shocked me in what she had just said, for she went on: "I had to come to you and tell you everything—because you have always been kind to me and understanding. I wanted you to know some of the real facts in this horrible nightmare that has been like a frightening dream hanging over our heads."

"I'm glad you did, Laraine," I answered, because in understanding there is tolerance. I have tried to quote her words as faithfully as possible—for they are hers—not mine. And, in passing on what she had to say, I can only hope that you will second my wish that her great loyalty and love will be rewarded and will eventually lead to the happiness she prays for.

THE END

"These people are like me ...and my neighbors."

● So writes one listener of the thousands who appreciate the *true-to-life* quality of "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. Many women say that these real stories help them with their *own* life problems—give both spiritual help and practical help. A complete story every morning, Monday thru Friday, in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY magazine. Check your local radio listings for the time of "MY TRUE STORY" over the American Broadcasting Company station in your community.





Smart Evening Necklines reveal lots of skin! For utmost flattery, use Malibu Tan on every bit of skin that shows. You'll adore this divine new face powder shade by Lady Esther.

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FLATTERS YOUR SKIN AT NIGHT!

It's Summer's Most Flattering Face Powder Shade . . . a soft, subtle, heavenly shade . . . designed to enhance a natural tan or make untanned skin look beautifully, naturally tan. And here, at last, is a summer-tan shade which will not change its color after it's on your skin. Smart women everywhere are wearing Malibu Tan! Why don't you?



*She's sure—
are you?*

Are you sure of your loveness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

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It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



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Ben Studios

Photographers

John Engstead

West Coast Photographer

LAUGH AT THOSE DOG DAYS

Now come the dog days when the temperature rises—and the humidity too. Above all, you'll want something fresh and cool to wear, as fresh and cool as a frapped lemonade with garden mint . . . as fresh and cool—and as smart too—as these Photoplay Fashions, chosen also with proper regard for your budget.

Ava Gardner, born in Wilson, North Carolina, on Christmas Eve, 1922, is 5' 5½" tall, weighs 118 pounds, has dark brown hair and green eyes. She loves to dance—but dislikes night clubs. Steak, potatoes, milk are her favorite foods. She's under contract to Metro where she recently completed "The Hucksters" with Clark Gable. You'll see her next in Universal-International's "Singapore."



A slim white skirt of Strutter cloth. And an exciting red jacket to wear when the mercury suddenly plunges.

The jacket, which has this season's full belted back, is equally perfect over slacks or date dresses. By Sandy

Kay in many brilliant colors. Sizes 10-18. Jacket

\$14.95. Skirt \$5.95. At John Taylor's (Sportswear),

Kansas City, Mo., and Wieboldt Stores, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 101

Photoplay Fashions



Cool and flattering as moonlight is this Donna Hale gray and white Bemberg sheer print. Note the soft slimming ruffles from peplum to hem. Also navy and luggage on white. Sizes 9-15. Priced at \$10.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., and Chandler's, Boston, Mass.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101.

Sheer Delights for the Dog Days

Back in Vancouver, B. C.—where she was born on September 1, 1924—she was Peggy Yvonne Middleton. She combined her middle name with her mother's maiden name, becoming Yvonne De Carlo, when she made her debut as a professional dancer. When she danced in California her life-long ambition to be an actress was realized—for the movie scouts saw her and she was signed to a movie contract.

You'll see her next in Universal-International's "Slave Girl"



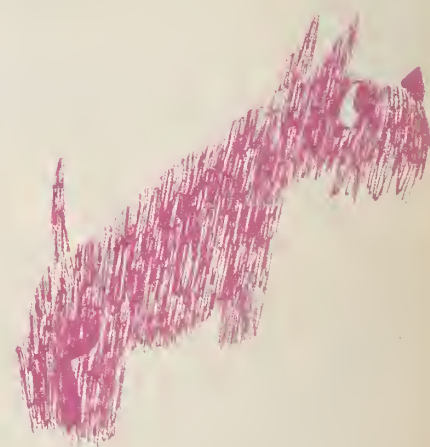
A one-piece dress, designed by Debutante, to keep you cool and glamorous through all the summer hours. The sheer bodice is trimmed with grosgrain bands, a white pique collar and white flower buttons. Black or brown. Sizes 9-17. Priced at \$22.95 at Robertson Bros. Dept. Store Inc., South Bend, Ind., and Miller's, Knoxville, Tenn.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101.



PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Linen



The redingote ensemble is back! And this, designed by Lombardy, consists of a versatile coat of white linen and a dress of black and white Bemberg sheer. Sizes 14-20. Priced at \$17.00 at Crowley's, Detroit, Mich. and Macy's New York, N. Y.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101.

and Dotted Swiss for the Dog Days

Anne Jeffreys, who hummed little tunes before she could talk, was educated for the opera. When she sang *Mimi* in "La Boheme" and *Nedda* in "Pagliacci" the Metropolitan seemed just around the corner. Then she and her mother went to California for a short vacation—and Anne became an RKO star! Her latest pictures are "Trail Street" and "Riff Raff"



The newest full-skirt-and-tiny-waist look makes this Jonathan Logan print dotted Swiss the perfect answer to that mid-summer prayer for something at once smart and cool to wear. Sizes 9-15. Priced at \$10.95 at the Hecht Co. (Young Washington Shop), Washington, D. C., and Korrick's (Sub-Deb Shop), Phoenix, Ariz.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101



Fragrance by Coro

For the young in heart... a gay,
romantic brooch, the perfect
companion for your suit
or dress. Bright-hued
simulated stones on
gold finished metal.



About \$7.50 plus tax.
At all leading stores.



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of merchandise which you have seen featured
in these Fashion Pages... it will be easier for them
to know exactly the item you wish to buy,
if you mention you saw it in Photoplay.

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

ANNE JEFFREYS

By Rena Firth

ALL was quiet on the photographic front when Anne Jeffreys arrived at the Ben Studio for her Photoplay Fashion sitting. The two canine cuties scheduled to pose with her had not yet arrived.

Blonde and statuesque, Anne stands 5' 5" in her stocking feet, weighs 120 pounds and has fascinating, twinkling eyes, very blue. She arrived at the studio wearing a fuschia-red suede topcoat over a figure-molding green crepe dress. Her shoes were green suede with straps that tied in soft bows in front. Her jewelry was heavy gold oddly-cut earrings and bracelets—the kind that only tall girls like Anne should wear, actually! Her hair was classically simple—parted in the center and drawn back in soft waves, caught up with gold-topped combs and worn in a cluster of soft curls at the nape of the neck.

Anne recently played the role of the daughter, *Rose*, in the Broadway musical stage production "Street Scene." It was pretty strenuous stuff—strenuous enough to cause her to decide she preferred Hollywood to the stage, definitely.

By the time Anne had gotten into the black and white print dress with its stunning topcoat of white butcher linen, the dogs had arrived. And the fun began! Ginger, the cocker puppy, was perfectly amiable. He just naturally liked blondes. But Ditto, the Dalmatian, possessing no yen for the spotlight, vigorously demonstrated his desire for solitude and contemplation of his own spots!

Anne was at home with both dogs. But she's really a cat-lover. In the specially built cattery outside her house in California she has eight white Persians. They're all named after operatic characters, Rudolfo, Butterfly, Musetta, Mimi, Violetta, Pinkerton, La Tosca and Manon. Manon has green eyes, the others have blue. Very much at home among this aristocratic brood is a part Siamese, part alley cat, named Felix.

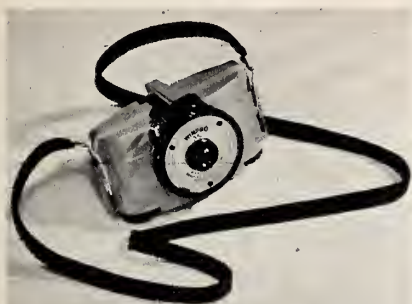
When the sitting was over and the dogs had been returned to their kennels, we asked Anne to name her favorite flower. It was our notion she deserved orchids. She breathed a little sigh. "Dogwood!" she said. "Dogwood!"

Fashion is Fun



Here's a wonderful new addition to your beloved flats—a leather cuff over the vamp. This shoe, designed by Junior Deb, can be had in any color suede with matching or contrasting leather trim. This new styling, you'll find, does wonders toward making your foot look smaller. These shoes come in sizes 4 to 9—all widths—and are around \$8.00.

We thought you might like to know a little more about the print dress under the white linen coat that we photographed on Anne Jeffreys this month. There's a self-tie bow at the neck, short cool sleeves, buttons to the waist and soft fullness in the skirt. The sheer fabric is light as a thistle and you'll be well dressed in this print anytime—any place—with or without the coat.



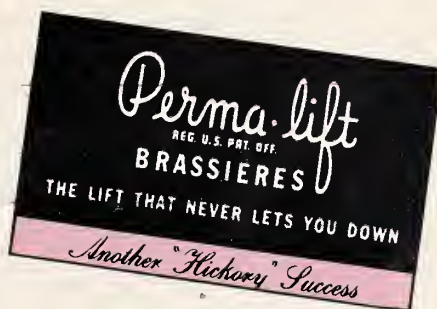
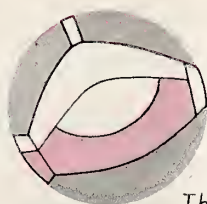
This new camera is called "Winpro 35". It's a 35mm and is designed for black-and-white or color photography. The handstrap is nylon, it's simple to use, and the price is an answer to an amateur's prayer. \$10.95 tax included. Look pretty, please.

(Continued on page 101)



Write for FREE BOOK-LET on corset and brassiere fitting comfort. Address Ruth Stone—"Perma-lift" Stylist, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago 7, Ill., Dept. 66

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN



There's magic in your "Perma-lift"* Bra—the magic of comfortable uplift. In a "Perma-lift" Bra, the specially constructed cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below—never lose that support thru ever so many washings and wearings. Your favorite corsetiere has a "Perma-lift" Bra for you—smartly styled in lovely new fabrics—most styles 1.50 to 3.50. • For a real comfort thrill, you'll also enjoy a new "Perma-lift" Girdle. No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

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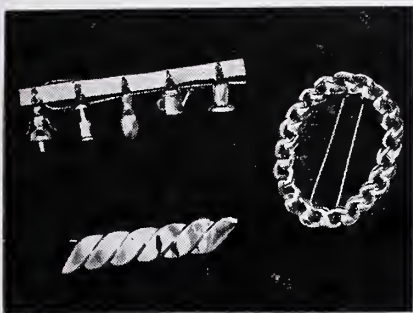
Co-Starring in Mark Hellinger's

"Brute Force"

Universal-International Release

Fashion is Fun

(Continued from page 99)



When the wind blows don't let your hair be tousled. These Dayson barrettes will keep you smooth. The three-inch barrette with charms for \$1.00. The link effect circle for 79¢ and the gold fluted bar for 50¢. In gold or silver plate.

Accessories mean so much to any costume. Here are two simple rules to follow . . . First, if your suit or dress is a solid color you will want your hat and gloves to be a pair. Say white hat and gloves or high shades that blend with your costume. Your leather accessories will match each other and that is simple now as most shoe departments will show you a matching handbag. Second, always remember if there are predominating colors in your costume it is not smart to wear colored accessories. Keep them in dark, white, or muted shades.

Wherever You Live You Can Buy

Photoplay Fashions

For stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

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Lombardy
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(Continued from page 67) on him, Rory was saying impatiently, "But that isn't anything! I still have to get my pilot's license—and that takes more time!"

That's Rory Calhoun in a capsule. Everything about this power-built lad is quick. His smile, his likes—even his temper. About the only thing you can predict with accuracy about him is that his next step will be unexpected and vigorous.

Your first glimpse of Rory inevitably makes you think of forests and the sea and this isn't strange. His father, James McCowan, was a seaman. He was drowned when Rory was nine months old. Rory was born in Hollywood but his school years were spent in San Jose, California, where he is remembered for his football exploits and the fact that he became a "Golden Gloves" boxer . . . fought fifteen bouts without losing a decision.

Along about then wanderlust overtook him. He worked as lumberjack, hard rock miner, truck driver and ranch hand, bringing to each job a tremendous enthusiasm and curiosity which made him resolve to be the best darned whatever-it-was-he-was-being-at-the-moment that the world had ever seen. He was busy learning to be the best forest fire fighter in the California Ranger Service when, on vacation, he came to visit his great grandmother in Hollywood. A talent scout for the Sue Carol agency spotted him on a bridle path and persuaded him to tarry a bit in Hollywood. Right after that he was invited to a party at Sue's and Alan Ladd's house where Henry Willson, a Selznick executive, saw him and took note of the fact that not a girl there could take her eyes off him. That did it. Rory soon was concentrating on becoming the best up-and-coming young actor in Hollywood!

HE is six feet three and tapers neatly downward from tremendous shoulders. His hair is bronze-brown and his face is dark, with a pair of blazing blue-green eyes that light up like a Neon sign when he is amused or interested—or angry.

He has the ability to imbue everyone around him with his own enthusiasms. When he decided that he must learn to ice skate, it was no time at all until Shirley Temple and John Agar, Johnny Sands and his bride, the former Sue Allen, Chris Adams and any number of his friends were slithering about the ice, too, in earnest endeavor to learn curlicues and pirouettes, come bruises or abrasions.

He was indifferent about learning to rumba until he heard someone say, "Of course a big man can never be good at it. It takes someone slight and agile." Rory, recalling that he had been considered phenomenally fast on his feet in the prize ring, was off like a shot to the nearest dance instructor and now he is rated pretty well tops at this terpsichorean tangle by such a nimble expert as Ida Lupino, with whom he won a rumba prize at a party at David O. Selznick's house.

An expert swimmer, rider and marksman, he admits to an inferiority complex about tennis—"Everyone else in Hollywood seems to be so good at it!" He frequently steals onto a public school playground to practise batting a ball against a wall because he wants to get the feel of a racquet in his hand before he even lets an instructor know how inept he is.

He was invited recently to talk to a group of Boy Scouts about archery and wood carving. Accepting, he said, "Archery—yes. I know something about that. Wood carving—no. The boys would be standing up to tell me about that!" Rory was taught by Guy Madison to hunt with bow and arrow, and is now as enthusiastic

as Guy about the sport. The two often go on hunting trips together.

Rory has had two big experiences recently. One—his first personal appearance—occurred in his home town of San Jose. The other was his first real "fling," occasioned by the studio taking up his option. It was, he says, "a dinger." He happened to be wearing a loud plaid shirt, dungarees and boots when he thought of it, so that's what he was wearing when he turned up in Las Vegas with nothing on his mind except fun . . . and those were what he wore during his whole vacation which included a trip to Reno.

At El Rancho Vegas where he stopped, he encountered lovely Martha O'Driscoll, who didn't seem to mind his informal attire in that relaxed atmosphere and who assisted him in making merry. "I had never before spent money just for fun without stopping to think about it," Rory explains. "Of course it didn't last long and probably won't happen again but it's a nice thing to have to remember!"

The personal appearance was equally thrilling, even if it did scare him nearly to death. A local priest, Father Schmidt, was anxious to raise a modest sum of money for a nonsectarian Youth Center and had the idea that Rory, a home-town boy, might help him to persuade some talent to appear at a benefit. With the help of Selznick executives Rory outdid himself. He found himself making his first appearance before a live audience in the company of Frank Sinatra, Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Rhonda Fleming and the Page Cavanaugh Trio.

"The only thing I could think of when I faced the microphone," he says, "was that someone had told me there were 3500 people out there—and I kept multiplying it by two, counting seven thousand eyes—all looking at me. Then I grew fascinated, watching my trouser legs jiggle with my vibrating knees. I heard my voice coming from a long way away, saying that I was glad to be there but that, since I couldn't sing or dance, I'd better retire and let someone come onto the stage who could." San Jose loved it, but Rory is still bemused at the idea that there are people who really like to make public appearances. No amount of money, he is sure, could ever lure him into a stage show. Incidentally, the amount raised for the Youth Center exceeded by more than three times, Father Schmidt's modest first estimate.

Rory's idiosyncrasies about clothes are becoming a legend. Not long ago a studio bigwig was showing some visiting notables around the lot. They were anxious to meet actors. Suddenly the host decryied what he afterward described as "a terrible apparition." It was Rory, with a three-day beard and dressed in his beloved dungarees and what the bigwig said was "the most incredible shirt yet!" He pretended not to see his rising young star and has complained bitterly since that the following weeks, when there were no visitors, Rory was all over the place looking simply too elegant.

Rory lives with his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Durgin, in a modest house in the Valley with a deep back garden. Rory plans to give innumerable parties there this summer.

The first party will be for Henry Willson's birthday. Rory is knocking himself out with enthusiastic plans. Henry has been forbidden to come near the place without phoning first, for fear he will stumble over evidences of some projected "surprise."

Rory loves parties and delights in taking pretty girls to night clubs, especially if the

girls wear "sleek, slinky clothes." But a girl in a red dress makes him very uncomfortable. He dislikes red with what he thinks is an unreasonable intensity.

He collects antique guns and spends a lot of time taking the things apart and polishing them to pieces. At the moment he and his stepfather are assembling a spectacular workshop in the basement of their Valley house. The array of lathes and other gadgets would make the amateur workman's mouth water. Trouble is they can't get the fine woods they want to work with now and Mr. Durgin may well be fearful that Rory's interest will have turned to something else before they have a chance to collaborate.

Rory's favorite food is meat loaf. He has an idea that he is going to concoct some pretty wonderful things when and if that barbecue he is planning to build is ever completed.

He wants to marry and "have lots of children" but his ideas about this are vague and his plans are far in the future, as this is written! He wants to build a solid sort of ranch house with fireplaces everywhere and a great deal of "really massive furniture." It must be on a hill with views in all directions . . . trees about and, if possible, glimpses of the sea. He owns two dogs and a cat or two but plans to have any number of pets around him when it is more convenient.

His friends imagine that his easy going amiability is perhaps his greatest weakness. However, Rory thinks his greatest fault is a quick temper which he finds it difficult to control. Those green eyes can flash fire as well as fun. He cools off quickly, as most hot tempered people do—especially if he has flared at someone he really likes. (Confidentially . . . sometimes when this happens, he pretends afterward that he was only kidding! And the people who are fond of him and who know that he wasn't kidding at all, let it go at that.)

Unpredictable? Well, listen to this. It was said of Rory recently that, however varied his interests had been and his enthusiasms, at least they had all been vigorous, active *physical* enthusiasms, things to do with an ax, a motor or a hammer. And just then Rory began confounding friends and acquaintances by producing caricatures of them in off moments—good ones, which have been praised as distinctive by some eminent art critics. What do you make of a man like that? No one produces sensitive caricatures with an ax or a hammer!

There is more to this Calhoun than meets the eye—and what meets the eye is extremely pleasant!

THE END

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BY GOODWIN

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NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

Is Hollywood Red?

(Continued from page 31) we have here can have no effect, or at most only an infinitesimal effect, on the general result. Whether we have war with Russia, whether we declare the Communist Party a foreign agent, whether we extend the Graeco-Turkish policy to Persia and India and Korea and China, will not be decided in Hollywood. Some of these questions, by the best odds that can be calculated now, will not be decided in our lifetimes. But what can be decided in Hollywood, and not only in our lifetime but quick, is whether pictures are to be declared legally dead or not. For they can die. Other forms of entertainment have died, of grotesque and trivial causes, and when they died they stayed dead. And all that pictures need to turn up their toes is that they become the football of politics, as they have already become the football of do-gooders and sam-singers and soul-savers. They don't need to go sailing between the goal posts, sent there by the victorious boot of either side. This game doesn't have to be won, and it doesn't have to be lost. All it needs is to go on, and as sure as God made little apples, when we look up, during one of the wrangles between officials of a long, dreary, and pointless tie, we shall find out our customers have gone home.

ON BOTH sides, I think, even among the extremists, there are many who would like to see pictures made an "open" industry, at least within certain limits, so the conflict could suspend. The trouble is, though there might be desire for such an agreement, there is at present no means by which either side could make sure of the good faith of the other in carrying it out. For such are the reputations that conspiratorial activity has got for itself on the one hand, and narrow chauvinism on the other, that if the word of a Red is worth considerably less than a plugged dime, the word of an anti-Red as a polemic curiosity is worth considerably and unfortunately more. For some of the charges made by the Moving Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, through its house organ Vigil, its close ally the Hollywood Reporter, and its friendly backers among the Los Angeles press, have to be seen to be believed, and have only to be read to be discredited. That the Reds dream silly dreams I don't for a moment deny. But that they have a monopoly on the disservice now being done the picture business is indeed far from the truth. Among the MPA are some fine men and women, with solid records of civic activity going back many years. But that any large number of them are noble Horatiuses, backed against the bridge, facing fearful odds for the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods, is most unlikely. Actually, they suffer from the same diseases as afflicts the rank and file of Reds. They are Johnny-come-latelys to the field, political amateurs, with all the zeal of the recent convert, and all of his ignorance, too, of the possible consequences of his zeal. And their "educational" campaign, designed to awaken all and sundry to the menace that besets our hallowed sound stages, happens also to be an advertising campaign, and of the very worst kind. It does awaken all and sundry, that is the trouble with it. And it convinces them that Hollywood is about five times as sinister a place as it really is. They are in the position of the man who gets up in church and asks all the brethren and sistern present to pray for his beloved wife, who now feels temptation a-threatening her. It may make for salvation but it'll hardly

make for marriage, and you wouldn't blame the lady much for getting up and taking a swipe at his jaw.

Possibly I am naive, and certainly one can rarely be sure of one's ground in realms where conspiracy is part of the scheme of things, and has been intellectually rationalized. And yet I believe that on the left there are many professionals, that is party members, or those commonly believed to be party members, who would be agreeable to a truce of some sort. On the right, allowing for flag-wavers, I think there is a good solid faction for such a truce, if it felt there was any prospect whatever that the left would abide by it. In the middle, I can guarantee there are thousands, in every part of the industry, from executives to talent to just plain mugs, who would give anything for a truce, as they are utterly sick of the whole miserable turmoil. If this is the case, I think it is wholly practicable for the moderates in each group to approach each other, through the contacts afforded by the guilds and the unions, and try to arrive at an understanding on a very simple formula. The formula would be that however sharp the fighting might be on the organization level, each side would give over any effort to capture film, that is to use film for propaganda purposes, to slip into the pictures themselves material of a partisan nature, to put something over. It may be objected that in the long run the film will be exempt from subversion in any particular direction, as it must remain entertainment if it is to remain profitable, so that any imbalance here must inevitably right itself. However, there is one other alternative, already alluded to: If it does not remain entertainment it can kill the business, so the film is no *ipso facto* exception to the discussion, but the very center of the case. Furthermore, it is what both sides worry about. Dominance in the guilds and the unions, each side realizes now, is something that cannot be handed to either on a silver platter. To get it you have to work at it, and if you don't get it you can't blame anything but a superior organization for your defeat.

But the film, subversion of pictures to an ulterior plan, lurks as a danger over and beyond anything that can be achieved through control of this or that executive committee. However, by now I believe there is sufficient realization on all sides, except as I have noted among the romantics, that the film must be kept sacrosanct, to provide the basis for an understanding. Of course, it will be a bitter pill to many that one more Gable leer must be in, where a star-eyed look at the mention of Stalin must be out, but if it has to be, it can be swallowed. And it is the considered opinion of my riper years, as Joe Von Sternberg puts it, that it has to come out this way, or we are sunk. It is the only way that confidence can be gained, that this mutual suspicion and name-calling and recrimination-howling can be stopped. For there is always the old Franklinian warning to sober us: If we don't hang together, we shall certainly hang separately.

THE END

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Betty Hutton

THE RED HOUSE: The complete musical score from this melodrama has been recorded by Capitol, with distinguished Miklos Rosza, who wrote the scores for "Spellbound," "Lost Weekend," "The Killers" and "Macomber Affair," directing the orchestra.

PERILS OF PAULINE: Betty Hutton follows up her original disk of the two major tunes from her new Paramount film, with a Capitol disk of a pair of other Frank Loesser melodies from this saga of the silents: "Sewing Machine" and the ballad, "I Wish I Didn't

Love You So." In case you've forgotten, the earlier songs were "Poppa, Don't Preach to Me" and "Rumble, Rumble."

ROY ROGERS: The western singing star lassos "Dangerous Ground" and "I'm Restless" (Victor). But for more complete cowboy stuff try Victor's new album by The Sons of The Pioneers, which includes "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" and songs from such horse operas as "Texas Stampede" and "Home in Oklahoma."

LOVE AND LEARN: The ballad from this comedy should warrant replaying. It's called "Would You Believe Me" and Skitch Henderson (Capitol), Sammy Kaye (Victor) and Claude Thornhill (Columbia) have waxed it.

WELCOME STRANGER: Bing himself has cut the two merry tunes fashioned by his favorite tunesmiths, Burke and Van Heusen, for Decca, but practically everyone else has grooved them too. Best of the lot, the way Art Mooney (M-G-M), Harry James (Columbia), Andy Russell (Capitol) play "As Long As I'm Dreaming" and Tex Beneke's Victor version of "My Heart Is a Hobo."



Bing Crosby

VARIETY GIRL: This musical has a lively tune called "Tallahassee" and Kate Smith (M-G-M) makes it sound much better than it really is.

SONG OF SCHEHEREZADE: Universal's pretentious spectacle owes most of its popularity to the immortal Rimsky-Korsakov music. Skitch Henderson (Capitol) Steinways the title melody with a unique arrangement.

COPACABANA: UA's ode to a New York night club has a nice new tune, "Je Vous Aime." Andy Russell is first man on the turntables with it (Capitol).

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN: The one and only Louis Armstrong picks out a tune from Sinatra's latest. It's called "I Believe" and you won't want to miss this version (Victor).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: The churchly "Reformation Symphony" by Mendelssohn gets a rare recording by The London Philharmonic conducted by reliable Sir Thomas Beecham (Victor) . . . Brahms' Sonata in F Minor is played by the capable young pianist William Kapell and the violinist William Primrose in a new Victor album . . . The English composer Delius's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra is played by the Liverpool Philharmonic, with Albert Sammons as violin soloist. Congratulations are in order to Columbia for bringing out this oft-neglected work . . . There's never enough of Tchaikovsky so Columbia has issued two new albums. One is "The Little Russian" Symphony, ably performed by The Minneapolis Symphony, with Dimitri Mitropoulos on the podium. The other is the great composer's Serenade in Major for Strings. The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, records this work in their usual masterly way . . . Schubert's ambitious, timeless Ninth gets a new and spirited interpretation by Bruno Walter and The New York Philharmonic (Columbia). Written in the last year of his short life, many consider it his greatest work.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 29)

✓**JOHNNY O'CLOCK**—Columbia: Dick Powell is the slick young *Johnny* who gets mixed up in the gambling business; Evelyn Keyes is his girl. The gangster business isn't overdone. (May)

✓**LATE GEORGE APLEY, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Ronald Colman moves to Beacon Street in Boston and emerges unquestionably as the famous Marquand hero. He's hidebound by tradition though daughter Peggy Cummins and son Richard Ney do their best to shake him out of it. (May)

✓**LOCKET, THE**—RKO: Your eyes keep getting bigger and bigger watching what Laraine Day does. Robert Mitchum and Brian Aherne know all about her past, which has lots of events in it. (June)

✓**MACOMBER AFFAIR, THE**—Bogues-UA: Ernest Hemingway's novel about a man, his wife and their hired hunter in deep Africa will give you plenty of turns. With Joan Bennett, Robert Preston, Gregory Peck. (May)

✓**MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE**—Paramount: Words and facial expressions by Bob Hope who falls all over himself running to aid Dorothy Lamour. He meets up with Peter Lorre and murder. (May)

✓**ODD MAN OUT**—J. Arthur Rank: A pretty prize from England with James Mason playing the hunted head of an "organization" in Ireland. (May)

✓**OTHER LOVE, THE**—Enterprise-UA: Barbara Stanwyck's the woman patient at a tubercular sanitarium run by doctor David Niven. She should stay and recover but instead she runs away to the Riviera gay life with handsome Richard Conte. (July)

✓**PERILS OF PAULINE**—Paramount: The old serial heroine *Pauline* is back again with Betty Hutton as Pearl White to give you some of the best fun you've ever had. Billy De Wolfe, John Lund, William Demarest and Constance Collier give you a perfect picture of the old time movie days. (July)

✓**RAMROD**—Enterprise-UA: Here's another wicked lady—Veronica Lake—who makes strong-minded heroes of the West weak in the head. Joel McCrea is the guy who doesn't catch on until it's almost too late that she'd just as soon murder as wink. (June)

✓**SEA OF GRASS, THE**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn get emotional about life on the cattle range. With Mervyn Douglas, Robert Walker and Phyllis Thaxter. (May)

✓**SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This had a big opportunity in a brand-new plot—a female "typewriter" who walks into a staid Boston office in 1874. It could have been a diverting comedy, but it peters out instead into a love duet between Betty Grable and her boss Dick Haymes. Fair enough, but could have been better. (June)

✓**SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK, THE**—California-UA: Harold Lloyd comes back to make a silly picture about one *Harold Diddlebock* who goes off his routine track and ends up with a circus. Lots of nonsense that's fun if you're in the mood. (July)

✓**SMASH-UP: THE STORY OF A WOMAN**—Universal-International: Susan Hayward turns in a fine picture of an alcoholic. When time hangs heavy on her jeweled fingers she takes to the bottle. With Marsha Hunt, Lee Bowman. (May)

TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS—RKO: Some hunters (one's Patricia Morison) invade Johnny Weissmuller's jungle in search of zoo specimens, but they're defeated before they ever start. (June)

TIME OUT OF MIND—Universal-International: The novel was a best-seller, but the film fell flat on its high-minded nose. Phyllis Calvert is good as the housekeeper's daughter who tries to make a musician of Robert Hutton. (June)

✓**TROUBLE WITH WOMEN, THE**—Paramount: Teresa Wright and Ray Milland lend their talents to a film that's just a time-passer. It has to do with a psychology professor who thinks women should be pushed around and a girl reporter who pushes him around instead. Brian Donlevy helps things. (July)

✓**TWO MRS. CARROLLS, THE**—Warners: *Mr. Carroll* is Humphrey Bogart and *Mrs.* is Barbara Stanwyck. They seem an ideal married couple until you and Barbara begin to find out what happened to the first *Mrs. Carroll*. (June)

✓**WELCOME STRANGER**—Paramount: Everyone takes it easy—Bing sings genially, Barry Fitzgerald's Cupid and Joan Caulfield acts the pretty, foil. The plot lallygags pleasantly along the route of a city doctor's sojourn in a Maine village. (June)

WOMAN ON THE BEACH, THE—RKO: Joan Bennett slinks along a deserted beach with Robert Ryan who has a bad case of war nerves. They're made worse when he meets Joan's blind husband Charles Bickford and gets mixed up in their morbid lives. (July)

YANKEE FAKIR—Republic: You see only the back of the villain's head until the end of the picture, but you know all along who murdered Joan Woodbury's father. Too bad traveling pitchman Douglas Fowley couldn't have guessed too. (July)



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This Is My Husband

(Continued from page 65) ever recognized the movies officially. We were both thrilled to death. And Jean Pierre admitted that for that affair, he certainly would have to have tails.

"I will rent them in London. After all, I will have plenty of time. We're getting there two days ahead of time," said he.

There was no use arguing with him, so I rushed off and had a special Paris gown designed. Let me tell you: It was champagne-colored satin, with an off-the-shoulder bodice, and with it I wore champagne-colored gloves and a gossamer champagne tulle scarf that fell to the floor in back and front. In my hair gold dots were sprinkled—it was unbelievably lovely.

While I was arranging all this, Jean Pierre was doing what he loves best—seeing his hundreds of friends in Paris. And giving not a thought to his tails.

In London, with only forty-eight hours in which to rent them, I drove him out immediately to locate some. We went to every renting place in London in vain. There just wasn't a single pair of tails that fitted his big shoulders and narrow hips. I was sick with worry, but Jean Pierre was calm.

"Something will turn up, my love. Do not worry," he said. He was still saying that the night before the great event. We had gone to dinner at a smart London night club whose owner Johnny Mills (like everyone else in the world) was a friend of Jean Pierre's. Jean Pierre told him his problem.

"Tomorrow's the Command Performance, and my wife's all decked out like a movie star—and I can't find any tails," he said.

Johnny Mills thought a moment. Then he suggested, "Well, look around the club tonight. When you see someone who looks about the right size, let me know."

You can guess the rest of this dizzy story! Yes, Jean Pierre picked out an austere-looking Englishman with a walrus moustache who looked about the right size and height, and told Johnny Mills.

"Just a minute," said Johnny. He spoke to Mr. Moustache, who listened in astonishment—and then nodded and smiled! And the next morning the tails all neatly pressed, were delivered to my crazy husband. So Jean Pierre wore them to meet the King and Queen of England, as self-possessed as if they'd been tailored specially to him after sixteen fittings! The shoulders were a little tight, it's true, so that he had to stand a little hunched.

"But, after all, everyone's tails in England are a bit tight these days... nobody's had 'em on for so long," grinned Jean Pierre.

This, then, is my husband!

BUT there is a lot more to it than that. There is our daily life in Hollywood. We live in a beautiful house—a Florentine-type house which was a birthday present from my husband to me, as well as a second wedding anniversary present. (Oh, yes, he may be irresponsible—but never about presents.) What's more, the house was a complete surprise.

I'd seen it and loved it, then I had gone to the hospital, very sick. When Jean Pierre called at the hospital to bring me home, he brought me to our new house—which he and my sisters Consuelo, Adita and Lucita had fixed up for me in advance. It is a big house with six bedrooms, a large garden and a rumpus room in the cellar. I looked at all of it and I said, "Jean Pierre, a man's house is his castle. I am happy."

He stood beside me with his arm around me and he said, "Darling, this man's

house may be more like a hotel than a castle. I am happy too."

Both of us were prophetic. We always have three or four house guests, and twice a month we give formal dinner parties. But it's the unexpected daily subway jams that throw me!

Every evening when I come home from the studio in order to get through the downstairs of our house, I have to elbow my way through a crowd of people—Jean Pierre's friends! He attracts people like a magnet. Also, he is at peace in a large crowd. I have seen him surrounded by our friends, the Gene Kellys, the Charles Boyers, the Louis Jourdans, the Mark Stephenses, Josh Miller. They are all talking, arguing, playing cards, even dancing. In the midst of them sits Jean Pierre, pulling at his pipe and writing his latest play! He can concentrate completely in a mob-scene.

Now, right here let me tell you again that I am methodical. Every night before I go to bed I write down these things for the next day; the menu, the laundry list, a complete shopping list of groceries and necessities; and I go through my accounts.

Then I go to bed calm, sure that everything is planned. I am always surprised that (as it turns out) nothing is planned for—thanks to my husband!

ALL of us know by this time that we must always plan for six extra for dinner. But Jean Pierre doesn't even notice that we usually have fourteen people sitting down to every meal. The only time he noticed that there seemed to be some extra guests unexpectedly was one Sunday night when there were thirty-four extra and I was out of my mind over what to feed them!

That night I got him aside and I moaned, "But darling, what can we do? It's the cook's night off, and we haven't enough food in the house anyway!"

Jean Pierre patted my shoulder. "I don't know, dear. But you will know."

And I did. Always I keep lots of bread in the house, and big bowls of chocolate pudding are always in the refrigerator for emergencies. This night I utilized the bread and pudding, opened cans of cold ham, many cans of peaches which I crowned with cottage cheese, and I made huge platters of potato and Russian salad. And I served wine—Jean Pierre wouldn't eat without wine. It turned out quite a success.

My husband is like this, too: Every morning he gets up in a beaming good humor. Again, I am the opposite. He starts to make a joke before his eyes are opened. But I beg him, "Please, darling, don't speak to me before I have my coffee." Then he says, "Angel, don't be mean," and smiles at me—and what can I do?

We are also opposites about our clothes. Jean Pierre hardly knows what he has on. When he takes his clothes off he throws them all over the place. Then when he comes back and finds his clothes hung up, he says, very aggrieved, "I like my clothes on the floor—who picked them up?"

Once last summer, when he had only three suits to his name, two of them were stolen from his dressing room. He was wearing the third, or it would have been gone too. He came home happy and said to me, "Now I have only one suit to wear, which is fine with me. No indecision when I get up!" Of course it was I who went out and ordered more suits for him.

But on the other hand, he is very particular about what I wear. He notices everything I put on, and when he doesn't like a new hat, he says very gently, "No, darling. Please don't wear that."



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Yet with all his gay absentmindedness, he never forgets the monthly anniversary of our baby's birth, or of our wedding. And the sweet presents he brings home! Once he brought me a stunning painting by Utrillo. On the baby's anniversaries he has given me gold earrings, belts, bags, and another painting—a Marie Laurencin.

Also, among his other talents he designs beautiful jewelry. He has designed several sets of bracelets, earrings, and choker. And he designed my emerald engagement ring, which I will always love.

He adores our baby, Maria Christina, who is almost a year and a half old now. He is always in her room, laughing with her. She has the same happy-go-lucky nature he has.

Now I may have given the impression that I try to run everything but let me say that at times the tables are turned. When Jean Pierre gets a "masterful streak"—then things really happen! For instance, when we were in Paris he made up his mind that we should go on an automobile trip through the South of France.

"I must show you my beloved France," he said dreamily. "Besides, such a trip will give you sun and air, which you very much need." (I forgot to say that Jean Pierre has an outdoor complexion—while I sunburn and freckle!)

When he mentioned this automobile trip, I pointed out that we were both due in Brussels for a picture opening in a week. "Why not take the train from Paris to Brussels?" I asked. "Then, after the opening, we can dally around the South of France in peace."

Jean Pierre's face looked like a disappointed small boy's. "No—you are spoiling everything!" he argued. "I have already planned the trip. I have my brother's car and my brother to drive it. We must start!"

What could I do? I agreed. Naturally, the car, as is true of practically all cars in Europe these days, was utterly broken-down. I had a vision that we would push it all the way to the South of France—an idea how right I was! I remember coming into Cannes at seven o'clock one night, all three of us pushing the car as usual. I was cr'ing in exhaustion and exasperation.

Suddenly Jean Pierre stopped pushing and stood solemnly in the road. Then he flung out his arms in a gesture of handsome generosity. "My love—how can you cry, when I offer you my beautiful France?"

That made me burst out laughing, and we went on pushing the car into Cannes. Once there, however, I pointed out to my husband that the two-day trip had taken us six days. "We are due in Brussels tomorrow night," I said. "We will have to postpone our vacation in Cannes and somehow get to Brussels tomorrow."

"Leave that to me," said Jean Pierre vigorously. "I will charter a plane."

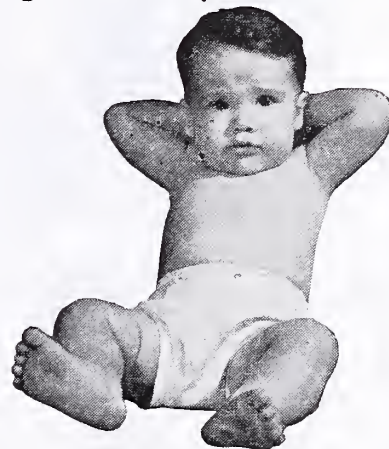
You should have seen the plane Jean Pierre hired! I give you my word it was like a toy. And while we were waiting to get into it, I saw the pilot move it—with two fingers!

Well, we finally reached Brussels in time for the opening and it was wonderful. But after it Jean Pierre said, "My darling, maybe you are right about my arrangements for trips. From now on we will do it your way." So we flew back to Paris by an airliner, and then took the train to Cannes for a divine two-week holiday.

But for all the upset existence Jean Pierre and I have, I wouldn't dream of existence with anyone else. After all, wouldn't life be dull if Jean Pierre weren't in it to shake it up? And with him, life may be confused—but also it is quite, quite wonderful!

THE END

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(Continued from page 35) screen was no more beautiful or slim or vital than the woman you saw in "Mildred Pierce" or "Humoresque."

Yet during that interval Nelson Eddy had risen to great picture stardom, is today no longer a major movie personality. The same thing is true of Fred Astaire. Eve Arden is still a wonderful character comedienne. Gable advanced, went to war, returned to make "Adventure"—and now we'll see what we shall see when "The Hucksters" comes out.

Only Crawford, the girl who was thought to be on the skids three years ago, has risen to the highest accolade of Hollywood, to win the Academy Award for 1945, to be discussed for it in 1946, and to be prophesied for it by everyone who has seen "Possessed" for 1947.

Her new seven-year contract with Warner Bros. rates her \$200,000 a picture, the choice of stories; directors, producer, cast—and the right to make any three outside pictures she desires. The night table at her home is piled high with scripts submitted to her by every studio in town. Fabulous offers from Broadway and London stage producers clutter every mail. She has become a great artist as well as a great personality and the world of acting lies at her feet.

I had just seen her newest picture, "Possessed," in a Warner Bros. projection room. The small, select preview audience at the showing had been particularly tough-minded. Two of the men present were sophisticated New Yorkers, gentlemen of great power, one of the women present was a lady of the widest influence, and not at all a Crawford fan. Yet at the end, we all reacted alike.

The lady had said, "This is the best performance I've ever seen in my entire life." The men had said, practically in unison, "There is an important Academy Award Contender for 1947."

Suddenly the trio turned to me and asked, "Do you suppose Crawford's going to marry Greg Bautzer?"

It is the human side, running hand-in-hand with Crawford, which throws everyone—including Joan herself—and makes her an everlasting subject of discussion in Hollywood.

Everybody wonders if Gregson Bautzer, the handsome lawyer, will become her next husband.

I don't know whether or not she will marry again. Joan doesn't know either, and that's the truth of it. Of course, Walter Winchell did announce that she would be married some time this past April—which was actually before her divorce from Philip Terry became final. And Louella Parsons said she would be married about May first, when she was free, which made a lot of sense and was highly probable.

Joan and I have been the closest of friends for years—and I say it wouldn't surprise me at all if Joan does marry, and soon. It wouldn't surprise me either if she never marries again.

Joan separated from Phil just prior to Christmas of 1945.

She had known Greg Bautzer casually for years, since in the restricted social circle of Hollywood they were bound to meet at various parties. However, she had never had an important date with him until April 19 of last year.

That date Greg did up in the dashing style that was bound to appeal to a girl who can't stamp a letter without dramatizing it.

Joan, with her two children and their nurse, was in Palm Springs, staying at the very beautiful but extremely quiet Hotel

La Quinta. Youngsters go to bed early, as everyone knows, and the desert nights at Palm Springs are very magical—particularly at a luxury spot like La Quinta, which is some fifteen miles outside the Palm Springs razzle-dazzle. Out there the eternal desert silence enfolds the very mountains. The scent of sage and wild verbena hang on the air and the stars twinkle down, round and silvery, like wonderful Christmas-tree ornaments.

Such nights, such settings are made for romance, and on that evening Joan Crawford sat alone on the porch of her La Quinta bungalow. Across the sky, the lights of an airplane glowed red and green as the plane circled, then landed. In another few moments a tall, dark figure strode toward her.

"The moment I heard you were stopping here, I flew down," Greg Bautzer said. "I can't break through that telephone guard of yours in town. You're either busy, or not in, or not talking. But look. I'm here, you're here. It's a beautiful night. Let's go dancing. Will you?"

Joan loves dancing the way other women love diamonds and fur coats. Palm Springs is a sun-time place, really, but driving back to the center of the desert glamour spot they did find one place that had a band, which wasn't too bad and a floor that wasn't too rocky. They danced till the place folded up at one a.m., and from the end of the first chorus of the first tune, they knew that they danced perfectly together.

That was the first bond, but they soon discovered others. Greg loves to swim. So does Joan. Greg loves to play tennis. So does Joan. He loves fine food. She does, too.

Greg knows how to court a beautiful girl. He sends orchids, almost daily. He sends gifts—very golden gifts; like a gold bracelet dangling a golden heart and key, studded with rubies; a gold compact, studded with topazes, with a golden cigarette case to match. Things like a gold lighter and an extra pair of very, very wide gold bracelets for either arm, with the most sentimental inscriptions written in them. Things like that, and many of them. Plus hourly telephone calls, except on the days that they were half-hourly—and don't forget that Greg's a lawyer, which means he knows how to make most convincing speeches.

BUT—Greg also dotes on all-night poker sessions, played for very high stakes. Joan hates all forms of card playing. Greg loves to gamble—on anything and everything. Joan has never so much as placed a two-dollar bet on a guaranteed winner.

So they quarreled over those things, and made up over the dancing. They quarreled dramatically and made up more dramatically—things like Joan locking the gates of her estate against him and his scaling the high wall.

Last winter, after a particularly big set-to, Joan moved to New York, bag, baggage and children, and opened up her New York apartment. She was staying four months, she said, and that was that. Only it wasn't.

For Greg flew East and begged and pleaded with her. When specific cases called him Westward, back he flew, only to fly East once more. It took three complete transcontinental flights to finally effect the reconciliation between them. However, Missy Crawford did stay in New York four months.

Since this past spring, however, things have run not one bit smoother. Joan began dining frequently with Otto Preminger, who is currently directing her in "Daisy Kenyon." She went on lots of

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Sunday picnics with Peter Shaw and her children, Christina and Christopher. There were and still are a couple of New York gentlemen, who are so enamoured of her that they frequently fly out to Hollywood just to see her. She has had a few dinners with Steve Crane—and you'd collapse if you knew some of the names of some of the characters who call her daily—and never get anybody but her devoted secretary.

Right there is where the score stands at this moment.

Joan adores all this attention and excitement, as what girl wouldn't. Watch her on a dance floor and she is the most exciting, gay sight. Yet more nights she is quietly at home, dining with the kids at six, and after they're in bed, reading, or perhaps having two or three very close friends in, for a drink and a lot of talk—friends like Jerry Wald, her Warner producer, and his beautiful wife, Connie—or Curtis Bernhardt, the director of "Possessed," or Billy Haines, her friend from her early Metro days.

THOSE are two sides of her, but those are only the beginning of her complexity. There is, for instance, the girl athlete that crops up every summer. Right now she is coaching in tennis with Eleanor Tennant and coaching in swimming with Paul Nass. She is already a fine horsewoman and a good golfer, but that's not enough. An average mortal would be content to go neatly through a pool, or tidily about a court—but Joan has to be a champ.

When you know her intimately you also encounter Miss Crawford, the drudge. This phase crops out every now and then and manifests itself in intensive house cleaning. No small item of tidying linen closets satisfies her when in this mood.

She has to get down and scrub, literally. She has an enormous kitchen, almost completely stocked with stainless steel. You should see her, her hair screwed up on her head, her eyes beaming fanatically as she scours every inch of that steel, and then, nothing daunted, go into her monster dining room and start waxing the floor and woodwork. She keeps right on going, through the library, through the music room, through her upstairs sitting room and the bedrooms. It is hard, dirty work and only sheer exhaustion eventually stops her. Why she enjoys it, and gets a boot out of it heaven only knows. Certainly she doesn't.

Then there is the Joan Crawford, who quietly supports a clinic where scores of tonsils have been removed, babies have been born, and difficult operations performed, for all of which she pays, even

The Gallup Audience Research Inc. Poll for the annual Photoplay Gold Medal Awards is the movie industry's only national public opinion poll

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though often all she knows of the people benefited is that the need is there, and she has the means to alleviate it.

But, actually, I think the least known side, and one of the most dominant, is Joan, the business woman. Everything about her looks extravagant. Yet everything she has acquired is, basically, a superb investment. Not many people know that she has important Los Angeles and even New York holdings in real estate. But many producers know the sharp bargains she can drive when it comes to signing for a picture.

One thing you may be sure of: Neither she nor her children will ever know financial worry. She started with nothing and has made every cent of this herself, through sheer intelligence. Admittedly, she began with the gifts of beauty and talent, but Hollywood is littered with the wrecks of girls who started with those same possessions—in much greater degree—and completely squandered them.

Two more babies have just come into her home. They are both girls. One is named Cynthia and the other Cathy. With Christopher and Christina, Joan's home can truly be called the "House of the Four Cs." The new additions to the family are encoined in Christina's nursery, and the cheerfully dispossessed Christina and Christopher take turns sleeping on the porch and in the guest bedroom.

This makes four adopted children for Joan, and while four youngsters in one household would be enough for most women, Joan wants to bring up at least eight.

If they all turn out as terrifically as Christina and Christopher have—come ten years from now—that will really be something. Christina is a tall, lovely eight-year-old, whose sensitive dreaminess does not prevent her from being head of her class in school, and captain of "The Brownies" in her neighborhood. Christopher, at four, is about the handsomest small boy in town, and certainly the most beaming.

Those plans of Joan's head and her heart—her financial planning, her career planning, her devotion to the children—those are very clear to her. But the wishes of her secret heart—that hidden dream that waits yearning at the back of every romantic woman's mind—have never been answered. These Joan has not yet mastered. There lies the eternal humanness of her, the eternal youth.

But just between us girls, isn't it wonderful to watch a woman, who when life starts pushing her around, pushes it right straight back and makes it whisper, "Darling!"

THE END



Warm embrace—warm friends: Photoplay writer Ruth Waterbury, Joan Crawford

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Bit of Ireland

(Continued from page 43) Possession is always a happiness—at least, you've known it, even if temporarily."

As an actress, you can imagine her supplying all the knowing provocativeness necessary to the role of *Amber*—yet remaining at the same time confusingly clean and untouched. You really can't blame Twentieth Century-Fox for their indecision. Peggy is "Forever Amber" and "Never Amber" all at once.

"Life—" continues the little lady who has lived just twenty-one years of it, "is very well balanced. As an unknown, I might have kept *Amber* and met with envy and hostility.

"I lost it, and found friendship, sympathy and kindness—things it might ordinarily have taken me much longer to earn in a country that was not my own."

In the country that she came from the little Cummins is far from an "unknown." She has been enjoying sensational successes with British theater, radio and film fans ever since she was thirteen.

MORE English in appearance than Irish, Peggy is a native of Killiney, outside of Dublin. In her contradictory way, she was born in Prestatyn, North Wales, adding unexpected diversion to her mother's visit to an aunt there. Currently, she is the only known Californian who can claim Hollywood as a middle name. Her father was William Hollywood Cummins, a direct descendant of the gentleman after whom Hollywood, County Down, Ireland, is named.

Peggy's childhood home in Killiney, was a modest one, surrounded by a garden, a small private wood and a tiny strip of beach. Keeping up with her two older brothers, she became an expert tree- and roof-climber, not to mention fence-jumper. Today, she swims, dives, fences, rides horseback or a bicycle with equal equanimity. The brothers grew up to be R.A.F. Squadron leader William Cummins, and scenic artist Harry Cummins. Their little sister grew up with several broken bones nicely mended, and only one permanent scar on her right knee.

Peggy joined the Abbey School of Ballet at the age of seven. Her dramatic career began when she was picked from the class to play a child's part in Dublin's famous Gate Theater. From then on, she was in great demand by both the Gate and the Abbey Players, but by coincidence all the roles seemed to be of little boys.

A brazen schoolgirl role in "Women without Men" convinced a London friend of the family that the youngster with the slanted green eyes and the lilting voice was developing beyond her opportunities. He persuaded her mother to take her to the famed London producer, Audrey Blackburn.

Blackburn was not interested in a child actress—but one hour after meeting this one, he had signed her for a revue. The revue, "Let's Pretend," opened on her thirteenth birthday—and flopped. From it, however, she stepped into television, and eventually into the notice of a Warner talent scout, who signed her to come to America. A week before sailing, war was declared and the contract was cancelled by mutual agreement. But Peggy was destined to come to the United States and this was finally accomplished after the war.

In "The Late George Apley," Peggy screens slightly larger than her diminutive five-one, and the ninety-eight pounds she slips into a size nine dress. The "Apley" picture had a homey flavor, and "working with Ronald Colman was exciting, he is such a magnificent actor. And the fact that he is English made things very nice.

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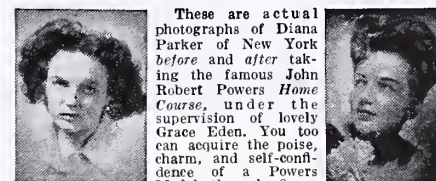
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With Edna Best in the cast, too, I knew we'd always take time out for tea," Peggy said.

"During the picture, we got together and bought a cow to send to England. The children there need fresh milk so badly. They brought the cow on the set and we had our pictures taken with her. We got so attached to her—she really was a sweet thing.

"The really touching, wonderful thing, was when the stagehands, prop men and other technicians, put some money together and sent another cow. It impressed me so much. It's hard for any one who hasn't been over there to know what their generosity will mean."

Peggy loves to laugh—unrestrainedly, unexpectedly, often without rhyme or reason:

"It's a release—a way of cleansing yourself. I'll talk for hours on the phone with anyone who'll laugh with me. Sometimes I know I could have spent that time tidying my bedroom, or polishing my shoes. But there will be bedrooms that need tidying and unpolished shoes after I'm gone. It seems to me that I do myself more permanent good, make myself a better person, by laughing."

YOU'VE been searching for the "something" that lies behind this Irish girl's very small, very clean face. She has unusual intelligence and sincerity, but there is something more. . . .

You've found it in that last little speech of hers: That matter-of-fact acknowledgment of the impermanency of material things.

Peggy learned this first-hand as the youngest member of the Women's Voluntary Services during the war. She learned the spiritual value of laughter, doing her giggling *Fluffy* in "Junior Miss" to the accompaniment of falling bombs and shrieking sirens. As she later tells you, "I was scared out of my wits most of the time. Then, I'd look down at all those faces in the audience—not a soul moving from his seat—all of them looking toward the stage, as if that was where their life hung. Their calm always cured my panic."

During the making of "Moss Rose" she found herself a laughing partner worthy of the name, one Victor Mature:

"He's such a nice person—terribly considerate of every one. And he's so full of jokes!

"He loves to tease, the same way I do. I think your word for it is 'kid.' Five and six times a day the phone would ring for Victor, and the door man who answered it would always call, 'It's your mother from Kentucky!' And Victor would say to the director, 'I'm sorry—but I can't keep my mother waiting.'

"But I know of one conversation he had with his mother that was real. It was after they cast him in 'Kiss of Death,' the gangster picture. He called her up and said, 'Hello, Mom—they've got me in Sing Sing!' His mother must need a sense of humor, too!"

Peggy's own telephone rings quite often, with baritones emanating from the other end. Inevitably, you must ask the newcomer her opinion of Americans versus Europeans.

"Of course, there is bound to be some difference in people who live differently, dress differently, and who think under different conditions. But people are like scales—when one has something the other one lacks, then the other has something to balance it."

The outstanding trait of Americans as noted by the Cummins, mother and daughter, is, "You are so terribly polite, no one could feel strange in a country where

every one is so courteous." Just between us Americans, this comes as a sort of shock—you take a second look into Peggy's green eyes to be sure she is not "teasing." Finding them perfectly serious, you suspect that maybe courtesy is the natural result of the Cummins approach:

"The people in the shops and the markets are all so friendly. 'Thank you,' they say, and 'be sure to come see us again.' Only one phrase of yours confuses us. Sometimes, when we said 'Thank you,' the person would just say, 'You're welcome.' It didn't sound like an invitation, and we thought maybe it was sarcasm. It took us a while to catch on that 'You're welcome' is the American way of saying, 'Thank you, too.'"

In an over-all way, this little Irisher loves people and loves life. The warmth of this appreciation runs through all her conversation. All her emotions are extremely human, she has a sensitivity for the sight and sound and smell of small, human things:

"The sight that stirred me most? Well, perhaps I haven't seen it yet because to me so many sights have been wonderful. There is nothing so beautiful, I think, as walking through the door of a room and seeing a person you love sitting there—your mother, a dear friend, or maybe the two of them sitting together.

"Of course, my new car standing out front was a sight I'll never forget, either. And when they were fixing up my dressing room on the lot, I kept finding excuses to run in and out the door, just so I could be struck over and over again with the lovely blue walls that they were giving me."

ANGER terrifies her. She will run away from it if directed against herself, or skip the distressing sight of other people quarreling. "I refuse to hate anyone—because you'd have to hate yourself even more, to allow yourself to become so confused inside."

Now that she is a permanent resident of California, Peggy revels in the feel of peace. She has a phobia against crowds and night clubs. Large social events don't appeal to her. She loves to drive at night with the car top down, and to park on some high hillside to breathe in and absorb the sight of "miles and miles of spreading peace and quiet."

The bright sunshine does painful things to her extremely fair skin, which for years knew nothing but England's fog and damp. After taking the sun carefully, a few minutes at a time, she is feeling boastful about the faint golden tint beginning to show on her arms.

The weathering process is in preparation for her next picture, "The Black Rose," which will have Cornel Wilde as its hero. A great many of the scenes will be shot on location in Monument Valley, Utah.

There will be plenty of opportunity for horseback riding and, next to people, Peggy feels very chummy towards horses.

"They're so intelligent, I think."

The little Cummins has a private slogan. She pulls it from her purse and reads it to you:

"'You have what you give.' Just that—if you give out happiness and good, you also keep it. Those are the only words I can find to express my deep appreciation for the kindness and friendliness of the people in this town to me!"

Not all newcomers find nothing but politeness in America, and nothing but kindness in Hollywood. Maybe, because she lives up to that little scrap of paper, this little Irish girl will find nothing but fine things wherever she goes.

THE END

Sun and Shade Parade

(Continued from page 55) the dresses become elaborate and very feminine. These are the two trends and they both make sense. I can remember when Hollywood stars thought it was their heaven-sent duty to be as dressed up at lunch as they were at parties. But now, it's the simple, uncluttered dress for busy days and elegant creations for romantic nights.

For luncheons at home and other informal wear, Diana Lynn has a ducky dress of navy blue, gray and yellow print fashioned out of your great grandma's favorite yard goods—percale! It has a cool off-shoulder neckline, particularly becoming to rounded shoulders. The skirt is full and ballet length. Tiny spring flowers in the hair substitute for a hat with this one.

For dancing nights Diana also has one of the loveliest evening dresses of palest gray chiffon and lace that Edith Head has ever designed, I think. The gray chiffon skirt is worn over a pale cyclamen slip. The lace apron peplum is removable and falls to the floor in back in a fishtail effect. The "bust bolero" also has a simple removable collar, leaving a bare-shoulder evening gown when it's not worn.

BETTY HUTTON has a wonderful white sharkskin suit. The jacket is made with deep revers and an extremely long waistline cut to give a full flare at the back. The skirt is straight with a small slit at the side. Instead of a blouse, Betty wears a vivid emerald green ascot and pins her now-famous "gold handkerchief pin" right smack in the middle of it.

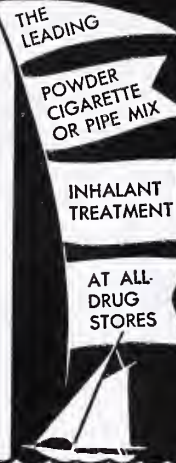
Incidentally, Betty's shoes were the talk of a big party that Carole Landis gave. They were chocolate-brown satin evening sandals, with platform soles edged in gold to match the trimming of her lovely dark brown marquisette gown. Mona Freeman, looking like a little Grecian goddess, was a dream at the same affair in a gown of shell pink chiffon. The bodice was draped artfully over one shoulder, leaving the other shoulder bare. And the backline was slashed to a new low. The skirt was wonderful—so full—and accordion pleated, with the faintest all-over design of scrolled iridescent sequins. She wafted around like a breeze—and nobody suspected that she and Pat Nearney were stork-dating.

At Carole's party—like just about every other party you go to these Hollywood nights, they're playing that hilarious lemon-under-the-chin game—and it's making for a lot of fun. Everyone sorta stands around while a girl—or a man (whoever chooses to start the thing off) puts a large lemon between the chin and against the chest—toward one side. It is held there by pressing the chin down on the fruit, but not too hard. Because the object of the game is for a man to take the lemon away with his own chin and neck and whatever shoulder manipulation he can manage—but *without using hands!* If the fellow can succeed in getting the lemon beneath his own chin without having it drop to the floor, the game continues by having a gal take it from him by the same means—all hands still behind backs, mind you. Well! The gyrations, contortions and squirmings you go through to manage this are really hilarious—and believe me, you don't always manage it. It certainly is a new way to get lip rouge all over a feller's coat! Lynn Bari, who was at the party, remarked that if they keep playing it around here, she'd just love to have the pre-game hanky concession!

Lynn looked lovely too in a story book gown of white chiffon that featured the bare-shoulder neckline, the bodice gracefully shirred to achieve a Grecian effect—a line that is getting tremendously popular.

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The very full bouffant skirt was lightly sprinkled with bugle beads. Her only jewelry, a tiny diamond choker. All this was topped by an ermine cape stole—that "stole" the show!

BACK to the "busy days" department we go for Ann Sheridan's smart, plainly tailored suit of sheer wool. Cafe-au-lait in color, it has a collarless V-neckline, pencil slim skirt. It's trimmed with large gold buttons down the front of the jacket. Annie wears with this, a large cream colored felt beret pushed softly to one side and folded over a gold kid rose. I can just see her in this stunning outfit, with her nice brown alligator accessories, leaping off the train to meet Steve Hannagan in New York, which is just what she does every time she finishes a picture.

Shirley Temple's darling all-day blue and white checkered gingham really has cute touches. The dress has a tight bodice, and a full skirt gathered at its basque-length waistline. The skirt is plain, but appliqued all over the top front and extending into the band of the waist is a varicolored gingham design that forms a flower pot, topped by two little birds that spread to the shoulder line. The appliqued gingham is of red, black, white and green.

An ideal summer afternoon or cocktail dress is the one pictured that Travis Banton designed for Joan Bennett. It's of dead white cotton lace and has absolutely simple lines. Its rather low square neck is finished off by applied scallops of the lace. It's a shoulder-strap dress, topped by a tiny short-sleeved bolero. The skirt features slit pockets at the hip trimmed with tiny rhinestone baguettes. Around the waist is a crushed blue-green velvet sash.

There's nothing like dead white against a golden tan these summer days—and incidentally, the more golden the tan, the better. Our advice, based on what a lot of the glamour-boys tell us is, that if getting sunburned gives you a swarthy look instead of a coppery or vivid hue—then stay out of the sun, babes! Well to get back to the dead white—especially in cool suits that Hollywood gals love: Gail Russell's favorite is a white sharkskin, two-piece suit with a multicolored silk print blouse. The jacket is styled with a hood lined entirely with the same bright print of the blouse. Gail also has gloves of the print.

Lizabeth Scott has a lounge or cocktail dress (for cocktails around your own house, that is) that's a nice change from slacks—or dressy pajamas—or even just dresses. It's striking too, with its top consisting of a slip-on jersey shirt of bright powder blue, high necked and short sleeved. The long skirt is a dirndl of heavy, stiff taffeta in a plaid of blue, green, rose, lavender and white, tied tight at the waist with a wide crushed sash of the same plaid taffeta. Lots of gold jewelry, plus very open sandals finish off this stunning, casual costume.

Joan Fontaine has a new taffeta afternoon or cocktail dress too—but hers is a bright navy, medium length and drapes to a bustle back. Joan's "something different" really appears in the sleeves of this dress, which are puffed at the shoulder, tight at the elbow, where they end, and feature a slit through the center of the sleeve. The only trimming is a striking lei that ties just like the ones that are made of Hawaiian flowers. Joan's is made of dead white paillette clusters studded with brilliants. Naturally, she wears no personal jewelry with this dazzling "collar."

You almost never see Joan Crawford, without a hat, but I ran into her at LaRue one night (just about the last date she had with Greg Bautzer) and the little black taffeta number she was sporting was out of this world for piquancy. If she'd been wearing a bonnet, I doubt whether it would

have been noticed. Don Loper made it for Joan. Its heavy, swishy, crisp skirt was almost ballet length and very full. The only trimming, an enormous, flat rosette made of rows and rows of narrow white lace near the hem. The tight fitting bodice was very long waisted, very broad shouldered and had tiny short sleeves. A high neckline was finished off with a tiny round collar made of several rows of the same lace, but it didn't end where little round collars usually do—it slanted off-side, with one end of it a little wider and consequently a little lower (in a slightly cock-eyed effect). Black patent accessories.

Judy Garland has always had a mad pash for yellow. And she never looked lovelier in it than the night she traipsed to the Ballet Russe wearing a sheath-like dress of palest yellow crepe. It had a high boat-shaped neckline, long tight sleeves and a wide grosgrain cummerbund of a deeper yellow. Her hat was a halo of matching yellow roses, swathed in lime colored tulle. Judy wore a dark mink stole (even the summer nights are cool enough to rate a mink, if you have one), brown suede pumps and bag. Her only jewelry, a canary diamond clip worn close to her right shoulder.

What's new? Well, there's the cute gag

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that Jennifer Jones dreamed up that really puts an accent on gloves. On her dark ones she has her first name, or just her initials embroidered on the back of the hand. On white or pale colors, the monogramming is done in black or brown.

Then there's Ellen Drew's "autograph" blouse. And I wouldn't be surprised if this didn't become a new fad. She had the unique idea of having friends autograph a white silk blouse in pencil, and then having the signatures embroidered over in sequins. When you stop and think how many different ways this autograph idea could be carried out in anything from jersey slip-ons with contrasting woolen signatures to dressy blouses with your pals' names in anything from silk to gold thread, there's no end to what blouses or slack tops may be coming to.

THE END

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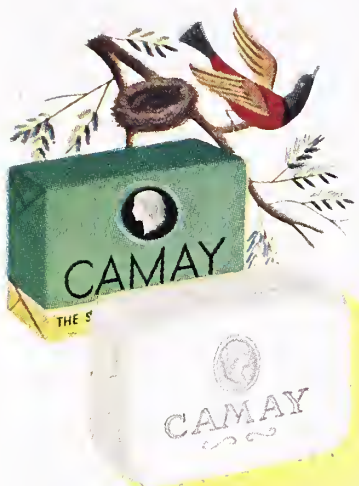
September
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Jennifer Jones
By Paul Hesse

Complete In This Issue

Jennifer
The Fabulous Life
Of A Girl
Named Jones

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MRS. GERROLD WESTON HART
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Bridal portrait painted by

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Romance began when Gerrold came to tea at the Humphreys' family apartment in New York. No wonder — Shirley's complexion is really something to see!



After a June wedding the Harts honeymooned in Oklahoma where they saw the famous Indian dances, and Shirley's "little-girl" loveliness nearly stole the show. P.S. Shirley promises to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



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And the accent is on "The Romance" because Van Johnson has found a new and exciting darling to love in blonde, vivacious Janet Leigh (rhymes with Wheel). She's in every sense a girl to watch.



MacKinlay Kantor's Satevepost story, set in the embattled border states, seethes with scores of exciting scenes: night raids by black-hooded marauders; bare-knuckle fights to the death; gunplay; breathless races against the elements; lovers' nights alone on moonlit mountainsides.

Van in this new element is an elemental Van, a different Van, a man who's really in the van.



No wonder that between the fights and the feuds, Van finds time to sing tender love ballads to Janet Leigh—the girl of his heart—and sings as he never has before.

Gusto went into the acting of stalwart Thomas Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Selena Royle, Dean Stockwell. Zest went into the screenplay by Lester Cole. Roy Rowland's direction, the production of Jack Cummings have vigor and taste.

All is rosy in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge". Not far over the horizon are two other M-G-M biggies: "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker, which shapes up as one of the greatest love stories of all time; "The Unfinished Dance", in Technicolor, starring Hollywood's biggest little star, Margaret O'Brien.

Entertainment-wise, M-G-M shines bright in the summer skies.

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Jennifer Jones, star of "Duel in the Sun"
 Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

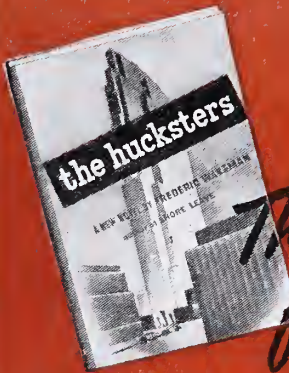
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*The STORY
for Gable*



*The GIRL
for Gable*

CLARK
GABLE

*The ROLE
for Gable*

DEBORAH
KERR



SYDNEY
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ADOLPHE
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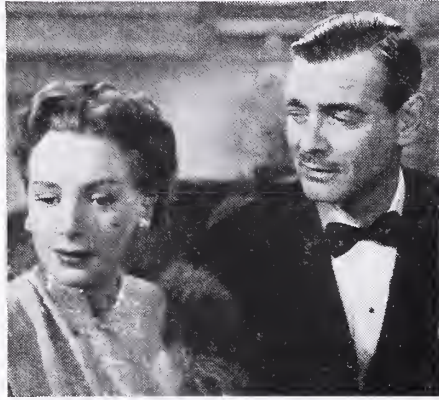
AVA KEENAN EDWARD
GARDNER · WYNN · ARNOLD

The **HUCKSTERS**

Screen Play by Luther Davis • Adaptation by Edward Chodorov and George Wells • Based on the Novel by Frederic Wakeman
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr. • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



On the advertising merry-go-round: Deborah Kerr, Clark Gable inject romance

✓✓ The Hucksters (M-G-M)

NEARLY everyone read "The Hucksters" and everyone had something to say about it. Here's more parlor talk—a good picture, quick and to the satirical point with Clark Gable as an attractive "Huckster" and Deborah Kerr as the lady so remote from his fast and fascinating ways. Said lady comes to warmer life than she did in the book; she's handled here by that competent Britisher Kerr. The children keep out of sight most of the time, thereby letting everyone get right on with the interesting business of producing laughs at the expense of that great American Field—advertising.

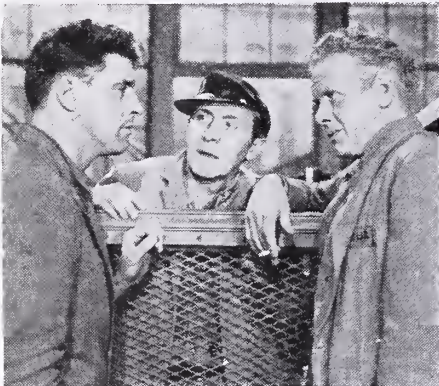
When Sidney Greenstreet put on the straw hat and egomaniac expressions of

Evan Llewelyn Evans, he made the picture. Without him, it might have been just another; with him it turns into two-check entertainment.

Looking very well and playing the whole business straight is Gable, with Ava Gardner vibrating with lots of promise all the way through. That worn-out and worn-down advertising executive is Adolphe Menjou who shouts his "Check" to Mr. Evans with just the right degree of hopeful subservience.

All the facts of the film stick closely to the facts of the novel in most instances; it will probably sell itself to you with ease.

Your Reviewer Says: Who'd miss it?



No holds barred: Brutally realistic roles for Burt Lancaster and Charles Bickford

✓✓ Brute Force (Universal)

A STRAIGHT right from Hollywood comes along in this powerful and intense bit of film-making that stars some pretty intense people. Bowing to take the realistic honors are Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn and Charles Bickford who play their way brutally through this brutal story of life in a U.S. prison.

Lancaster is just right for a "just right" role. He is strength working against brains—neurotic brains possessed by jailer Cronyn. All the less noble emotions are Cronyn's to portray: He comes through with something that will have you moping your brow.

The story takes a little time off for some

levity starring Anita Colby, who looks just as smart behind a gun as she talks on PHOTOPLAY's beauty pages. The other three women, Ella Raines, Yvonne De Carlo and Ann Blyth, who have but a few seconds to work with in flashbacks, keep the tenor of the story true.

The lesser roles are carried by some major-league performers—a handsome and earnest Howard Duff, Art Smith, Sam Levene and Whit Bassell.

This is not for the weak-in-heart—it's a story of frustration that wins its colors by reason of its power alone.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-to-take.



A night to remember: Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes share acting honors

✓ The Long Night (RKO)

THE END of this *will* come, but only after you've kept a somewhat dreary vigil with Henry Fonda in his boarding-house room while the police try to get him to surrender for murder. Downstairs in the crowd are all the people who know and like him—Barbara Bel Geddes, his Jo Ann; Ann Dvorak as Charlene, the entertainer who's on the giving end of the love story, and his blind friend Elisha Cook Jr. You'll spend the night wondering whether Fonda is going to come out, remembering the beginning of all this tragedy with him—and you'll probably be weak in the knees by the time that door does open.

There's a brand-new fresh candidate for "Any Girl" in this: Barbara Bel Geddes, who could be just anybody, not too pretty, just nice enough, and who happens to play an orphan—and very well—in a drab Pennsylvania industrial town. Fonda takes on the moods and manners of a common workman; you can actually feel his emotions. With a shrug of his suave shoulders Vincent Price turns into a slick character to add the final depressing note to a picture that's fine in portrayal and plot, but not pleasant entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Grips hard, sometimes too hard.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 125

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 129

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 126

LADD *and* LAMOUR

are
TERRIFIC!

Meet the screen's
new thrill team... in
a picture that will set
your heart pounding!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD • DOROTHY LAMOUR • ROBERT PRESTON • LLOYD NOLAN

in

"WILD HARVEST"

with
DICK ERDMAN • ALLEN JENKINS
PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed By TAY GARNETT

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr.

Arthur Murray Girls tell how to keep "dainty while dancing"!

This
safe-and-sure
deodorant
is their
secret!

GLAMOUR GIRLS to their toes... Arthur Murray's instructresses are experts in more than dancing routines... they make sure of their complete personal daintiness through those hours of dancing!

THEY SAY that they rely on Etiquet above all other deodorants for safe-and-sure protection. Because Etiquet works so *effectively*, with such *efficiency*, it can be *depended upon* to stop underarm odor, check perspiration during hours of active exercise.

YOU, TOO, can share their secret of personal charm by using Etiquet. And how you'll love Etiquet's fluffy-lightness! The way it stays moist in jar—will not harm delicate fabrics. Get Etiquet at all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure
deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

(Continued from page 4)

✓ Fiesta (M-G-M)

YOU'LL take no siesta during this "Fiesta"—there are enough lively happenings going on from gay bullfights to symphony concerts to keep your eyes on this brilliant celluloid ball. Esther Williams and John Carroll have been transplanted to old Mexico for a story about a gal who's so fond of her twin brother she'll even take on a bull for him. That's a giddy enough twist to spell light entertainment with any accent and that's what this picture does.

Miss Williams is a beautiful athlete with plenty to show off in Technicolor. With Mexican actor Ricardo Montalban looking handsome and romantic in the best Latin tradition, some authentic color-filled Mexican scenery, plenty of time-beating Spanish dances and Akim Tamiroff to fill in the high spots with grace, you have an all-round piece of inconsequential fun. Looking every inch the lady is Mary Astor; Fortunio Bonanova plays the bumbling, well-meaning father with finesse. John Carroll doesn't seem too comfortable in all this atmosphere; but everyone else is, including that pretty little dancer Cyd Charisse.

Maybe Mexico isn't like this; and maybe bullfights are quite a bit bloodier, but who cares when it's all so much fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Summer starrer.

✓ Repeat Performance (Eagle Lion)

A DIFFERENT little idea is the reason for this—i. e., the thought that a gal who's had a pretty bad time of it could live a year over again. Seeing as how the curtain goes up with Joan Leslie finishing off Louis Hayward with a gun, you can see that the events of that year must have been pretty hectic. At any rate, she gets a try at patching things up when the calendar rolls back a year just for her; the audience gets a chance to find out just how fateful fate can be.

Joan plays an actress married to temperamental playwright, Hayward. Their domestic life is somewhat complicated by Virginia Field who has an eye out for other ladies' husbands. She spots Hayward and tragedy comes stalking in right with her, with only Joan, of course, knowing the big black future. Her confidant is one William played fairly credibly by Richard Basehart.

Everything seems just a bit too pretentious. Despite a grown-up wardrobe, including, incidentally, some quite unattractive matronly hats, Miss Leslie seems a little too young for her tragic role. She's better playing the fresh young girl she is. Hayward looks a bit too grim, but he may give you a shudder or two. Pleasant Tom Conway walks around comfortably in a background role of the good old friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough, but no encores needed.

✓ Bob, Son of Battle (20th Century-Fox)

THERE are lots of much-thumbed copies of this children's classic in juvenile libraries—here's a new version that will bring that good old shepherd dog Bob to 1947 fame. It brings along Lon McCallister and Peggy Ann Garner, too, with some Scotch dialect and looking just as fresh and gentle as the story itself.

Adam M'Adam—Edmund Gwenn in an old tam—is the fellow who puts teeth in this. He looks as though he grew up in plaids and talks the same way. The dog honors are shared, (Continued on page 8)



"Keep kissing
me...and I'll keep
believing you."

You'll be

possessed

by the

love-madness of **"POSSESSED"**

and **VAN HEFLIN**

JOAN CRAWFORD

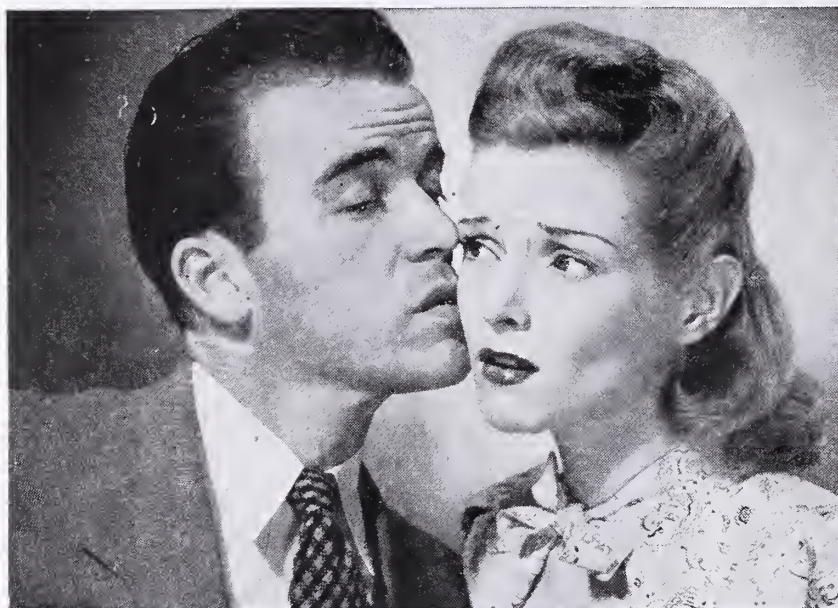
**TREMENDOUS
WARNER
ACHIEVEMENT**



WITH
RAYMOND MASSEY
GERALDINE BROOKS
DIRECTED BY
CURTIS BERNHARDT PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Silvia Richards and Ronald MacDougall • Based upon a story by Rita Weiman
Director of Photography Joseph Valentine A.S.C. • Music by Franz Waxman

Love-quiz...For Married Folks Only



WHY HAVE HIS KISSES GONE COLD?

- A. If her devoted husband has suddenly become indifferent, it may be because she has grown careless about feminine hygiene.
- Q. Is proper feminine hygiene so important to married happiness?
- A. Yes. Intimate daintiness...charm...call for effective douching. That's why so many doctors recommend thorough yet gentle "Lysol" brand disinfectant.
- Q. What about salt, soda . . . other homemade douching solutions?
- A. Weak, makeshift or homemade solutions cannot compare with the tested and proved cleansing efficiency of "Lysol."
- Q. Why is "Lysol" more dependable than many other disinfectants?
- A. Because it is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter. "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche, to help you keep the complete feminine daintiness that is magic in a marriage.



Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is

non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine
Hygiene—always use

"Lysol"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, Dept. F-471, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Copr., 1947 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

(Continued from page 6) especially in some interest-getting field trials, by Bob and Red Wull.

Everyone in the family can trot right along to watch the dogs and their human friends. But be prepared for some too-drawn-out emotional scenes and a film that's a little too long and slow to deliver any very special goods.

Your Reviewer Says: Perfectly all right.

✓✓ The Roosevelt Story (Tola Productions)

WHETHER you are a Franklin Delano Roosevelt follower or not, you cannot help but be moved by this life story of the man who sat in the White House from the black days of the Depression through the blacker days of the world's most devastating war.

Actually the picture is not a picture in the broader sense, but is a series of news-reel clips. These go back to when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in World War I, preceded by some shots at the time of his marriage to Eleanor Roosevelt that look as if they had been taken by a family movie-camera.

Yet the producers have managed to thread through the patched-together film a narrative mood by using the voice of a taxi driver who watches the starkly simple caisson bearing the body of the Commander-in-Chief on its last procession.

The flashback account gathers in momentum and power right up to the President's last speech to Congress following the taxing Yalta trip. There is dark prophecy in his words and a direct dignity that brings Congress to its feet in a thumping tribute.

Your Reviewer Soys: It will bring you to your feet, too!

✓ Living in a Big Way (M-G-M)

KELLY the dancer is the be-all of this. Just how much talent this guy Gene has you'll realize when you see him tripping lightly over some planks and boards or doing a gay little fantastic with a marble statue. It's enough to make you like any film, no matter what else is going on.

The "what else" in this is a fairly chuckly little plot about veterans' need of housing, along with (Continued on page 122)



A great moment in a great film: Franklin D. Roosevelt and mother read congratulatory telegrams on his 1936 re-election

INGRID BERGMAN

as Joan Madou, a woman of the shadows

CHARLES BOYER

as Ravic, the ghost doctor

The Enterprise

Studios



present this

magnificent production of

Erich Maria

Remarque's

great novel... the most

important screen event in years!



Painted by world-famous French artist BERNARD LAMOTTE

They kissed... and the street noises of Paris, the ominous shadows of tomorrow, seemed far away...

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

co-starring **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

with **LOUIS CALHERN • RUTH WARRICK • ROMAN BOHNEN**
RUTH NELSON • MICHAEL ROMANOFF • A LEWIS MILESTONE Production

Produced by **DAVID LEWIS** • Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE** • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

INSIDE

Cal York's Gossip

Photographs by



Rendezvous at Romanoff's: Jimmy Stewart stands by for a chat with Sally Eilers

Round-up: Mrs. Leslie Howard, now in Hollywood, may sell the screen rights to the life story of her late husband, Leslie Howard, who was shot down in a plane during the war . . . Dana Andrews, back on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot for the lead opposite Joan Crawford in "Daisy Kenyon," has never looked better. That salt air he gets cruising about on his boat, the Vileehi, seems to make him younger and younger . . . Jeffrey Lynn explains his wife Robin traveled to New York alone not because of any trouble but because he was deep in "The Adventures of Black Bart" and couldn't get away. They are very happy, Jeffrey says . . . Lew Ayres seems to have settled on Jacqueline White as his steady girl and he couldn't have chosen a nicer one . . . Rumor has it Clark Gable isn't exactly thrilled with "The Hucksters" but audiences are certainly thrilled with him. Even top actors admit he's the dynamite king of them all.

* * *

A "Cast-Off" Gathering: Cal drove up Miller Drive last week to Kurt Kreuger's "leg-out-of-cast" celebration. Kurt, an expert skier, broke his leg while skiing at Sun Valley several months ago. Ruth Brady, our idea of a dream girl, was there with her best beau, Richard Derr, and Audrey Totter, who once was Richard's steadiest date, came with radio writer Fred Heider. Kurt confided to Cal that his real heart, Nina Vale, who once played in pictures under the name Ann Hunter, is in the East. Kurt will be there soon and there may be a serious announcement when they meet.

Merry mates: The Dick Haymeses have fun together dinner dating at Ciro's



STUFF of Hollywood

Fink and Smith

Here and There: That contested suit of Mrs. Mickey Rooney's, concerning her divorce settlement, threatens to make hot newspaper copy unless the whole thing is dropped—like a hot potato . . . The Orson Welles-Rita Hayworth divorce comes up the minute Rita returns from Europe . . . The expected baby in the Deborah Kerr-Tony Bartley menage slightly disrupted M-G-M's plans to make Deborah their shining new star of 1948, especially after "The Hucksters." But as soon as she returns from England where her baby will be born, the studio will carry right on . . . Maria Montez is sooo in love with her husband Jean Pierre Aumont she'll follow him to Paris where he's gone to make a movie . . . The Collier Young-Ida Lupino romance continues the warmest in town.

The Haymeses: No one was more surprised and amused than the Dick Haymeses when the radio blared the news of their separation and Dick's forthcoming marriage to starlet Margo Woode; for in their living room at that moment sat Margo, who will soon wed Bill Burton, Dick's manager. Bill, also present, wore such an expression of surprised bewilderment, Dick and Joanne had hysterics.

Anyway it gives us great pleasure to report the Haymeses have never been happier. "It's like a second honeymoon," Dick smiles. "And with the arrival of our third child in September, life will be complete for Joanne and me."

A year or two ago when Joanne felt she wanted a career of her own, friction was reported in the household. But Dick finally consented, so under the (Continued on page 13)



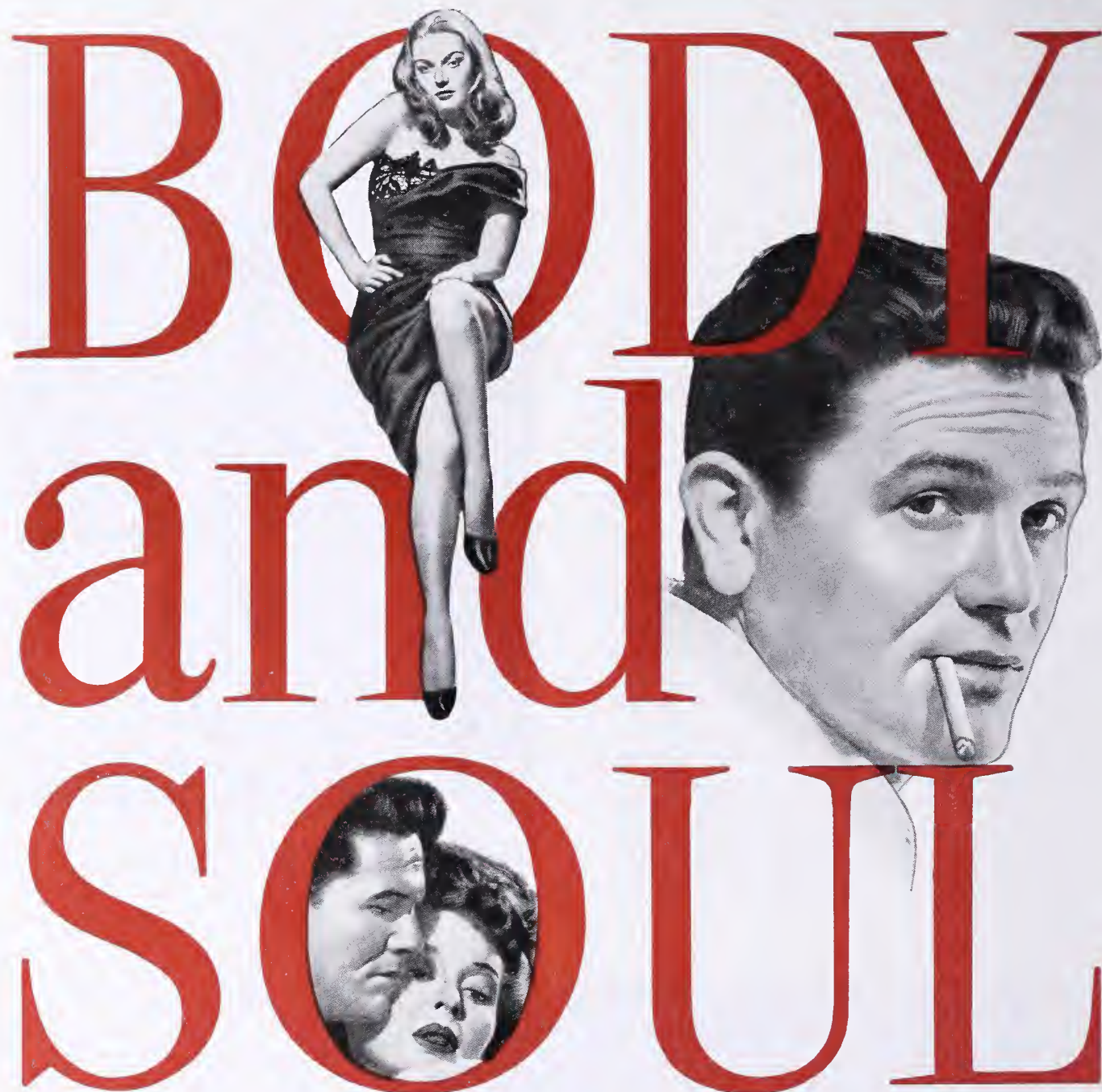
Serving tea and the Jolson brand of humor at Lux broadcast—Al and Gail Patrick



Dinner tableau: John Payne and wife Gloria DeHaven at Mocambo

The story of a guy that women go for!

BODY and SOUL



JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER

in *'Body and Soul'*

and introducing exciting

HAZEL BROOKS with ANNE REVERE
as ALICE

WILLIAM CONRAD • JOSEPH PEVNEY
LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE
Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN
Produced by
BOB ROBERTS

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

A new climax in entertainment from THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS



Game: Walter Pidgeon matched tennis skill with champions Sara Palfrey Cooke, Pauline Betz at Beverly Hills matches

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 11) name Joanne Dru, his wife made the film "Abie's Irish Rose." But home and family meant more to pretty little Joanne. Five-year-old Skippy and three-year-old Helen Joanne, affectionately called Pigeon, keep the place lively and gay.

Dick's career is also zooming. After obtaining his release from Twentieth Century-Fox, Dick garnered a fat sum for one week's personal appearance on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and returned in time to play the lead opposite Deanna Durbin in "Up in Central Park."

Party News: Cesar Romero called by for Cal around six-thirty one evening recently and we took off to the hillside home of friends to welcome to Hollywood some Argentina friends. John Garfield warned Cal to save him some supper as he left to make a speech for United Relief. He's taking his family to live in New York, he told us, and already has a place for them in the Village. "With eight hours flying time between here and New York, it's just like commuting," he said. "And if we don't like it we can always come back."

Cary Grant, we noticed again, is one of the best dancers in Hollywood. Cesar, voted the tops, was fascinated by Cary's footwork. In better spirits than he's been in for a long time, Cary seems to be having a wonderful time these days.

Bob Taylor, handsome as ever, told us some of his European experiences and how much he and Barbara enjoyed their visit. But something tells us Bob will always prefer his good American fans who have always preferred him.

The Edgar Bergens and Kay Kysers talked radio all evening.

Sonja Henie, back from months in Europe, looked chic in a Paris gown but Stuart Barthelmess was nowhere to be seen. Sonja has confided to friends that that romance is over. Cal walked with Errol and Nora Flynn to their car just for a quick chat. Errol tells us his father,



*Never a Love so True
Never a Ring so Cherished*



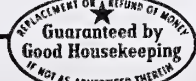
"Oh darling, it's the loveliest ring in the world!"

Through six decades the choice of America's loveliest brides . . . o genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring is the traditional symbol of love. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of quality which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed AA registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices from \$100 to \$5000.

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold Rings enlarged to show details Prices include Federal tax

Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.

A CONRAD Set	154.75	C HEATHER Set	362.50
Engagement Ring	125.00	Engagement Ring	350.00
B HUDSON Set	300.00	Also \$100 to 2475 and	
Engagement Ring	225.00	in platinum \$300 to 3450	



KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
120 E. Washington, Syracuse 2, New York

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

PH 9-47



SCALP ODOR IS OFFENSIVE!

The Scalp Perspires . . . your hair collects and holds odors and dirt. Don't risk offending either in public, or personal "close-ups."

Remove Scalp Odors by using Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This efficient cleanser "suds-up" into "mountains" of lather that float away dirt and scalp odors. Leaves your hair with a light, fresh scent, radiantly clean, soft and easy to arrange into your personal hair style.

Patented Rinsing Agent contained right in this shampoo eliminates need for special after rinses. No dull film remains on your hair. At drug counters or have professional applications at beauty shops.

Fitch's

SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



GUARANTEED OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



What paper gadgets,
tied with string
Put addresses on
anything?

**Dannison
SHIPPING TAGS**

At Stationery Departments Everywhere

Glamour-Eyes
with

LASH-KOTE

For bewitching, sparkling
eyes...enhance their beauty
with Lash-Kote. Water-proof
... tear-proof ... smudge-
proof ... harmless!



Applies easily,
dries quickly.
Lasts for days.
In black or brown

25¢

AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORE COSMETIC COUNTERS

LAVORIS

For Social Confidence

Personal charm requires mouth cleanliness

INSIDE STUFF



Headliners: Larry Parks looks engrossed in a Hebrew newspaper at Jack's Restaurant—kibitzing is wife Betty Garrett

now in Ireland, may retire to live on the island Errol bought in the West Indies. Bill Howard, Dorothy Lamour's husband, kidded Cal about almost running him down on Sunset Boulevard but Dorothy, as well as Joan Bennett, Mrs. Bill Powell and others were too enchanted with Jimmy McHugh's playing and Jean Sabin's singing to move from the piano.

Cal and Cesar covered a lot of ground and decided it was by far the best party of the month.

* * *

A Day with Lana: We joined Lana Turner in her dressing room and strolled over to the M-G-M commissary for luncheon. Across from us Lana's little daughter Cheryl was the luncheon guest of Lillian Burns, the studio drama coach, and at this party "Mommy" wasn't invited. Cheryl was the belle of the commissary, in her Sally Victor bonnet and white gloves.

We joked with Frank Sinatra, thin as a tea sandwich in his Spanish costume for his film "The Kissing Bandit," and he took it with good nature.

After lunch we strolled back with Lana to the "Cass Timberlane" set and watched that young and brilliant director George Sidney direct a scene or two.

"Let's make it a day," Lana suggested, and as Tyrone was dining with his mother, Lana appeared at our door at seven that evening for dinner.

Later Tyrone dropped in and we all joined in a "remember when" session.

* * *

Who Was There: Franchot Tone with his wife Jean Wallace were at the cocktail-buffet supper given by that charming hostess Elyse Hunt. All seems well again with the Tones, we are happy to report. Frances Langford looked a dream in white and husband Jon Hall seemed to enjoy the music of the roving accordion player.

Looking beautiful and wearing her hair in a new short bob was Mrs. Reggie Gardiner. Reggie couldn't seem to tear himself away from the outdoor hamburger grill, we noticed. But then neither could Cal.

Horace Schmid- (Continued on page 16)

ALL THE MAGIC OF TWO GREAT STARS IN A GREAT STORY!

JAMES STEWART
JANE WYMAN

in
Robert Riskin's

MAGIC TOWN

Their meeting
was saucy
and flippant!



Their romance
found birth in
the magic of a
sudden kiss!



Their love
jeopardized the
happiness of
thousands!



"ELECTRIC" as only the stars
of "It's A Wonderful Life" and
"The Yearling" can be!

with KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · WALLACE FORD · Ann Shoemaker · Donald Meek

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
A William A. Wellman Production

A NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR

SUN DAMAGED HAIR!

IT'S A NEW KIND OF HAIR BEAUTY

FROM A WORLD-FAMOUS COSMETIC HOUSE.



Try it! Then look for "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair

NOW COMES A SHAMPOO that *really* restores life and "lovelighted" radiance—even to dull, unmanageable, sun-split hair.

ENRICHED WITH REAL EGG! A luxurious shampoo and reconditioning treatment in one. Contains rich egg, nature's own aid in overcoming hair damage and lack of lustre.

YOU'LL THRILL at how quickly and thoroughly this new shampoo works. The creamy, egg-enriched liquid bathes your hair so luxuriously, even in the hardest water. Then rinses out instantly, thoroughly. Your hair "squeaks" clean.

NOT A SOAP. Not a drying, chemical shampoo. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo is truly different in so many delightful ways!

P.S.

Introductory offer!
A trial kit of the new
4-way Hair Beauty
Ritual for only \$1.00
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generous-size bottles
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Shampoo, Creme Rinse,
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Dressing.

At your drug or
department store,
\$1.00 for the big
family size.



Susan Peters is back in pictures, celebrates with her husband Dick Quine at Jack's



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14) lapp brought his lovely wife Carole Landis, and Tony Martin, we marked with surprise, had come with Nan Bennett, instead of his recently steady girl, Marilyn Maxwell.

Mrs. Herbert Marshall joined Mike North, Cal, Bob and Cleatus Hutton, Angela Greene and Stuart Martin at supper time and everyone pronounced it a bang-up party.

* * *

Plans: That fine actor Macdonald Carey who scored in "Suddenly It's Spring" told us on the "Dream Girl" set that he is arranging for a 1948 reunion of the members of his platoon—a radar outfit—who went through the Pacific campaigns together. Macdonald was a lieutenant in the Marines and did more than his share of island hopping.

One thing sure, Macdonald can be certain his buddies will find a welcome in Hollywood.

* * *

Wooooo—I'm an Indian: An amusing story this month concerns Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson who finally persuaded lovely Cleatus Caldwell to don a black wig and play a surprise bit as a beautiful Indian girl at the end of their picture "Two Guys from Texas."

"We wanted you because you're so beautiful," the boys said.

Cleatus looked amazed. "Is that the reason?" she asked. The boys assured her it was.

And then Cleatus had the last long laugh. She is, you see, one quarter Cherokee.

* * *

It's a Joke, Son?: When Peter Lawford went down to location in Miami to make "On an Island with You" he decided just for the fun of it to go around to his former employer, a parking lot owner, and see if he could get back his old job of parking cars.

"Mr. Brickfield, I worked here about seven years ago," Pete said, "and I wondered if there was any chance of getting my old job back?"

"Not on your (Continued on page 19)

Don't miss Jean Sablon . . . every Sunday afternoon over Columbia Broadcasting System.

NEW! Beauty on a fling!

Woodbury Fiesta

...powder, lipstick, rouge!

Warning! Not responsible for heads turned, hearts stolen by Fiesta—audacious new powder shade! Quick winks, it gives your skin a new live look...snares all eyes with a vital young glow. Add the Woodbury plus of heavenly fragrance...color freshness...lasting cling! Say yes to Fiesta today!

That enchanting rose sparkle? ...it's yours—with Woodbury Fiesta!

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Bill Elliott wears no high hat in "Wyoming"

GENTLEMAN Cowboy

A COWBOY movie star who could out-ride most cowhands at sixteen, William Elliott has more authentic reasons to strut his stuff than any Western star in the business. And yet, he's the quietest in clothes and manner. Soft spoken, with no affected twangs or drawls, he's six foot two and every inch the handsome hero who could well grace society dramas. Only Bill wants no part of them. He's exactly what he wants to be—a cowboy star making million-dollar pictures.

Born on his father's stock ranch in Missouri, young Bill learned to ride almost as soon as he walked. When his father was made commission man at the famous Kansas City stockyards, the Elliots moved into Missouri City. Those stockyards were the meeting place for all range riders of the West and from them Bill learned riding, roping, shooting, bulldozing and bronco busting. By the time he was sixteen, the cowboys were finding themselves outclassed in their own tricks by the rangy Elliott kid.

But it was really his first glimpse of Bill Hart on the screen that determined his future. He would be a cowboy movie actor and that was that. So he left college and set off for Hollywood.

At first they shoved him into every kind of picture but Westerns. He stood around in full dress and pined for a six-shooter. Finally, his chance came. They made him *Red Ryder* and he was on his way.

Today, fans everywhere know Bill who is lovingly called "Wild Bill" since Elliott first made a picture based on the life of Wild Bill Hickock. Through the south, they affectionately call him "Mr. Wild" and all over the country he's known as "The Gentleman Cowboy." Fans like his fighting—it's clean, vigorous and gentlemanly. They like the fact that he never steps out of character or interrupts the action to whang away on a guitar.

Twenty years ago he married Helen Josephine Myer, the prettiest model and hostess at I. Magnin's exclusive shop, and has been happy ever since. Next to being made an Honorary Texas Ranger, he's proudest of his daughter, Barbara, who now attends Sarah Lawrence College.

Recently on a trip east to visit Barbara, he was stopped by a gentleman who politely inquired, "Aren't you Bill Hart?"

"No, but I hope to be," Bill said and right then and there began planning to bring to the screen, with himself as Hart, the story of another "Gentleman Bill."

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*Very
personally
yours*



Away you go and your heart has wings — that carry you back to your very first ride on a dashing pink-and-gold charger! How you gripped those reins, wide-eyed . . . remember? Flying to a wonderland so *very personally yours*?

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***More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins***

To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, buy a new Kotex Belt. Adjustable, snug fitting, all-elastic.

Her Day: Mrs. Roosevelt and son James admire hand-carved statue of late President presented to her by Frank Sinatra at the Jackson Day dinner.



INSIDE STUFF

"What me?" asked Danny Kaye when waiter insisted he and Mrs. James Roosevelt produce dinner checks. Danny, a guest of honor, had no check!

(Continued from page 16) life," came the surprising reply. "I remember you, young fellow, and I'm not going to pay for any more of your bent fenders." And then as if to temper his refusal, he added, "By the way, what have you been doing lately?"

* * *
Lunch with the Flynns: "Let's have lunch at Lake Side Golf Club," Errol Flynn had said, so Cal picked up lovely Nora Flynn and together with our mutual friends Louisa Wasserman and Julia McLaughlin of Argentina, we took off for the Club.

This favorite stamping ground, or rather golfing ground, of Crosby and Hope, is only a few minutes' drive from the studio, so many Warner stars lunch there. We waved to Ann Sheridan as we made for the buffet table. Ann looked happy over being loaned out to Rainbow Productions for the film "Good Sam."

Errol and Cal, with that fine actor Tom d'Andrea, told amusing anecdotes on Hollywood and kept our Argentinian friends intrigued. Errol had met them on a trip made there several years ago.

After lunch we visited Errol on the set of "Silver River," and watched a three-way scene with the star, Harry Hayden

and d'Andrea. Between scenes we chatted with Tom Mitchell, also in the film, while Errol, Mrs. Wasserman and director Raoul Walsh joined in horse racing chatter. The Wassermans own one of the finest stables in Argentina.

* * *
The Hustons' New Son: On the Mexican location of "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" a young Mexican lad hung about, his big eyes hungrily taking in everything. Evelyn Keyes, visiting her husband John Huston, director of the film, became interested in the boy and learned through other Mexicans his name was Pablo Albarran and that he wanted a job. Unable to speak English, there was nothing the boy could do, but the attachment between Evelyn, Huston and Pablo grew as the days passed.

When the time came for Evelyn to report to Columbia for her new film, "The Mating of Millie McGonigle," she was loath to leave young Pablo. But imagine her pleasure and surprise when she went to the airport a few weeks later to meet her husband and there was Pablo also. "We've adopted him," John said while Pablo grinned with joy.

"Never thought I'd become grandfather

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)

How Powers Models 'GLAMOUR-BATHE' THEIR HAIR TO A VISION OF BEAUTY



Miss Nancy Gaggin, a captivating Powers beauty, uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her lovely tresses sparkling with natural highlights

Leaves Hair Shining-Bright For Days!

Those radiantly beautiful Powers Models must be up to the minute on every beauty trick. And these famous American Beauties wash *their* hair with Kreml Shampoo. They claim there's nothing better to leave the hair softer, silkier and easier to hold a wave.

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses your hair and scalp. Its luxurious *active* foam removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. It has been especially developed to 'glamour-bathe' each tiny strand of hair so that your hair fairly *dances* with natural glossy highlights and rich lustre that last for days.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals to dry or break the hair. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out so easily and *never* leaves any excess soapy film which makes hair look so dull and lifeless.

So before that important date—'glamour-bathe' your hair to its natural shining glory with Kreml Shampoo. Then see if he doesn't whisper "you're beautiful"! At drug, department and 10¢ stores.



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Kreml Shampoo leaves hair fairly teeming with natural glossy lustre



Helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle



Leaves hair softer, silkier—holds a wave better



A match for beauty: Dave Rose and Martha Stewart at gathering of notables in his honor. Eddie Cantor was the host

INSIDE STUFF

to a twelve-year-old boy," John's father, Walter Huston, remarked, "but I'm happy about it."

The Hustons will place Pablo in school where he will learn English and unless homesickness overtakes him, he'll become Americanized in no time.

* * *

Newcomer of the Month: When "The Unsuspected" was sneak previewed, a big "well, well, well," arose among the young ladies of the audience when Mike North made his first entrance. And because we believe you'll be wanting to know something of the handsome young man, Cal is giving you the ahead-of-the-news tip-off.

Mike is thirty, blonde, blue-eyed, with a dimple in one cheek and muscles like iron which come from faithful exercising. His divorce from Mary Beth Hughes became final almost a year ago, so all in all Mike is the most eligible young man in town. He comes from a long line of "show business" people. His parents and grandparents are famous throughout the mid-west for their Ted North stock companies.

After graduating from high school in Topeka, Kansas (his home town), Mike went on to the University of Kansas, graduating with a B.A. Deciding to be a lawyer, he went back to the University for one year of law but the old acting bug was too deeply implanted in the boy's heart. So, after several summers in his father's stock company, Mike decided acting was his forte and came to Hollywood.

Twentieth Century-Fox signed him immediately but before he could graduate from B's to A's, he found himself a lieutenant in the Navy, and after three and one-half years emerged with seven battle stars and no job.

One look from Director Mike Curtiz, however, ended that. The director signed him to a personal contract, changed his name from Ted to Mike North and gave him the lead in "The Unsuspected."

He lives with his parents (now retired) and his Great (Continued on page 22)

You can't
get away with it, Lady!



INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?... LISTERINE, Quick!

MAKE a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution. And if infectious dandruff does get started, remember to use Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly. Listerine Antiseptic attacks an infection as it should be attacked... with germ-killing action... kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). This is the ugly little germ that many noted dermatologists call a causative agent of the trouble.

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Ringside romantics at Walcott-Maxim fight were Leo Durocher and wife Laraine Day

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20) Dane out in the Valley. Dates Martha Vickers, Janis Paige, Audrey Totter and others but has no serious romance. He wouldn't mind getting married again but wants first to get set in his career.

* * *

On the Ice: A beautiful ice pond in a wooded setting on Stage 21 of the Sam Goldwyn Studio, which was created for a scene in "The Bishop's Wife," just couldn't go to waste. So Mr. Goldwyn kindly invited the press and the cast to get together for a skating party.

Cary Grant in a red checked sport shirt and Loretta Young in a red checked dress, were skating around rather shakily. We even had a spell of uneasiness there when both waved enthusiastic greetings our way. Cary stopped by our table for a chat later on. He said he's having fun in the picture.

We joined Una Merkel for a chat and were heartbroken to hear of her recent grief. Una, who has had more than her share of troubles, recently lost her fiancé when he died in an automobile accident. Everyone wishes her more happiness for the future and with her good role with Van Johnson in "Virtuous" her career seems to be zooming again.

David Niven assured Cal he had no notion of exhibiting himself on skates after the wonderful show put on by skaters from the "Icecapades."

* * *

Engagement Party: Columbia executive Milton Pickman invited his friends in to celebrate his engagement to the lovely singer Nan Wynn and Cal trotted right over to wish them the best.

Producer Casey Robinson roamed around looking lost now that his wife, Toumanova, is in Paris making a picture. June Havoc had us in stitches with her Klondike Kate clowning. Pat Dane assured everyone her marriage with Tommy Dorsey was over at last—we wonder. And that handsome and happy couple Tony Owen and (Continued on page 24)

She's out of this world
and down-to-earth in
Technicolor
with Music!

who is she?

where is she from?

They say she kissed 2000 men!

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Original screenplay by Edwin Blum, Don Hartman · Songs by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher

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HEAR THE NEW SONG HITS:

"They Can't Convince Me"

"Let's Stay Young Forever"

"People Have More Fun Than Anyone"



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 22) Donna Reed told us of their two beautiful children, Penny and Tony Jr. We wished Milton and Nan as much happiness as the Owens, which is all anyone can hope for.

* * *

Cal's Dailey Bulletin: He's the lad you're going to be asking about, writing to and cheering for when "Mother Wore Tights" and "Off to Buffalo" come your way. His name is Dan Dailey and you've seen the six-foot-four, blue-eyed blond guy before—but never as the sensational hooper and actor he is now.

Doing pretty well at M-G-M, Dan was about to hit stardom when *you know what* came along and he joined the cavalry and hit for Fort Riley, Kansas. Later he went overseas with the Infantry's 88th Division. In Italy he saw Gene Kelly doing the part he'd tested for in "For Me and My Gal" and thought Gene was great.

There didn't seem to be much doing for Dan when he got back and to make it worse, he and his lovely wife were going through the usual readjustment period. Then Twentieth remembered Dan and M-G-M released him for "Off to Buffalo" and he was in.

Today he's the fair-haired boy on his way up. He's happy with his bride of four and a half years, who cooks like a dream and whom he met while she was a student at the University of Southern California. Fact is, Dan is a whale of a cook himself—especially in the *crepe Suzette* department and his seventy-five cups and ribbons attest to the fact he's some equestrian.

He began his career hoofing at six; at fourteen was supporting himself and was referred to as a second Jack Donohue. He trouped in vaudeville, on cruisers and in burlesque before he hit "I Married an Angel" and "Stars in Your Eyes" on Broadway.

There's a doggoned cute catch to his voice when he laughs, or have you noticed? He has a swell sense of the ridiculous, would love to bring the life of Jack Donohue to the screen



A good skate: Cary Grant cuts an impromptu figure on ice at the Sam Goldwyn Ice Carnival party on the set of "The Bishop's Wife"

and lives in a small apartment with no chi chi about it. Soon every movie fan alive will be Dan Dailey conscious, take Cal's word for it.

* * *

Van Stands: A breach between Van Johnson and his studio is said to be growing wider. Van is reported as blaming the innocuous movies handed him for his drop from the top favorites as rated by recent motion picture polls. When Van and Evie failed to attend Mr. Louis B. Mayer's birthday party friends explained the couple were hurt by the neglect of Leo the Lion in not sending them a wedding present, and that Van was silently protesting over his latest assignment, "Virtuous." How about Van's role in "Romance of Rosy Ridge?" Preview reports are all to (Continued on page 26)

It's Keen!







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The *N. Y. Times* calls it “Perfect!” The *N. Y. Herald Tribune* says: “Irresistible entertainment.” “Superb, brilliant, delightful, enchanting!” raves the *N. Y. News*. You can have *Great Expectations* **FREE**, as one of your **TWO FREE BOOKS** on this amazing offer!



Scene from *Great Expectations*, starring John Mills and Valerie Hobson. A J. Arthur Rank presentation, released through Universal-International Pictures.

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Mail the coupon without money, and you will receive at once your free copies of *The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations*. You will **ALSO** receive, as your first Selection, your choice of any of these 3 best-sellers:

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Why do you act so funny, honey?



JEEPERS, JEANIE! I'M NO BIG DAME HUNTER—I'M THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND. REMEMBER?

I'M NOT SO SURE, TED. I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN TELL YOU THIS—BUT WON'T YOU PLEASE SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, DEAR?



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

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OUR BRIDAL PATH IS SMOOTH AND SUNNY AND JEAN'S MY LITTLE CUDDLE-BUNNY!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!



Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 24) the good, with Van said to have the best role of his career.

* * *

Love Lost Department: In cold storage along with that white mink coat reputed to have cost thirty thousand dollars but didn't, is that front-page romance of Joan Crawford and the erstwhile cowboy, Don (Red) Barry. Seems Red was a bit optimistic about securing Joan's services for a picture (not a Western) and took the costly-present route to woo his prospect. Joan was indignant when the ruse was discovered.

Everyone regrets the unfortunate publicity afforded the actress, but wonders at the same time why she would accept such costly gifts (there were costly jewel trinkets too) from so new an acquaintance. It is reported that only the night before the blow-up, Joan attended a party all done up in rich finery. The next day, back it went to the shop. At any rate, everyone is glad it's all over.

* * *

Twosomes—Old and New: When it comes to constant twosomes, don't overlook Clark Gable and Iris Bynum, who are almost as constant as Peter Shaw and Angela Lansbury . . . Lana Turner and Tyrone Power are celebrating one year of being in love which gives the laugh to those who said the romance



On the laugh line at the Sam Goldwyn Ice Carnival party, Loretta Young, Henry Koster, star and director of "The Bishop's Wife"

At same party: Steve Cochran shows Virginia Mayo the hand is quicker than the eye



would last only a month . . . But when it comes to new heart affairs look out for Peter Lawford and Corinne Calvet, the French import. Pete is proudly beaung the new beauty everywhere.

* * *

Hats Off Department: Since his separation, Mark Stevens finds himself (much to his confused embarrassment) the most popular and sought-after young man in town. But the actor is determined to escape all such romances and go his way alone. His amazing success on his Midwest tour with "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" may send Mark back East for more personal appearances at the Roxy.

At any rate, our hats are off to him for his fine deportment and we are lifting our chapeau at the same time to his lovely ex-wife, Annelle Stevens, who is determined to make something of her life without Mark. Annelle freely admits that her possessiveness and her lack of understanding Mark's desire to have occasional moments alone caused the rift. Both are agreed, however, it's a final one.

* * *

A Salute to Fay: She's middle aged, not pretty in the movie sense, not glamorous according to smart-set rules, and yet Fay Bainter is one of the happiest, gayest, soundest women anywhere.

"Don't (Continued on page 31)



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON



An English Complexion
with lips of "Red Burgundy"
... by **YARDLEY.**
Charming, fresh and natural.



Light your smile with
"Red Burgundy," a warm,
fashion-bright lipstick for fall.
Wear Yardley Make-Up Base,
"Red Burgundy" Cream Rouge,
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—and look your loveliest.
Cream Rouge 85c, all
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KING EDWARD

A beautiful, romantic pattern
... long a favorite with
discriminating women!
Prized for its exquisite
ornamentation, graceful
contours! In fine,
long-wearing King
Edward Silverplate
— economically priced.

*Glamour...
in silver too!*

"CAVALCADE"

The "modern mood"
brilliantly interpreted in
distinguished King Edward
Silverplate... ultra-smart,
ultra-new! An outstand-
ing value in popular-
priced tableware.



King Edward
Exquisite
Silverplate
Unlimited Service Guarantee

Most frequently used spoons
and forks are extra plated
at points of greatest wear.

Ask your dealer for these lovely patterns.

NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

our gal GALE

From the Texas prairies
to Fifth Avenue
via a radio talent hunt



Gale Storm, delightful lead in
"It Happened on Fifth Avenue"

BY SARA HAMILTON

SHE'S happy, she's content, she's in Hollywood and she's news. Her name is Gale Storm, but there are no storms or gales to mar the unruffled calm of her life. Sunny, natural and pretty, she's the ingenue lead in Allied Artists' bright movie, "It Happened on Fifth Avenue." Tried in the fiery furnace of quickies and Westerns for six years, she is still unscorched by career frustrations. Her goal of happiness reached six years ago when Gale wed Lee Bonnell, everything that has happened since is so much extra trimming on that solid foundation.

Every Sunday she teaches the primary class in the Hollywood-Beverly Christian Sunday School and on Saturday nights she and Lee may trot off to the movies with ice cream afterwards, providing all is well with the two children—Phillip Lee, aged four and Peter Wade, a year old.

In a small white cottage with green shutters in San Fernando Valley, the Bonnells and children, with one maid of all work, live the life of any suburban family. Gale is thrilled to death at meeting movie stars and still can't get over being seated next to Gregory Peck at a recent press party. She and Lee share one car and days that Gale is working, her husband drops her off at her studio, while he continues on to RKO where he is under contract—a contract that was interrupted by three years with the Coast Guard.

When it comes to really important things in life, Miss Storm knows what she wants. Lee was one of those "important" things. They met when both arrived in Hollywood, regional winners in Jesse Lasky's national talent hunt put on over the radio six years ago and called "The Gateway to Hollywood." Gale won for her state, Texas—Lee for Indiana. The contestants palled about together but no one paid much attention to Gale who was

just eighteen and looked four years younger.

One week after Lee asked her for a date, she announced to her mother that here was the man she intended to marry. One year later she did. But not before each had emerged final winners in the contests which earned them a six-months' RKO contract.

At the end of six months Gale moved over to Monogram and gradually emerged from a sea of quickies into such films as "Sunbonnet Sue," "Are These Your Children?" and finally, "It Happened on Fifth Avenue" with Don DeFore and Victor Moore. That it probably will open a whole new field to the splendid little actress is just fine with her. It's just fine if it doesn't, too, because her home, the man she loves and two children spell complete happiness to Gale.

Born Josephine Cottle in Bloomington, Texas, her mother took the family of five children (Gale was the youngest) to Houston after her husband's death. In a happy home of sisters and brothers Gale attended school without one tiny urge to be an actress, despite the fact she did an outstanding job in San Jacinto High School plays.

No one was more surprised than Gale when she was chosen winner from her city, and after three broadcasts over a national radio hookup in Hollywood, pronounced final winner.

When Monogram arranged for Gale to make her first trip to New York, she first stipulated Lee must go along. Her sweet naturalness won her friends all over the place.

Hollywood never sees Gale in night clubs and seldom had seen her on the screen before her last big feature. But Hollywood is rapidly becoming aware of the little Gale from the Valley. Some predict it will blow a really big Storm in the year to come.

THE END

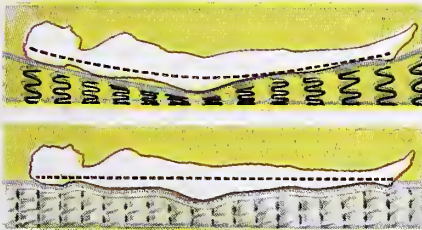


**WELL, NO WONDER ONLY BEAUTYREST
GIVES BEAUTYREST "LUXURY COMFORT"!**

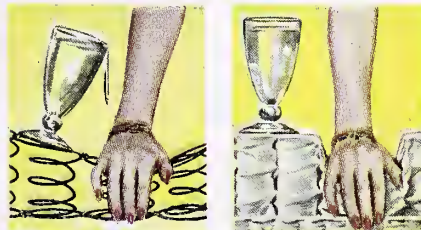


1. When you slip between the sheets
on your new Beautyrest, your whole body tells you that here at last is a *mattress!* A mattress that absorbs tension from every tired muscle...and relaxes you right through to your very bones!

And what's the secret of this luxurious comfort? Inside Beautyrest are 837 *individually pocketed coil springs*—837 of them—and *each spring acts on its own!* That's why Beautyrest cushions every tired inch of you so *naturally*, so *buoyantly!*



2. Compare! Above, see how an *ordinary* inner-spring mattress can sag beneath you, rob you of rest. But, below, see how Beautyrest *tends to mould itself to you*... lets you relax *more naturally* as you sleep!



3. "Water glass test" tells why! Left, see how wired-together springs in *ordinary* mattresses *sag* under pressure—form a *hollow*. But, right, see how Beautyrest's 837 *individually pocketed springs* act on their own!



Better value! In "torture tests" made by U. S. Testing Co., Inc., Beautyrest lasted *far longer* than any mattress tested. Guaranteed for 10 years, priced at \$49.50, Beautyrest costs *little more than 1¢ a night!* See your dealer today!



Suggestion: Get a Beautyrest Box Spring with your new Beautyrest Mattress, \$49.50. Famous Deepsleep Mattress, Box Spring by Simmons, \$39.50 each; Simmons Decorator Headboards, \$22.50 up.

Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST*

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET

AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING



"I'm excited about
the new Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake
with make-up sponge right
in the case!"

—says lovely

Gail Patrick

APPEARING IN
"CALENDAR GIRL"
A REPUBLIC PICTURE



A thrilling improvement in cake make-up that's set Hollywood all agog. For Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment right in the compact. As glamorous Gail Patrick says, "It's perfect! As soon as I open my Beau Cake there's the sponge, ready for use." Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake imparts ravishing young color to your skin; hides tiny blemishes; lasts for hours and hours. Enjoy it once and you'll agree Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake is truly the cosmetic sensation of the year.

"With **BEAU CAKE** it's so
much quicker to make your
skin look youthful, smooth
and glamorous."



"**BEAU CAKE** is so much
neater . . . no need for
loose cotton in my purse."



Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake \$1.50
PLUS TAX

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case

INSIDE STUFF



Glamour turn-out: The John Lunds were among those previewed by the sidewalk audience at the "It Happened on Fifth Avenue" premiere

(Continued from page 26) you think we're wonderful, we show people?" she beamed at Cal—and yet Fay belongs not only to a show world but a world of home, of a mother, a wife, a community. Bright, alert, broad-minded, the younger belles immediately seem to lack luster in her presence. By far the alive-est person on the "Off to Buffalo" set, she chatted intelligently, was interested in everything and everybody.

She lamented the fact her twenty-three-year-old son, now at Stanford University, had missed the youthful crushes and heartaches that are such a part of growing up. Like his father be-

fore him, young Redge was in the Navy four years during the war.

"He seems too old for those young feelings now that he's twenty-three," she said.

Strolling over, the bride Nancy Guild informed us she was having pork chops for her husband Charles Russell's dinner.

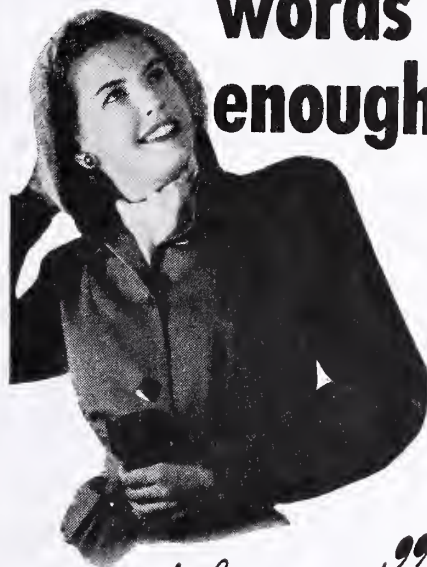
"Well, have apples with them by all means," Fay said and proceeded to tell Nancy exactly how to prepare them, her short curls bobbing as she talked.

We came away convinced that Fay Bainter was the most coveted of all women—successful in her career, in her home and as a person.



Flashbacks: Belita and her husband Joel McGinnis were kept busy greeting their friends at the same premiere

"I can't find words enough



to praise Tampax!"

You'll understand this enthusiasm some day—the day that you first use Tampax! How good it will feel to find yourself free from all external reminders that "it's sanitary-protection time"... Tampax is an internal absorbent and comes without belts, pins or outside pads. A dainty applicator makes insertion easy. After that, the Tampax is unseen and *unfelt*.

Now let your imagination carry you on! No chafing, of course. No odor. No disposal trouble. Your dresses will never show an edge-line from Tampax nor will there be twisting or bulging.... Made of highly absorbent cotton, compressed by a patented process, Tampax was invented by a doctor. It is a serious product intended for full-time protection and by no means only for incidental use.

Millions of women are now buying Tampax—at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Three different absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Get it for "next time." Month's supply slips into your purse. Economy Box holds four months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

"Why Don't You Have Yourself a Big Time?"

— says *Bing Crosby*

"Folks in the know here in Hollywood agree about a great Technicolor motion picture called 'Mother Wore Tights.' I am not in it, though I wish I was, but I'm one of the many thousands in show business who hopes everybody will see it.

"To us in the theatrical world it hits home. It's a story of family life and family affections—warm, tender and real—proving that in their hearts show folks are no different from other folk.

"'Mother Wore Tights' is fine entertainment. Betty Grable's in it and I vow I've never seen her more glamorous or fascinating. Playing opposite her is Dan Dailey, and five will get you fifty that his performance is going to make him a star over night.

"Why don't you have yourself a big time and see 'Mother Wore Tights'? I know you'll enjoy every minute of it."

20th
CENTURY-FOX





Marriage Turnstile

IN Hollywood, where divorce is almost as commonplace as divorce in Chicago or New York, the news this month seems unhappily to be concentrated on marital misfortunes. On pages 36 and 37 of this issue, you will find Louella Parsons's report of the Hedy Lamarr-John Loder situation, and on the following pages columnist Sheilah Graham's analysis of the working dangers to happy marriages when star couples join in film enterprises.

Most ironical of the new stories is that concerning a charming new musical, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." The two young stars of this aptly named film, June Haver and Mark Stevens, in recent weeks have both announced separations from their spouses.

With voices rising in strengthening chorus against divorce as a national sickness sapping America's strength, it is unfortunate that the spotlight should veer toward Hollywood once again, especially in the case of June Haver, who has been married only a few months, after a front-paged elopement to Las Vegas, followed by a church wedding two weeks later.

It is natural to wonder whether there

might be less marital disaster in Hollywood were the stars less emotional and impulsive in their wedding actions.

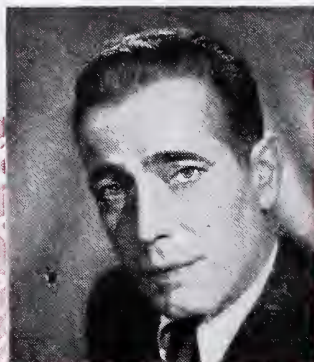
There is no connection except coincidence between the Haver and Stevens breakups, but drama and heartbreak are in both stories. PHOTOPLAY asked its associate editor, Sara Hamilton, to talk to June. Sara reports as follows:

"This has been a most unfortunate situation all the way around. June is a much brighter than average young girl and exceptionally talented. She can write music, dance, sing and, some critics suspect, act. She had known her husband, Jimmy Zito, for some seven years, but evidently not nearly well enough.

"June told me, 'I was fifteen when I met Jimmy. He was seventeen. We were travelling with Ted FioRito's band. I was singing. Jimmy was playing trumpet. Because we were the only youngsters with the band we went out together like two kids anywhere. I was with the band three and a half months and it was two years before I saw Jimmy again. Then Jimmy went into service and it was another two and a half years before we met again. Last November I (Continued on page 84)

Ted Fiammi's

WHO WILL BE YOUR



Humphrey Bogart

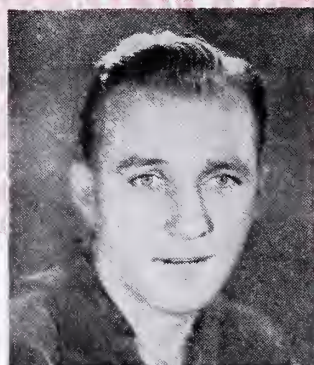


Ingrid Bergman



Rita Hayworth

It's the half-way mark, with some surprising upsets and gains in the race for Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards



Bing Crosby



Bette Davis

It will be another several months before you, the public, will finally choose your favorite actor, actress and motion picture for 1947. This will be the fourth time that, through our national poll, you will vote for the stars and the picture that will receive the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medals as the popular stars and picture of the year. But already you have stated your choices for the first half of the year. And as usual, they are interesting choices, showing many unexpected decisions upon the part of you, the public, with whom rests the fate of every movie made and every star's career.

At the half-way mark, your five favorite actresses—listed alphabetically—are:

Ingrid Bergman (last year's win-

ner), Bette Davis, Greer Garson (a two-year winner), Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner.

Unless a dark horse, nowhere in sight at this polling, appears, one of these stars will win the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

It is interesting to note that four of these young women were the most popular actresses of 1946. But in the six months since the 1946 PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards

were announced, Rita Hayworth has climbed into the Big Five list, replacing Judy Garland, who was on it last year.

The five most popular actors with the people of our forty-eight states—listed alphabetically also—are:

Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby (three-time winner), Bob Hope and Alan Ladd.

The six months that have elapsed

FAVORITES FOR 1947?



Alan Ladd



Lana Turner

By
DR. GEORGE GALLUP

Director of
Audience Research, Inc.



Bob Hope



Gary Cooper



Greer Garson

since the 1946 PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award winners were named have made changes in this list too. Since a half year ago, Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson have dropped from the list of the first five, giving way to Humphrey Bogart and Alan Ladd.

Now we come to the ten motion pictures which, in the middle of this year 1947, have proved the most popular with the approx-

imately sixty million regular movie-goers. Listed in order of popularity these pictures are:

- 1) The Jolson Story
- 2) It's a Wonderful Life
- 3) Margie
- 4) Blue Skies
- 5) 13 Rue Madeleine
- 6) Till the Clouds Roll By
- 7) Notorious
- 8) Song of the South
- 9) The Dark Mirror

10) The Killers

However, some highly enjoyed motion pictures which were released late, and therefore have not as yet been seen by enough people to warrant our including them on the list, are "Boomerang," "The Best Years of Our Lives," "The Yearling," "The Farmer's Daughter," "The Late George Apley," "Miracle on 34th St." etc.

Judging by our poll thus far, these pictures may very well be up toward the top of the list by the end of 1947.

And of course some pictures not yet released may well supplant pictures mentioned, or supply the winner.

"The Jolson Story" has been an interesting (Continued on page 86)

The Strange Case Of HEDY LAMARR



John Loder and Hedy Lamarr, principals in the marriage break-up that is baffling Hollywood

At Denise Loder's christening
Bette Davis was godmother

BY
LOUELLA O. PARSONS



In the sensational Lamarr-Loder marriage break-up, Photoplay's ace

reporter gives startling facts about both sides of the story

John and Hedy are teamed together in "Dishonored Lady"



F ever a woman had everything other women dream of this side of heaven, it is Hedy Lamarr. Yet here she is, wracked with discontent, weariness of body and mind and an inner unhappiness that is almost beyond comprehension.

When the gods got around to Hedy, they ladled it out in shovelfuls. They gave her beauty with such abundance that it hurts. I have heard women (but few men) say of her, "She isn't my type of beauty," but I have never heard it argued that she *isn't* a beauty.

As the pampered wife of a Continental millionaire, she was adorned with jewels and furs and waited on like a queen while she was still in her 'teens.

As the movie favorite of millions of fans, she has known fame and the soul-satisfying fulfillment of living creatively.

She has been blessed with three beautiful children—two of her own and an adopted child.

(Continued on page 94)

Why should the break-up risks be greater for married stars who work together than for those who don't? Here's the eye-opening report of an eye witness

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Their twenty-four-hour-a-day job bothers Judy and Vincente



The test hasn't come yet for the Powells

"Till Work

SCARCELY a day passes that someone doesn't call with the "exclusive" rumor that Judy Garland and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, are separating and getting a divorce. So far it hasn't happened. Let's hope it never will because Judy and Vincente are very nice people. But something is the matter—that's obvious. One day Judy is so gay that it's hard to keep up with her. The next she is morose, non-talkative, easy to take offense. And tired.

There's the root of the trouble.

Judy is getting no rest. She can't get away from her work. Because she is working with her husband. And her work is now a twenty-four-hour-a-day



"Goodbye" had another meaning for Deanna and Felix

Bill Dozier and Joan Fontaine tried a six-months' plan



Do Us Part"

job. Some people just can't live with their work—and Judy is one of them.

This will give you an idea of what is happening. I saw Judy the Sunday before the Monday that she started "The Pirate," directed by Vincente. It was at a Don Loper fashion show. And Vincente was with her. Judy was jittering all over the place.

"I'm nervous," she told me, "about the picture tomorrow. I haven't worked for a year and a half. And I don't know how it'll be. But," she said, with an apologetic glance at Vincente, "we made a pact last night not to talk about the picture for thirty hours!"

If any girl in Hollywood has no reason to be nervous (Continued on page 116)

Marriage off key? Not Jean Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez





Engstead

Glamour, Junior Size: Elizabeth Taylor, piquant star of "Cynthia"

Life with LIZ

She can be a tomboy in blue jeans or a charmer in chiffon, this teen-ager with a crush on living

LIFE is real. Life is earnest. And life is full of junior complications for beautiful little Elizabeth Taylor these days. All a complete mystery to her chipmunk Nibbles and the rest of her animal kingdom, who feel no kinship with the new creatures invading their Never-Never-Land.

The noisy new Ford with twin pipes "that cost *thirty-nine* dollars extra" and have a wheeze reminiscent of Red Skelton's 903. The crowds of husky high school boys in jackets and T-shirts. And equal crowds of girls in pedal-pushers and sweaters who comb their hair endlessly, refer to Nibbles's beloved young mistress familiarly as "Liz" and to the T-shirts either admiringly as "rugged" or derisively as "drips."

She's still the same Elizabeth. Sincere, warmly affectionate, tender, with a depth far beyond her fifteen years, and a spiritual sweetness and unworldly quality that send her often into a dream world into which the other pedal-pushers can't push.

She's a saintly tomboy who gazes dreamily out over the Pacific eulogizing about life and death, and a few minutes later is on King's back, laughing and whooping it up along the beach in the surf, her hair a flying black carpet in the wind.

You'll still find her playing baseball at recess at the M-G-M school with Claude Jarman, who says, "she catches and throws better than any girl I ever saw!"

On Saturdays she's in blue jeans down at the stables currying (Continued on page 81)



Sand sprite: Liz, of "Life with Father," loves the beach, the wind in her hair—peasant dresses!

BY DIANE SCOTT



Scott

The man in your future—Glenn Ford, star of Columbia's "The Man from Colorado"

There was an urgent reason
why Eleanor went East while
Glenn Ford stayed West. But it
wasn't what people guessed

By Jerry Asher

On solid ground: Eleanor, Peter Newton and Glenn Ford



"We have a home"

"MY Mommy," said young Peter Newton Ford wistfully, "has gone for a l-l-ong ride."

His gray-blue eyes looked up appealingly. Tiny trembles tugged at the corners of his sensitive mouth. While his small boy's mind accepted Daddy's simple explanation of Mommy's prolonged absence, Peter still instinctively knew there was more to the situation.

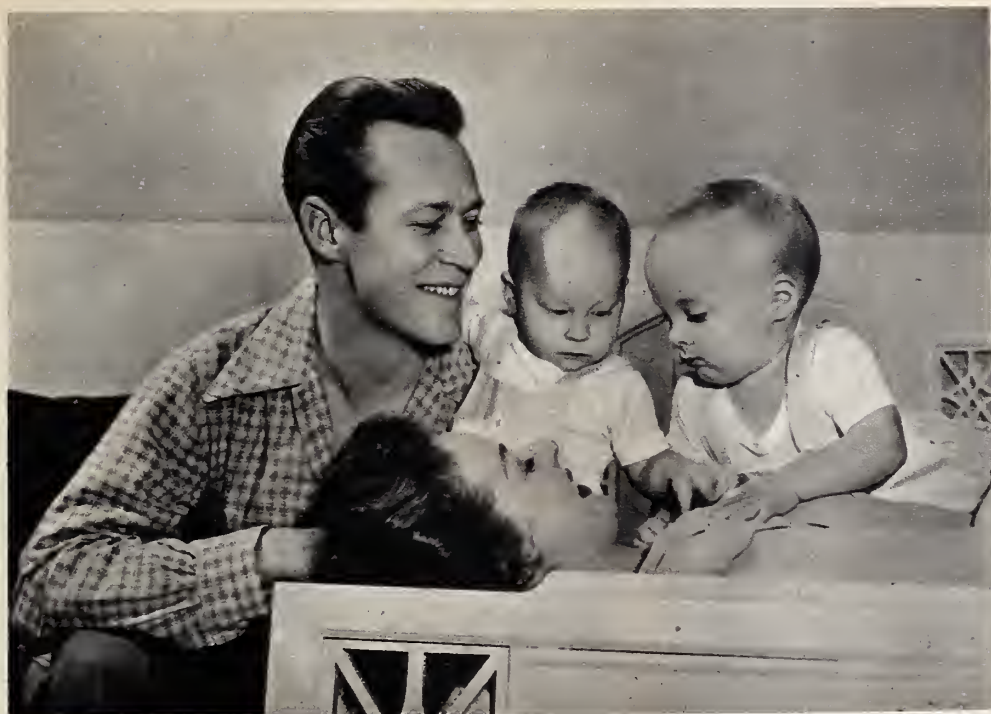
It was Sunday morning. A strangely spent Sunday morning in these parts. We were skimming down La Cienega Boulevard heading toward the Beverly Children's Amusement Park. Glenn Ford, otherwise known as "Daddy," sat at the wheel of his delft blue Cadillac. Peter Newton sat between us. Just a week previous, Eleanor Powell, otherwise known as "Mommy," trained out for Chicago to fulfill her first dancing engagement since her three years of retirement.

"Come on along and keep me company," urged Glenn, who had dropped by with Peter on his way home (Continued on page 87)

Sugar and spice and everything nice: Susan Hayward of "The Lost Moment"

Morris





BY
JACK
ASHLAND

Two little peppers: Greg and Tim with parents Susan and Jess Barker

SWEET PEPPER

They said she was too hot to handle—
until Susan Hayward learned to handle herself

SUSAN HAYWARD of the movies, who is Edyth Marrener on Gowanus Canal, Brooklyn, and Mrs. Jess Barker at Bank of America window No. 6 (Beverly Hills Branch) is looking at the world through Technicolor glasses. Everything is rosy now!

Recently she appeared in "Smash-up," her second picture since signing that lucrative Walter Wanger deal. ("Canyon Passage" with Dana Andrews was her first.) For the first time since serving her Hollywood "internship" (her name for it) she thoroughly enjoyed relationship of cast and crew. From the twenty-seventh day of May until the end of August, she worked every single day. She was never tired, never unhappy. She had complete trust in her director, felt he completely trusted her too. Every shot the cameraman took she knew was the best he could do.

"I'm the girl who made all the mistakes in the book," Susan tells you frankly. "But (Continued on page 78)

2. And you watch the cinema "early birds" dip their wings in the hotel pool



HOLLYWOOD TOUR

Add your footprints to the
stars' on a dream tour of Hollywood
with Shirley Temple and John Agar

Color pictures by Fink and Smith

1. Breakfast in Beverly Wilshire Nubian Room is festive, with hosts Shirley and John Agar. John makes his screen debut in "War Party"

3. Original Brown Derby—famous for food and celebrities. You rub elbows with the great, near-great and plain tourists



4. You trace Shirley's foot-o-graph in forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Shirley's been asked to give a repeat performance



5. Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor on Sunset Strip—where your flicker favorites pick up a quart to take home—or air express it Mexico way and points east

6. More Hawaiian than Hawaii: Beverly Hills Tropics, where romance and hibiscus flower. Here John gave Shirley her ring. Shirley stars in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer"

THE phone rings. It's Shirley Temple Agar and her handsome John—your Hollywood Tour hosts for the day. Shirley asks if you'd care to breakfast with them at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. You would—and do.

So, an hour later, you're dunking your toast in your coffee (that is if you dunk) in the glass-enclosed Nubian Room of the hotel—while not ten yards away sundry glamorous movie guests are dunking themselves in the lovely pool. It's just what you'd imagined a Hollywood swimming pool would be (Continued on page 115)



I Meet "the Menace"

He went to jeer and stayed to cheer, for what else can
a chap do when he meets a man who won't stay in character

ABOUT a year ago I took my sister to see a picture called "The Seventh Veil," at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood. Therein lies a frightening story.

To begin with, I discovered why I hadn't been able to contact a certain girl friend of mine for at least a week. There she was, happily ensconced in row G, screaming herself into a frenzy over a guy by the name of James Mason. Aside from the fact that her squeals were shattering my concentration, I couldn't help but become a victim of that green-eyed monster, Jealousy! After all, I *had* taken her to Mocambo at least twice; that, naturally, made me her legal guardian. I also felt that she had reached an age where squealing at screen actors was highly indecorous and a little inane.

As the picture progressed, my sister, a happily-married lady-like creature, also began to gurgle. *I'd had it!* This gink on the screen was obviously a menace to the average male enjoyment of a good film.

You may imagine my horror, a month later, when I woke up to find myself in London and all set to do a picture at the same studio with this ogre, Mason. Luckily, there was one point in my favor: I had two weeks in which to browse around that fascinating city, completely free from the bugaboo of having to go to work at Denham on my film "Meet Me at Dawn," thereby escaping the possibility of running into "the menace" on the lot. As a matter of reporting, any time I happened to hear a derogatory remark about Mr. Mason (and like all figures in the public eye, one is apt to hear more unkind than kind remarks about them) I jumped up and (Continued on page 112)

BY WILLIAM EYTHE

Bill helps his bride, Buff Cobb, pass the cake. The Masons passed out smiles





Boulton

Somber appeal: James Mason, star of "Odd Man Out"



The boys' crystal set provides lots of fun for Josh, Chris, Dorothy and Bob

MITCHUM - FREE STYLE

He rode the rails—to love and fame. Is Hollywood

just another whistle stop for Bob?

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

UNTIL his thirtieth birthday, Robert Mitchum was completely a free soul. No one quite knew what went on behind his odd, inscrutable eyes or what often shocking—and quite as often true—things he was going to say. He did things he wanted to do in the way he wanted to do them. He was a tramp, a prize fighter, a wiper on a freighter. His was the sort of life that a thousand clerks, driven by circumstance to stay behind counters, dream of living, were they only free.

And now he is thirty. He is a screen star. And no longer is he Robert Mitchum, adventurer, an unfettered and unbound individual. Now he's a studio asset. And the big hand of influence is reaching out to smooth the rough

edges of the clay that is Robert Mitchum, to try to make him sleek and usual and conventional and conforming. Already, the exciting love affair between the boy who rode the rails, without a cent in his pockets, to see the conventional and sheltered girl he loved—thereby practically ruining her very correct social position—is being smoothed down to a most usual girl-meets-boy affair. Already, Robert Mitchum's provocative and impudent conversation is being watched and guarded and touched up a bit.

Just the other day at luncheon Ingrid Bergman said, "One of the great troubles with the young stars that come to Hollywood is that they arrive (Continued on page 72)



Morris

Target for attention: Robert Mitchum starring in "Crossfire"

This is one of those rarities—

a visit with the Taylors who greet

you with, "Help yourself to the house!"

Date with BOB and "THE QUEEN"

BY DOROTHY DEERE



Bob and his "Queen" have a deep-rooted sense of humor—dislike practical jokes

VISITING Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor at home for the first time is an experience that begins on a note of incredulity.

"We're easy to get to," says Barbara casually. "The first house from the corner of . . ." She's named two of the best travelled streets in one of the most populous locales. You ask her to repeat it by way of testing your hearing.

The homes of top name stars are seldom conspicuously located. For privacy, the usual movie

dwelling flattens itself behind a high wall perched on a canyon rim or lures you miles along a tangled route the well-known crow would go crazy trying to fly.

The Taylor residence, however, is a pleasant and open-faced white colonial set not too far from the street. There's no forbidding wall either of shrubbery or brick, just an ordinary front walk running between rows of extraordinarily large and friendly pansies

to a very visible front door. Realizing how often you've passed this house all unknowing has an unsettling effect. For a moment you have a wild desire to see what would happen if you'd step out into the stream of passing motorists and give a yell, "Hey, kids. Bet you'd never guess who lives here." Then your better nature, which is that part of you that doesn't want to get killed in a stampede, prevails.

The front door, when you've



Welborne

Silver symphony: Barbara Stanwyck, star of "The Other Love"

Date with BOB and "THE QUEEN"

Preferred pastime: Coffee and discussion in the "pushed-out" study



Flowers grow bigger and brighter for Barbara and Bob. Barbara is starring in "Cry Wolf"



Informality is not a pose with the Taylors. Bob's in "High Wall"

raised the knocker, flies open with an informal yank.

"Hello, c'mon in." Bob has opened it himself.

Crossing his doorsill you are once again impressed by the fact that as long as there are movies and as long as there are men as handsome as this Taylor guy the two will be getting together. He's a walking hunk of Technicolor, white teeth adding a flash of vitality to his strongly tanned face, yellow golfing sweater and sand slacks contrasting with his black hair. As always his very blue eyes hold that remarkable quality of secret laughter which invariably makes you feel as if you share a very funny story between you.

"The Queen just phoned," he says. "She was detained a little at the studio. We're fresh out of servants you know, so help yourself to the house will you?"

Part of this breezy hospitality is tossed over a well squared shoulder as he returns to the brace of studio photographers who have their equipment set



"Can't miss this one," says Bob as he focuses on the three "Missys" and Uncle Buck

up on the terrace. At this very first moment and every minute of your stay you enjoy the lack of self-consciousness with which your host and hostess go about their vocation of being top ranking glamour stars. None of those phony apologies or protests about the time sacrificed to their "art." To Bob and Barbara, motion pictures are both a business and a major interest, absorbing most of their effort, conversation and thought. On the ordinary Saturday afternoon Bob might be up in the blue yonder with his plane or perhaps enjoying a skeet shoot with Gene Raymond and/or Bob Stack. He's rueful but not rebellious about this "home sitting" his studio has requested and as a guest you are highly complimented that he credits you with understanding such things.

"Hope you don't mind the racket," he sings out between the pop of a flashlight bulb, the ringing of a phone, and the reiterated bang of a hammer somewhere on the outside of the house. "You should have been here (Continued on page 91)



Bob's "gun" pals are Gene Raymond and Bob Stack

DRESS

Chic chat from our gay gadabout on



Fan fair: Maria Montez of "The Exile," lovely in white net over blue with matching mantilla

CIRCLE

how to make your mark—Hollywood style

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town

COUUPLE of months ago we "warned" you that leading fashion arbiters were determined that padded hips, smaller shoulder lines and much longer daytime skirts be accepted by American femininity—and it really looks as if their edict is in full sway. With a couple of exceptions. We'll never believe—and Howard Greer expressed the same opinion to us—that American women will go for the padded-hip idea. That fashion just doesn't fall in line with the lives we live. But there's no doubt that the longer skirts and smaller shoulders are here to stay awhile. The only hold-out for the wide, square shoulder among the top-ranking designers is Hollywood's Adrian—and by golly, we'll stick with him or at least go down fighting!

As we look over the filmland glammer-pusses these days, the change in the fashion picture is striking. The fuller, wider, so much more luxurious skirts and sleeves; the freer hand with drapery in daytime dresses; the amazing abundance of rich fabrics and the lavish use of beautiful beading for evening wear. We have some really hot fall fashion tips—but will tell you a few paragraphs later.

Maria Montez breezed into a party at Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier's new house, in a dream designed for (Continued on page 108)



Joan Bennett of "Woman on the Beach" resorts to navy blue and green



Carole Landis of "Out of the Blue," a good sport in black and white wool



Lynn Bari of "A Texas Story" knitted up this one, added gold threads



Baby takes a bow—in the wrong direction! Or is it for mama Kay Aldrich? Melissa's white organdie dress has hand-painted forget-me-nots, if you please!



Enchanting: Gail approves the brother-and-sister outfits Jane and Ronnie. Gail is one of the many Hollywood

In came the small fry — out went bib 'n' tucker set in Gail Patrick's

Judy Donlevy was but mad about the blue organdie she is modelling until Gail held up the green Brian Donlevy likes the blue, so-o-o, there's only one thing for an adoring daddy to do!





worn by Michael and Maureen Reagan, pride and joy of stars who run successful business careers on the side

formality at a fashion show for the baby shop, the Enchanted Cottage

Nightie night—complete with candle! Alana Ladd's yellow batiste nightie has a square yoke



"My right profile's best, don't you think?" asks Maria of producer Jerry Fairbanks and a convulsed Gail. Paddy and Maria are Maureen O'Sullivan's kiddies

Ann Rutherford May adds a few touches to the hair-do of cute daughter Gloria May, who is going in for the double-breasted line these days, yellow pique with *real* embroidery





It's a proud day for the parents. Kay Aldrich and Brenda Joyce beam as very sub-deb Melissa and Brenda's son, Junior Tim Ward, show off their infant best



The little miss in dotted swiss is Kim Kyser. Dottie Lamour's son, John Ridgely, isn't too sure Kim won't use that hair brush on him!

It's a solemn moment for those pixies in pigtails, Cheryl and Linda Rogers, in their latest kindergarten-set negligees. That's Gloria May with Roy Rogers's children



romper parade



Miss Kim Kyser figures it is never too early to start being smart, but her daddy Kay Kyser and her mother Georgia Carroll are on hand to see that everything isn't all wet!



Boy Brummel: Brenda Joyce obliges with a temporary perch for son Timothy Ward, who leans toward the light pants-dark shirt ensemble for fall



No wonder McCarthy is jealous! Edgar Bergen's tiny Candy views parade from on high with Jerry Fairbanks's daughter Jerilyn

Mind Your Manners

SOME years ago, I remember, I stood before my grandmother waiting for her to tell me that I looked pretty. I was dressed for a party in dotted Swiss with a pink sash and hair ribbon and new patent leather strap slippers. However, instead of telling me I looked pretty my grandmother crushed me by saying, "Pretty is as pretty does, Anita. Just act as nice as you look and everything will be fine." Not being any brighter than any other kid my age I didn't stop to weigh my grandmother's words. I thought only, "Oh, that again!" Consequently, later, at considerable personal cost, I had to discover for myself that no one of us is any more attractive than she acts. And one of the surest ways of being attractive, of course, is to mind our manners.

Obviously, all of us almost automatically say "thank you" or "please" and stand up when an older person comes into a room. But by good manners I mean more than this. I mean the sort of truly civilized and considerate behavior you get from a girl like Gene Tierney; from her entire family, in fact.

The Tierneys are a joy to know. Weekends when Gene is in the East, the entire tribe—Howard Tierney and his family, Gene and her daughter Daria, her sister Pat and their mother Belle—holiday at their house in Connecticut. They have a wonderful time with nary a squabble. Because not one of the Tierneys would think of imposing on another, of letting anyone do more than his share, of entering anyone's room without knocking.

It's the same with Gene and Pat who live together, either in Gene's little house in Beverly Hills or in Gene's apartment in New York. Pat is Gene's secretary. But this doesn't mean for an instant that Gene plays the grand movie queen and Pat caters to her. In the New York apartment which Gene recently furnished she and Pat not only share the same bedroom but the same dressing table. It's a long table, skirted with the same violet bouqueted chintz that covers the beds and (Continued on page 110)



Your slips will show if your manners
are just the party-kind—so take some tips on
being a full-time lady

By Anita Colby

Photoplay's Beauty Editor

Gene Tierney, of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," and sister Pat consider each other—at twin dressing table in Gene's home



JENNIFER

The Fabulous Life Of A Girl Named Jones



Jennifer stars in "Portrait of Jennie"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Complete In This Issue



Portrait of Jennifer at two years



School days: Jennifer didn't want to be May Queen, felt her best friend Ruth (seated) should have been chosen



COVER GIRL

NINE-YEAR-OLD

Phylis Isley was walking with her parents down Broadway, a tiny part of that solid wall of humanity that moves up and down when the theaters are out.

She was oblivious to the milling masses, the shouting newsboys, honking taxis, electrical fireworks and the rest of the constant carnival that makes up Times Square.

Her hazel eyes saw nothing but the name "Ruth Draper," blazing away on one of the marquees.

"Someday my name will be in lights like that too," she said excitedly.

"Yes, yes, dear," said quiet-voiced Mrs. Isley.

"But, Mother, it really will!" protested Phylis, not to be done out of fame so fast.

Her dream then was to be a successful monologist like Draper or Cornelia Otis Skinner. When the Isleys had left Oklahoma City for the child's first trip to New York, her dramatics teacher had urged them to take her to see the star.

That night settled it for Phylis. "Someday I'll be up there . . ."

Today wherever you turn she is "up there." Movie marquees fight with each other in flashing the name of Jennifer Jones in "Duel in the Sun." She has proven her right to be there by running the gamut from saint to sinner on the screen, playing equally well the roles of Bernadette and the sexy, sultry half-breed, Pearl Chavez.

She has the unequalled record of winning the Academy Award with

JENNIFER

her first starring role and of having been nominated in every Awards line-up since.

But long before Oscar's votes started rolling in, early symptoms of stardom got her the votes of her childhood playmates, school friends, teachers and everybody who knew her. All of them sensed that this tall willowy girl, with her wide expressive hazel eyes, pink cheeks, her solid sincerity and electric enthusiasm, was born to be a star.

Jennifer's parents knew it, though they were too familiar with show business and its hardships to encourage her in that direction. Her father, Phil Isley, a lovable genuine person, had come up the hard way, travelling with tent shows and really toughing it until he eventually got into the theater business on his own. Her mother, affectionately known as "Dolly" to her friends, had worked in



A source of inspiration to Jennifer, the former head of Monte Casino school welcomes back the student she once knew as Phylis Isley

The last round-up: This picture was taken at the famous Oklahoma ranch of the late Pawnee Bill, (center). Guests were Bob Walker, Jennifer, Blanche Yurka and stage director Richard Mansfield Dickinson





Jennifer and David Bruce in a scene from one of the plays put on by the Mansfield Players during her stock company days

Although their marriage is ended, Jennifer and Bob still share a mutual respect and interest in their sons, Michael and Bobby



Success duo: Jennifer and star-maker David O. Selznick. Together they made headlines with "Duel in the Sun"



offices that booked road shows. They wanted their daughter just to grow up and be a lady and enjoy the comfortable amount of money they had.

But whether they wanted it that way or not, it must have been early apparent to them that she was born to act. For Jennifer was always coming home from school in different character, aping the mannerisms and inflections of children she'd been playing with. Later she took spells at being Janet Gaynor, Sylvia Sidney and Katharine Cornell. She really concentrated on Sylvia, studying her dignified, retiring manner, her low throaty voice and lingering look. "Some kind people said I looked like Sylvia Sidney, so I guess it was successful—the wistful business," (Continued on page 118)



1. "You're a disgrace to the tradition of Christmas," a plump little man with a white beard and pink cheeks (Edmund Gwenn) tells drunken Santa Claus in Macy's Thanksgiving parade. *Doris Walker* (Maureen O'Hara) persuades the stranger, *Kris Kringle*, to take the job



2. *Doris's* daughter *Susan* (Natalie Wood) watches parade with neighbor *Fred Gailey* (John Payne), a young lawyer. He enlists *Susan's* aid in meeting her mother

3. *Doris*, a realist, has brought *Susan* up to believe fairy tales are silly and Santa Claus a myth. She is annoyed with *Fred* when she sees him waiting in line with *Susan* to greet *Kris Kringle*, now a full-time Santa at Macy's



Miracle On 34TH STREET

An out of season gift from
20th-Century Fox, with Santa Claus
gaining new fans. If you don't
believe in Christmas after seeing this
picture—go see it again!

4. *Kris* is invited to dinner at *Doris's* home, discovers *Susan* is unhappy because the other kids won't play with her. He tells her it's not really silly to pretend and soon has her imitating a monkey in a wonderful new "imagining" game

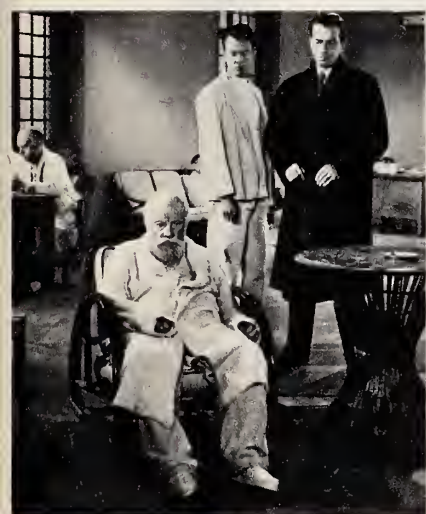




5. *Kris* helps people who can't find toys they want there by sending them elsewhere. Sales boom and Mr. Macy orders store-wide adoption of the new policy. Mr. Gimbel, rival store head, bawls staff out for not being first with idea



6. The store psychologist (Porter Hall) has a mania for finding "complexes" in employees. Enraged by harm he is doing, *Kris* strikes *Saewyer*, who dislikes him and says *Kris* has maniacal tendencies—must be locked up



7. By a ruse, *Kris* is committed to Bellevue. Disillusioned, he pretends insanity, but *Fred* persuades him to fight back



8. In court, defended by *Fred*, *Kris* insists he is Santa. D. A. Mara (Jerome Cowan) and the judge (Gene Lockhart) fence for a ruling, now suddenly complicated by nation-wide interest in the case



9. Proof that *Kris* is Santa arrives unexpectedly—letters to Santa Claus are forwarded to *Kris* at court

10. Reunited, *Doris*, *Fred* and *Susan* spend Christmas with *Kris* at a home for the aged where he lives. *Susan's* faith is shaken when she doesn't get the house in the country she asked for. But *Kris* sends them a roundabout way home . . .

11. . . and *Susan's* new-won faith is justified. For suddenly she sees her dream house, magically for sale. *Doris* and *Fred* know it is their dream house too—for in the living room is proof that *Kris* arranged it



What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Editor's Note: Because of the increasing amount of work entailed in handling the many letters that come each month to Miss Colbert, PHOTOPLAY has assigned her the editorial services of Fredda Dudley, well-known Hollywood correspondent.



Claudette Colbert, starring in
"Sleep, My Love"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-nine years old, and have been a widow for five years. My husband was killed in North Africa in 1942.

I still wear my wedding and engagement rings and use my husband's name. My friends have told me that I should remove my rings and use my given name and his surname.

I have a boy of seven and a girl of five. I've argued it would be unfair to the children and the memory of my dead husband to pass myself off as Miss Helen T. in preference to Mrs. Andrew T.

Will you please clarify this point for me?

Helen T.

After consulting both legal and social authorities I have secured the following information for you:

Your legal name is Helen Brown T. (Your maiden name is used whenever you sign legal documents.) Socially, you should refer to yourself as Mrs. Andrew T. Formerly it was customary for a widow to sign herself "Mrs. Helen T." but that has fallen into disuse.

I suspect your friends have some sort of mistaken notion that your use of Miss would make you more attractive to a prospective second husband, but statistics contradict them. Analysts of vital statistics say a widow's prospects of marrying a second or even a third time are good. Also the title of "Miss" would

complicate matters for your children.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was an only child, brought up by very strict parents; my father was a pillar of the community and active in the church.

I had every advantage, so there was no excuse for what happened. Just before I was fifteen I gave birth to a baby daughter under circumstances that ended my ability to bear any more children.

My parents sold their home, took my baby, and moved to another community almost a thousand miles away. I was placed in a private school where I finished my secondary training, and four years of college. During my junior college year, I renewed my acquaintance with my baby's father and we were married on Commencement Night.

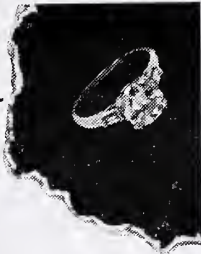
I am now twenty-three, and my daughter (whom I have seen only twice, although I have hundreds of pictures of her) is eight. She has grown up in the belief that she is my sister instead of my daughter.

Now that my husband and I have our own home, and because we can't have other children, he wants to take our daughter and bring her up as our own.

I wrote to my parents about this. My father answered angrily, saying that I was selfish and heartless to consider taking my daughter. He (Continued on page 76)

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's

Celia Babcock of New York City is blonde and blue-eyed. Her complexion has the soft freshness of a Renoir painting. Daughter of the Joseph Park Babcocks, she attended New York's fashionable Finch Junior College, is engaged to Peter Van Dyk Berg of Short Hills, N. J.



HER RING—a large diamond, with baguette diamonds

"Blush-Cleanse your face Tonight"

ADVISES THIS LOVELY ENGAGED GIRL

"A blush-cleanse makes me feel I've done something special for my face," says Celia Babcock. Read how her new "blush-cleanse" beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream can help your skin have that lovely, soft look.

Warm your skin thoroughly with a face cloth drenched in good warm water.

—your face is ready for real cleansing

Over your receptively warm, moist skin "blush-cleanse" by swirling on plenty of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off well.

—this softens away dirt and make-up

Now—a quick second swirling of Pond's to rinse pore-openings thoroughly. Tissue off.

—last traces of dirt "blush-rinse" away

Tingle your clean, clean face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

—fresh color floods your skin

RESULT—you glow with cleanness!

See how the persuasive *demulcent action* of Pond's Cold Cream has helped free your skin of make-up and dirt. Your face feels clean-fresh . . . softer, silkier to touch . . . has a lovely blush of color! *Every night* give your face this blush-cleanse and rinse with Pond's. *Every morning* just a brisk blush-rinse with Pond's. Buy a big convenient-to-use jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.



Celia Babcock says, "My face has the *nicest* feeling after I blush-cleanse with Pond's"

**Women know
what Pond's Cream can do
for them
That is why far more
women use Pond's Cream
than any other**



*Some of the Beautiful Women of Society
who use Pond's*

Viscountess Bridport, Duchess of Brontë
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
The Princess Guy de Polignac
Mrs. George Whitney, Jr.
The Marchioness of Milford Haven



(Continued from page 50) with a distinct personality of their own, great charm and great individuality. But, in no time at all, they copy the other stars they see. And before long, they become like the other stars. They lose the very qualities that brought them to Hollywood. They become one of a row of paper dolls."

It's hard to believe that this will happen to Robert Mitchum. Hard to believe that his bright ideals, his brilliant sense of independence and freedom and individuality will be dulled into a pattern of conventionality. Of course, without this streak of difference, of color, of unusualness, he will be easier to handle, easier to mold into the pattern of a correct movie star. Still, perhaps the sleek patina of the studio would be becoming to those broad cheekbones and shoulders, that curiously sensitive and almost weak mouth, the inscrutable and humorous eyes. But it's doubtful that Robert Mitchum, adventurer, will take easily to the role of Robert Mitchum, gentleman star. However, it will be an interesting experiment to watch from the side lines.

Bob started out when he was fourteen. "My mother spoiled me," he said. "A wonderful woman—but if she'd had her way, I wouldn't have done anything. And I wanted to do things—so I lit out—and did them. Anything—dull, some of them—so I quit those. Fun, some of them—so I kept on. I learned to fight to protect myself—and then fought professionally. I'd bum my way to a town—or ride a freight, get up a fight, make a little money, and be on my way. I learned a lot about the country—and more about people that way."

He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on August 6, 1917.

"I don't know too much about Bridgeport, though. I wandered too far away from it."

Very far from Bridgeport. On trains and boats—into every adventure a boy could think of.

"Of course I got into trouble. Any boy would. But I always managed to come out all right. I like people. I like towns. I'll tell you," his odd eyes lit up with a new light, "a strange town is always exciting. Every new place is a new adventure. I'd get to a new town and I wouldn't know what to expect. There would always be a new, interesting person to talk with. I'd hang around a bar—or wherever people were. Pretty soon, I'd have a chance to

do something for someone, maybe—and then someone would do something for me. Pretty soon I'd be all set—for a while—"

Then the wandering foot, again. Or a misdemeanor. Or a fight. Or a jail sentence. Or a job.

"I could sing. Sometimes I got a job singing. Or I'd work as a bouncer in a cafe. Or I'd work as a longshoreman. Interesting, too. Everyone you meet is interesting, if you get to know him. I'd make friends—be on my way—"

"What about the astrologer? And do you believe in astrology?" I wanted to know.

"It was a job, like everything else. Fun, too. For a while. Helped a lot of people, too. Didn't do much for me. It seemed the astrologer thought that my chart said I should stay in Chicago—and that I'd never make good in the movies or on the stage. Matter of fact, I never had any luck in Chicago. Just goes to show."

"I wrote songs, too. For a lot of night club entertainers. I wrote a couple of songs for Peggy Fears—one about a trip around the world—and for other singers. But I quit, finally. I'd probably have put them all out of business if I'd kept on."

MRS. MITCHUM joined us. Dorothy is pretty, young looking, slender, with serious eyes and a nice, understanding look in them. She'd been shopping, and doesn't like to shop, even now, when she can afford it.

This was the moment to find out about their romance.

"I met Dorothy in Camden, Delaware," Bob said. "She was fourteen, and I was sixteen." This was during the period when he called Rising Sun, a little town just outside of Camden, his home.

"He was the bad boy of the town," Dorothy said. "I wasn't allowed to go with him—but I went. So that meant that no other boy in town would go with me. Then Bob left town. So there I was—all by myself. Lonely, too."

"I always came back," Mitchum said. "Usually, I rode the rods. But I got there." "And tougher each time," Dorothy said. They thought of something. Laughed together.

"I hurt my leg," Mitchum said. "I told Dorothy and her folks I'd hurt it hopping a freight train. And I wondered why they were shocked. That sounded respectable to me—that's why (Continued on page 74)

For new COMFORT— new POISE— try MEDS!

Have a happy vacation—free from nagging worry! Pack a box of Meds tampons in your bag—be secure on "difficult" days!

Meds are so different—the famous "Safety-Well" for extra protection; soft, luxurious cotton for added comfort; tidy, compact applicators, so easy to use! Enjoy EVERY day! Say goodbye to pads and belts, binding and chafing!

Ask for Meds TODAY at your favorite store—or use the coupon below for trial package of REGULAR Meds—the absorbency most mature women need.

Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency in the light blue box • De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency in the dark blue box

29¢ for 10 in applicators



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Dear Martha Steele: I want to try REGULAR Meds. Please send, in plain wrapper, with full directions, trial package for which I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing.

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Acceptable for advertising in the
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"It's like listening in on
a party line..."

That's how women feel about the dramas, the conversations, the people they hear about on "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. They're real people! Listen in and share their joys and problems. A complete story every morning Monday thru Friday. Your American Broadcasting Company Station; see your newspaper for time and station.

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"

Now! Keep your hands
as kissable as your lips



It's new, new...New!

Woodbury Beauty Blended Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. Its luxury lanolin (just *one* of its softening ingredients) is the "first cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping. Helps keep hands soft, lovely... despite wind and cold, daily dishwashing and soap and water cleansing.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...

CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



Really and truly new! Discover this wonderful new 2-lotion-in-1 care for your hands. New Woodbury Lotion is so peaches-and-cream rich... feels so luscious on your skin. Never sticky or greasy. Exquisitely fragrant. At drug and cosmetic counters. 10c, 25c & 50c—plus tax.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

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Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only

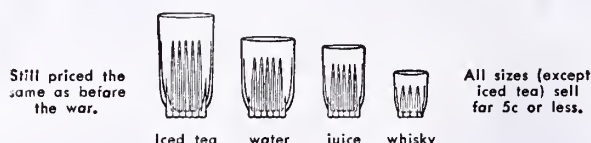
A nickel or less still buys this Park Avenue Beauty



(Design Patent No. 122691)

Even if the Park Avenue were an ordinary tumbler, Federal would be proud to announce that today—as before the war—it *still* costs a nickel or less.

But there's *nothing ordinary* about the Park Avenue Tumbler! Its design is distinctive, eye-catching, and practical. Its brilliance, color and clarity rival that of expensive crystal. No wonder it's the All-American favorite—the most famous tumbler ever made.



Wherever glassware is sold, you will find Park Avenue tumblers bearing the Federal Shield (F) symbol of outstanding quality and craftsmanship. It will pay you to buy some of all four sizes at these low, prewar prices.

PARK AVENUE Tumblers
by **Federal**

(Continued from page 72) I said it. I'd really hurt my leg while I was working on a chain gang in Georgia."

Get the picture? He really tried to be conventional—in his way. He still does. Even when he tells shocking stories to get conventional people out of their own rut of conventionality.

After a six-year courtship, if you can call those odd visits "a courtship," they were married.

"I chased him for six years," Dorothy said. "But I got him, finally."

Mitchum didn't bother to deny that his wife had chased him. But she got him—that was the main thing. And she'll do all she can to hold onto him, though it's not at all sure he won't wander just a bit. The world is such a large and interesting place— But he'll come back.

AFTER years of wandering, he and his family found themselves in California. He didn't have a job, though Dorothy was working. A man he knew got him a bit part in a Western. He'd said he could ride a horse—and he couldn't ride at all. But he stayed on. And did a lot of Westerns—because he needed the money; more money there than any other place he knew of. Then, when the baby was coming, they needed even more money, so he kept on in pictures.

"I like pictures," he said. "But you've got to take them seriously—be a real actor, or quit. I like acting. I like to understand a role—and then act it. Sometimes I forget my lines, but usually my ad lib lines seem just about as good. I don't take direction too well, I suppose, but so far I've been lucky—most of my directors have taken it for granted that I had some sense and they have let me work with them. You've got to do a thing as well as you can, today, in Hollywood. The time has passed for semi-professionals.

"There are too many pastel people—pastel characters—in Hollywood. They don't know how to portray a character because they don't know people. Some of them are just busy little people studying their lines. If they learned more about life, about people, about psychology, about acting and timing, their characterizations would be more believable, more truthful, easier to take. Pastel people can ruin a picture. I want movie characters to be real. If you can't contribute anything to the movies, get out! That's my motto. As long as I believe I can contribute, I'll stay. I want to write, too, but it's hard work—I've got to feel I have something to give or what's the use? Someday I'll get around to writing. You've got to be useful in the world, today."

Serious, suddenly. About work. About people. About life. And this side was as much a part of him as was the side that made him jump the nearest freight car when things got dull. Or fight for money—or the fun of it—when he wanted to fight.

"Hollywood is fine," he said. "In a way, it's like New York. You get what you give, in both places. Big Hollywood parties interest me because of what I can see. I like to go and watch people arrive, all dressed up and formal. They act so distant. And then they begin to thaw. And, toward the end of the evening, they act like human beings—or like themselves, anyhow. The phonies show up, after their formal veneer comes off, too. Yes, I like parties, though I haven't been going to them very long, in Hollywood. But not too many parties. Most of all, I like a few friends in. . . ."

Bob likes the same people he knew before he became a star. Not fair weather friends, but the actors who started out when he did. He's a little worried about some of them.

"I haven't changed" he said. "But they

have. They treat me differently, because I've got ahead. Only a few are the same."

It's been said that, since he's made the grade, Mitchum is pretty much of an easy mark for the easy loan, the quick touch. He gave away so much of his first year's salary that he had practically none left at the end of the year.

"I always spend all I have—much or little. It really doesn't matter to me. Now I have a manager. He puts me on a twenty-five-dollar-a-week allowance. I spend that—when it's gone I stop spending. I'd do the same thing if there were ten times more. This way, there will be something against the future—something for the kids." So he believes in providing for them—a future minus riding the rods.

Mitchum is as frank about his motion picture career as he is about his other lives. The Westerns he was in were the *Hopalong Cassidy* series. Then, for RKO he made "West of the Pecos," and "Nevada," both of which have been re-issued since his success.

When the war came, Bob tried to enlist but was rejected. Then he worked at Lockheed for a while. It was while playing the role of *Lieutenant Walker* in Ernie Pyle's "The Story of G.I. Joe," that he was drafted, and was in the Army one year.

WITH the release of "The Story of G.I. Joe," Bob scored an immediate success, and as soon as he was discharged he was right back in pictures. He co-starred with Dorothy McGuire, Guy Madison and Bill Williams, in "Till the End of Time." His recent successes, "The Locket," "Pursued" and "Crossfire," put him right on top. "Out of the Past" will soon be released and Bob is now established as our newest glamour star, with some of the charm of Clark Gable of ten years ago—and a lot of added attraction that is Robert Mitchum.

Bob is completely natural and unspoiled, with a native attractiveness which he is clever enough to take advantage of. And why not? Hiding your light under a bushel went out of fashion a long time ago.

Of his three suits, he admits that he bought only two—one he stole from the studio. He really doesn't want or need any more, he says. He has only one pair of shoes, which he thinks is enough. Hasn't he just one pair of feet?

Mrs. Mitchum says he is a fine husband, interested in the children and in household things, even ready to listen to her troubles after he's been at the studio all day. Of course he doesn't pick up his things—but she doesn't expect him to. His only dislike, he says, are people who have set habits and who are always saying the expected thing.

That's Mitchum. A curious mixture of naivete, sophistication, adventure, indiscretion, simplicity, modesty, conceit, exhibitionism, introversion, extraversion, understanding and doubt. A complex, interesting and amusing personality, living, just now, in a safety zone of his own making—yet ready to accept and experiment with life. Loving his wife and sons—yet with one eyebrow cocked for adventure. Wanting to make pictures—and good pictures, too—but not at all sure that pictures are a complete future. Brilliant enough to write important things, once he puts his mind to it, and yet afraid to write now, because he might not achieve the rather vague goal he perceives ahead.

You'll be hearing a lot more about Robert Mitchum during the next months. After that, it's completely up to Robert Mitchum, himself, as he knows only too well.

THE END

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 99



bright spot of the party!



Miller

HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) said that she has her place in the world, her friends, and her attitude about herself comfortably accepted and that I would only inflict bewilderment and unhappiness upon her.

I think my parents are being a little selfish in wanting to keep her, don't you?
Katharine M.

It is very easy for me to understand your longing to reclaim your daughter. Undoubtedly you and your husband, considering the wretchedness that must have separated you originally and the long years between, are very much in love.

However, in this case your first responsibility is to your child, and your second to the parents who assumed your burden and whose entire life was shattered by your young mistake.

You and your husband must not compound that mistake by heaping new grief upon your parents and plunging an innocent child into a thousand confusions, doubts and fears. Have you stopped to think that there are people in your community who know how long you have been married, and who would gossip about your abruptly introducing an eight-year-old daughter? Human beings are not perfect, and some malicious person would find a way to hurt your family with this fact.

It seems to me that the thing for you and your husband to do is to adopt a little girl and give her the love each of you is eager to bestow upon a daughter.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl fifteen years old, and I have a younger brother who is thirteen. My father and mother have been separated for seven years, and divorced for two.

I really don't blame my father for divorcing my mother. I love her, but she is peculiar. She hates all my father's people and has never let me get to know my cousins because she says they are snobbish. She says it is better to be an orphan, which she is, because one isn't bothered by relatives.

Three months ago my father remarried. My mother does not approve of this marriage at all. I had met my father's new wife several times before they were married, and even if it is awful to say, I must admit that I liked her. As a matter of fact, I could get to love her. She is pretty and she laughs a lot. When she and I did the dishes in her apartment after dinner, we sang—not old songs, but groovy new ones. She loves my father very much, and he loves her. They like to have fun, and they seemed to like to have me with them.

My mother asked me never to see them again, otherwise it would break her heart. My mother is very unhappy and has had much bad luck. She says that many men fall in love with her but she does not want to get married. One is an orchestra leader, and I think he does like my mother, but she snaps at him.

How can I manage to be with my father and his nice new wife without making my mother mad at me?

Mary Ellen C.

Ordinarily I would not think of suggesting that a girl in her teens play cupid.

However, in your case I feel that your happiness depends upon your mother's finding happiness. I think that she should marry again, and the way to encourage this is to give her back her self-assurance. She may feel that she is averse to a sec-

ond marriage because it might fail.

You can help her by telling her how pretty she is, what a good housekeeper she is, and how much the orchestra leader admires her. Encourage her to have her hair done in a becoming new way, go shopping with her for a new dress or a suit.

Don't be obvious about this or you will spoil everything. You are going to have to learn tact—and for its acquisition you will be grateful all the days of your life.

With a renewed interest in herself and in her own future, your mother won't mind your spending a reasonable amount of time with your father and his wife. At present she is probably jealous but when she overcomes her jealousy by losing interest in your father, all of you will be much more contented.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in the Navy and before coming in I went with a girl I loved deeply. We'd known each other all through school and I thought we were set for the future. However, when she knew I was going to join up and be away several years, she said we should forget each other.

I agreed. Then, when I got to thinking it over, I decided—especially after seeing some of the other girls in this world—that she was tops. I wrote to her, asking her to consider our old "steady" deal as on again, but she hasn't answered my letters.

I have gone out with plenty of other girls, some nice, some not so nice, but I can't get interested in any of them.

Can you tell me how I can win her back?

Kurt J.

To answer you specifically: As you still have some time to serve in the Navy, and since your ex-girl friend won't answer your letters, I would say that there is nothing you can do until you return to your home town. When you see her again, you may be astonished to discover that she is not the paragon you have studied in your dreams.

But, I think some light should be shed upon the entire matter of attraction between the sexes. Opinion seems to be that the surest way to lose someone you admire is to be too eager or too obvious.

Much praise, not only in love affairs but in most human activity, should be given to patience, and to the philosophy that what is right for you will be yours. This doesn't mean that if you spend your days in a hammock someone is going to stuff ten-dollar bills in your pockets, but it does mean that if you work diligently at the task of the moment, a just reward will surely be yours.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one and have been married a little over three years. I met my husband when he was stationed at a Southern Army Base only a few miles from my home. He was from the northwest, twenty-five hundred miles away.

While my husband was overseas, I stayed at home with my parents and worked in order to save up for a home of my own. When my husband was discharged, my parents didn't want me to leave, so we lived with my family until my father and my husband had a dreadful quarrel.

After that happened, my husband said that he was leaving and that I could do as I wished. I love him, and I'm certain he loves me, so I came up here to the land

of tall timber with him.

In every letter I receive from home, my mother or my father repeat that I should come home. My parents think it is a tragedy for a girl to live her life among strangers, neglecting her loved ones.

There is no one with whom I can discuss this, so I have come to you for advice.

Nell J.

I must admit that my sympathies are entirely with you and your husband. It's true that it is extremely difficult for parents to give up their grown children, knowing that they will see them but rarely during the unfolding years. However, your parents had the opportunity of keeping you and your husband in their home, yet serious difficulties arose. I'm sure that if your happiness had been paramount, your parents would have found some way of adjusting their misunderstanding with your husband.

Much as you love your parents, you are living in a social system which presumes that a woman will follow her husband and will share his life, make his home, rear his children in accordance with his viewpoint, considering always, of course, her wishes.

Write to your parents and explain that you are well and happy, that they have your unchanging daughterly devotion, but that they are going to have to face the fact that you are now an adult with a life of your own to lead.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the President of a teen-age girls' club in our block. We have wonderful times and all the most attractive boys ask our members for dates.

Last month a new girl moved into our block and we want her to join, but she doesn't feel that she would fit in. Every afternoon she simply goes home from school and sits in the bay window and stares out at the club members passing by. She looks very wistful.

This girl thinks she is funny-looking and that no one likes her, but our club has decided to help her and has asked me to write to you for advice.

First of all, she is tall and thin, with short, thin hair. Her nose is rather long. What should she do about her hair to make it more becoming? What sort of clothes should she wear to appear less thin?

Her skin is a lovely olive color, but it gets oily. What could she do about that?

This girl is really swell, and just needs to have her personality developed. It would be wonderful if you would help her.

President, Teen-Age Club

I think it is admirable for you to take such an interest in this new girl. She sounds as if she would become an excellent member of your group.

Since her hair is straight and fine, she probably has difficulty in securing a satisfactory permanent wave, but there is a new radio-type wave on the market which people in the studio make-up department have told me is excellent. Have her ask her beauty shop operator about it.

To disguise her intense thinness, she should wear tailored suits with their flattering, padded shoulders. As for her oily skin, this may be caused by wrong diet. If she will consult her family doctor, he will give her information about food values which will improve her skin.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

The lady who lives across the street from me is very nice and friendly, but is always asking me questions.

In our apartment building there is a widow with two young children, so I work as her baby sitter whenever she wants to go out. This woman across the street asks me who the widow goes out with, how late she stays out, whether she gets a government pension check every month, etc.

She also asks questions about my own family such as, how much money my father makes, how much rent we pay, how much our clothing costs. I have been brought up to believe that it is wrong to lie and to be rude to one's elders. Still, I don't think I should tell this woman the things she wants to know, do you?

Helen D.

This woman is an old-fashioned Polly Pry and she should be heartily ashamed of trying to extract information from you. You may count on it, that any answer you happen to give her will be distorted beyond recognition and passed on.

Keep out of her way as much as possible. But if she corners you, you ask the questions. Make up a list of stock queries. Ask her how she is, and if she says she isn't well, question her on every detail, then excuse yourself—expressing sympathy—before she has a chance to turn the tables.

Finally, if nothing else works, look her squarely in the eye and say, "I know that you are a loyal person. You wouldn't want to answer that question about a friend of yours, so I'm certain you'll understand my not discussing the private affairs of my friends."

Claudette Colbert

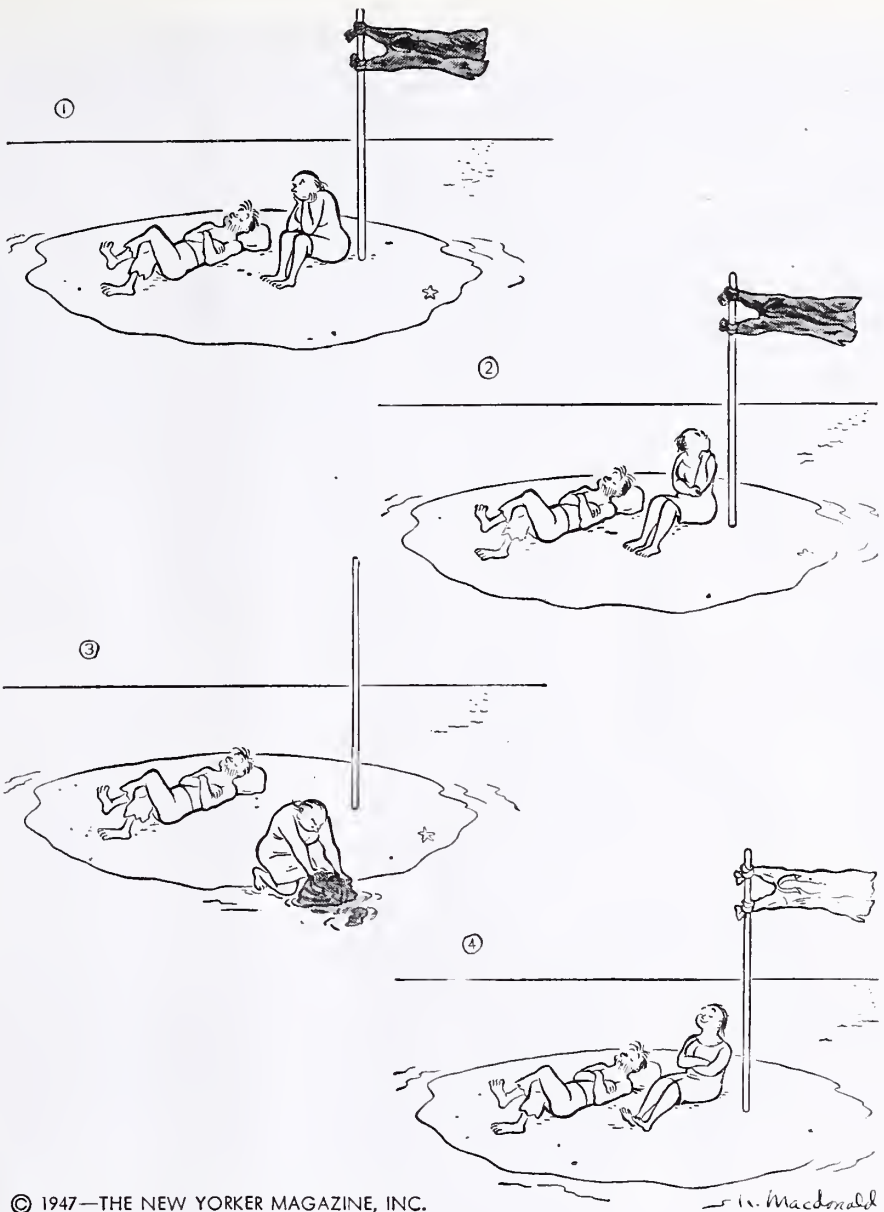
(NOTE: I could not resist publishing this letter. Its viewpoint may or may not coincide with those of other men now in uniform or who have been discharged. CC.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here I am in Japan, reading a Stateside magazine—a treat we don't often get. I got quite a kick out of the sound advice you dish out.

Here is something I wish you would print for the benefit of civilian readers. When a guy goes into service, he meets other guys that he never saw before and will never see again, but for a certain length of time everybody has to live like brothers. In barracks I have seen a college graduate in the upper bunk and a grease monkey in the lower getting along fine. Why in heck can't American civilians get along the same way?

Bob L.



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—but where did she get
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*Have you a problem which
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Would you like the thought-
ful advice of*

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

When you are 'sunk' with washing

work—try Fels-Naptha Soap.

It's a real "Washday Life Saver."



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

(Continued from page 45) if I hadn't, I never would have fully appreciated that wonderful cooperation from the entire company. I've never been as contented in my life but it took me seven unfortunate years to learn my lessons and profit by them. I guess no one can really tell another person how to change. You just have to learn for yourself, go through it yourself."

Susan, at long last, has recovered the original enthusiasm she first had in Hollywood. If her role in "Smash-up" hadn't established her as a permanent dramatic star, you have her solemn word that—

"I'll take the advice of that dramatic critic who saw me in 'Adam Had Four Sons' and wrote: 'As far as I am concerned, Susan Hayward can go back to the Gowanus Canal—and jump in!'"

Her starring roles in two subsequent pictures, "They Won't Believe Me" and "The Lost Moment," will secure her more firmly in Hollywood.

IT WAS director George Cukor who originally saw Susan's picture in a national magazine. Selected as a potential *Scarlett O'Hara*, she was brought to Hollywood. Being too young for the part, her *Scarlett* turned out too pink for posterity. Fortunately for her finances, but unfortunately in the face of things, before she got off for New York, she was signed by Warner Bros. Out of that deal she inherited her screen name and became the cheese-cake queen of Burbank.

Six months later Susan signed with Paramount because they offered her a "strong dramatic" role in "Beau Geste." In her first scene she sat at the piano while Gary Cooper, Robert Preston and Ray Milland marched off to join the Foreign Legion. She wore curls and a satin bow in her hair. In her second scene, and incidentally her last one, Ray, the only surviving brother, came marching home again. Susan, now bursting into womanhood (with hair worn high on head) was still sitting at the piano working out her little problem on the keys! For the balance of her Paramount days she played parts that were equally discouraging.

"They kept referring to me as a promising young actress," she remembers. "What I want to know is, just how long can a girl be promising? I kept kidding myself into believing that someday I'd be this, or do that. Only someday never came. In the meantime I really made a mess of things."

"When I arrived at Paramount I had preconceived notions and stubbornly clung to the belief that they were right. I was a green kid, fresh at times, and it was probably that quality that made them see possibilities in me. Then something happened. They gave a party to introduce all the young hopefuls. Claudette Colbert was there, Paulette Goddard, Dietrich—all the super-sophisticated, successful actresses."

"All my life I've been terribly frightened of people. At the studio it was the casting director, the cameramen, reporters and publicists who asked endless questions. I thought everyone was so brilliant and I felt so inadequate. Then at this party, all those famous stars seemed so poised, so sure of themselves. Or so I thought. That's when I got the idea that I should try and be like them."

"People around the studio had told me that I should change, that my attitude was

wrong. So suddenly, overnight, I stopped being myself and tried to copy everyone else. As a result I got so mixed up and was more confused than ever. Some people did try to straighten me out but their approach was wrong. A word of encouragement produced a glow inside, like good, fine wine. But mostly I was criticized. I guess it never occurred to anyone to try to find out *why* I behaved the way I did."

"The only way I knew how to protect myself was to try and scare people before they scared me. Other girls were going right to the top, while I got the parts no one else wanted. I was getting a good salary. But, being a basically honest person, I felt like a fraud for accepting it. Things went from bad to bedlam. Then, out of a clear sky I was called in and told they were loaning me out for the important lead in 'Dark Waters.' All my faith was renewed. But just as swiftly as it came, it went."

"Unexpectedly Merle Oberon was available. Hers was a box-office name, so the deal to borrow me was called off. I was deeply hurt and humiliated. For the first time I went to the front office and demanded to know *why—why* hadn't the studio protected me—*why* hadn't they insisted on the loanout when the contract was already signed?"

"That's when I really found out the spot I was in. One of the top executives told me he had deliberately okayed the cancellation to teach me a lesson. I knew then that some way, I'd have to start all over again. Looking back, it's probably just as well that they didn't entrust me with an important role. I undoubtedly would have fouled myself up good."

PROBABLY the most satisfying contract of her career was signed when Susan married blonde and bland Jess Barker, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. It was a tempestuous courtship, their eventual marriage only climaxed by the arrival of twins. They started out on a fifty-fifty basis, with Jess naming Gregory and Susan naming Timothy. It's been fifty-fifty in sharing, encouraging and growing all along the way. Including ten evictions in the past two years. It got so bad, Jess fondly referred to his little family as "The Barker Roadshow Company." But now their lives are complete. Susan and Jess have bought a three-bedroom house in the Valley. They spent all the money they had for the house—and haven't a stick of furniture in it outside that lent them by Universal-International. Susan jokingly says she's a real movie star now—she has a swimming pool.

Having discovered "people are only human" Susan now loves going to parties—especially where there are people who make her laugh. Next to comedians, her greatest enjoyment is food—any food—all food. And she's never had to count a calorie in her life. One night when Jess was working late at Universal, he returned home to find Susan sitting up reading a book and eating crackers—in bed! He kidded her unmercifully, to which she replied:

"Just be grateful that I wasn't eating watermelon!"

When she was a little girl in Brooklyn, Susan promised herself: "Someday I'm going to have a whole closet filled with bath towels—big thick, fluffy ones."

At Erasmus Hall High School (Girls swimming Thursday and Saturday, 5c) the

towels were thin, gray and dingy. The gray tank suits were dingy. The cold water smelled nauseatingly of chlorine. Those blue fingers—purple lips. Susan hates the very memory of it.

She always wears "anything I like" but she prefers rich reds and vibrant yellows. Susan will never forget a creamy beige moulded-to-her-figure gown she wore when Paramount sent her to Kentucky to judge a horse race. It was originally made for Carole Lombard and Susan felt important and good. When she returned to Hollywood, there was a studio wardrobe woman waiting at the station to take the gown back again!

Susan likes the smell of new paper, her own natural red hair (in New York beauty parlors they always tell her what good "dye" jobs they do in Hollywood!) and people who are excited about *something*. She doesn't like men who smoke cigars in closed rooms—"You know you'll have to wash everything tomorrow"—tired looking vegetables in shop windows, people who want things and don't come out and say what they want, people who are conspicuously "important," people who presume on privacy.

There are still two wishes that remain unfulfilled. The first one Susan finds amusing. About the second, she couldn't be more serious.

"I'd like to have sturdier legs," she banters. "But I'm not exactly losing any sleep over it. On the other hand, more than anything else in life, I hope to eventually be like Laurette Taylor. To me, she was always sheer magic. Someday if I could accomplish what she has done, I'd really be proud of myself."

Because she has successfully come this far, Susan has no desire to force issues. So she has never met Danny Kaye and she wants to when the right opportunity presents itself. It all goes back to the time Paramount dressed her up in borrowed finery and sent her to New York to do personal appearances with the opening of her picture.

"I was a scared kid and didn't know from nothing," Susan recalls. "I had to be at the theater at ten in the morning. Unfortunately someone showed me the reviews just before I went on. They were terrible. That night I was taken to a late supper party at the Cafe Martinique. Danny Kaye was entertaining. He didn't know how miserable I was when he sang 'Molly Malone' and dedicated it to me. At that moment I needed every ounce of encouragement. I shall never forget his kindness and someday I hope I will be able to thank him."

In retrospect Susan reminds herself of the bewildered Great Dane puppy, who liked everyone and in turn wanted to be liked. All the other puppies seemed to get along. He did as they did, tried to copy them in every respect. But somehow he just didn't seem to belong. Finally, one day he happened to look in a pond. For the first time he saw himself as he really was and realized he could never behave like anyone else but himself.

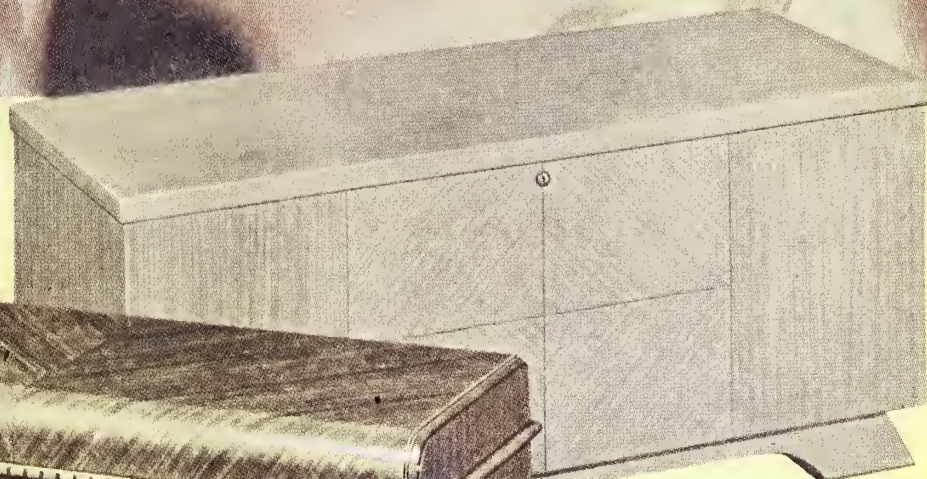
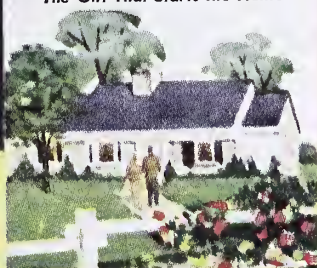
That's what happened to Susan. She eventually got around to seeing her own reflection. The second she started behaving like her *true* self, everything worked out all right. "Promising young actress," they called her. It now reads—"Promise Fulfilled!"

THE END

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GAY-RED



RED-RED



MEDIUM-RED



THEATRICAL-RED



NATURAL

(Continued from page 41) and brushing King, or bathing her protesting dogs, Monty, Twinkle, and Spot.

And even though she may say when being teased about the T-shirts, "I can't go on just loving animals all my life," she keeps adding more of them all the time.

But there's no denying that the all-over affection she once had for her animal kingdom is now shared by a silver choker, a pair of flower earrings, a new peasant blouse, several seniors at Beverly High, and the roller coaster at the Ocean Park pier. With some swooning left over for Dick Haymes's recording of "Mam'selle."

She likes to go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, to play gin rummy, and to "pool" her finances with the rest of the gang and "go on everything down at the pier until I make myself sick." One rather full day recently included a swim at the beach, a barbecue, a movie, a high school dance, then another movie, and a roller coaster ride.

"I just like to have fun," she says. "You know, always doing things on the spur of the moment. Like going to a dance and leaving after one dance and going down to the pier. Or going in the ocean when it's cold. You know . . . just have fun."

Elizabeth and her brother Howard love to give beach parties down at the Malibu place for the whole Beverly High School gang. Her parents' lives are now linked with yards and yards of hot dogs, but no matter how many they buy, they're always fresh out. They go down to the beach house armed with mountains of potato salad, tuna fish and peanut butter sandwiches, homemade cookies and marshmallows, in a vain attempt to fill the youthful vacuums. It's all gone almost before it gets there, and Mr. Taylor goes tearing down the highway buying out the six grocery stores within Malibu range.

IN THIS Elizabethan period . . . life itself hangs on a telephone call, using a darker shade of finger nail polish, or the fact that a city ordinance says her beloved "pipes" will have to come off her new car.

She held out for a convertible from the very first, saying diplomatically, "Driving back and forth in it between home and Metro will be the only fresh air I'll get," realizing this would cinch the open-top.

She was ecstatic the first night the car was delivered, and slept with the car keys wound around one thumb. The following

day, undisturbed by the super-sports jobs in their palatial crates all over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, Elizabeth insisted that everybody in the studio come out in the street in shifts and see her new car. "Do you want to hear my pipes?" Then without encouragement, she would climb in, step on the gas, and make them roar. "Listen to them!" she said.

"I've only had my car a month, and now all pipes have to go off," she says sadly. "Mine aren't too loud. They're just right."

Her recent awareness of things material . . . like money . . . springs from the monthly clothes allowance her parents have begun giving her. At first she thought this was a wonderful idea. "I'll save up for months and have loads," she said. And is amazed now to find that she has to keep borrowing a month ahead to keep even. A couple of skirts, blouses and play suits, and she gets home stony broke. "I thought it would take longer to spend it than that," she says.

On her birthday, Elizabeth asked her parents to give her a special sum of money "that I can spend on something foolish . . . anything I want." They were agreeable until her foolish fancy turned towards a \$75 John Fredericks leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a large pink rose.

Inasmuch as she never even wears a hat, Mrs. Taylor fished out an old leghorn of hers, they put ribbon on it, shopped for a pink rose at Sears Roebuck for \$2.98, and the Taylor-made creation still blossoms untouched on a rack down at the beach.

ELIZABETH is going through a slightly gypsyish age now. She loves any kind of jewelry, the bigger bangles the better, and combs her hair with a nonchalant fluff that she hopes will leave it slightly over one eye.

She's a little fascinated by tight belts, lower neck dresses, and is very proud of her "Adrian" shoulder pads. She studies her reflection in the mirror sideways and worries about her weight . . . 110. "I've just got to take off ten pounds, and I like everything that's fattening," she says disgustedly. "I can eat a whole pie."

Elizabeth's always worrying and dreaming up ways to glamour herself up. "This dress needs something," she says critically, of a frock with silver-edged ruffles around the neck. "It's just too plain. Maybe he'll

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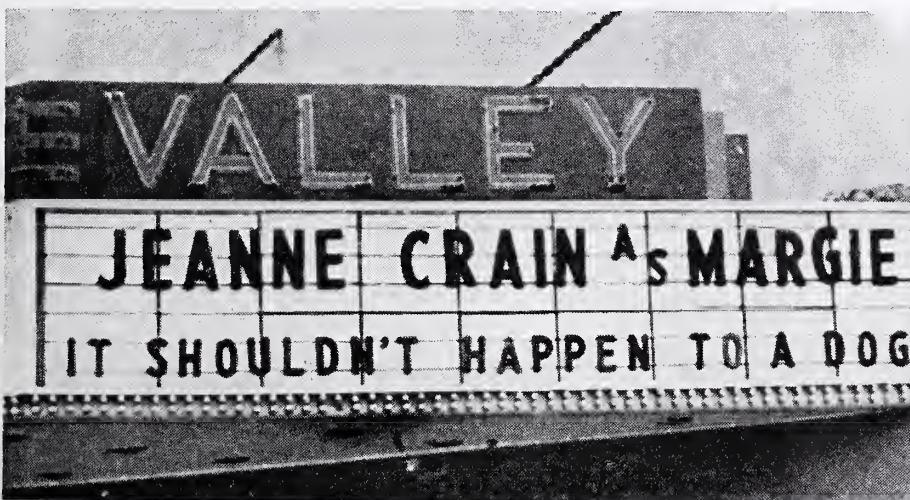
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(Print name, address plainly . . . Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only).



Marquee mirthmaker: Reader Peter C. Jung snapped this shot of the sign on the marquee of the Valley Theatre, Menasha, Wis. It shouldn't happen to a star!

Can your face pass the "Close-Up Test"?



When his head is close to yours — be serenely confident of complexion loveliness. Use Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil for skin that's always tulip-fresh... even close-up! Only 10¢ for generous amounts of

Lander's marvelously pure Cold Cream and Hand Cream — worth ten times the price in quality!

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bring me a corsage . . . an orchid," she adds as an after-thought, referring to that night's date for a school dance.

What she thought this particular dress "needed" was a scattering of silver stardust in her hair to sort of match the ruffles. "You know, those little bits of silver sequins," she said, excitedly describing them. "Just a few here and there." At this point her mother passed the fashion problem on to Sydney Guilaroff, head M-G-M hair stylist, for whom Elizabeth has great respect. He told her tactfully that while some girls might need additional sparkle, she definitely didn't.

Elizabeth was especially solicitous about sparkling on this occasion because she was going to the Beverly High Senior Prom. It was a very big night. She borrowed the same blue chiffon trimmed with silver that she wore to the all-important prom with Jimmy Lydon in her picture, "Cynthia," begging the studio to "loan" it to her so prettily that the executive in charge couldn't refuse.

She went to the prom with Danny Buckley, "best-looking boy" this year at Beverly High. Liz came home from the dance just as Cynthia did in the picture . . . absolutely starry-eyed. "They talked to me about all the other kids in school . . . just as if I were one of them. Just as if I knew all of them. And I pretended I did. It was wonderful!" she said.

ELIZABETH'S brother, Howard, goes to Beverly High, and the other students think of her just as "Howard Taylor's sister." They address her as "Liz," obligingly forget that she's a motion picture star, and invite her to all their parties and dances. "That's what I am to them . . . Howard Taylor's sister," she says proudly.

She fairly worships her eighteen-year-old brother, and the blackest moment in her young life was when Howard was thrown recently from a wild horse, landed on his head on the wet hard-packed sand beach, and was knocked unconscious. Elizabeth rushed up on King, pulled him out of reach of the waves, and held his head in her lap, sobbing and praying until he came to. "I just kept saying 'God—Dear God,'" she told her mother later, when Howard was safe in bed at home. "And suddenly he opened his eyes and smiled at me. But it was awful," she said starting to cry again.

Sometimes she and Howard double-date, making a foursome with Jerome Courtland, whom she met at a party, and Jerome's cute sister, Joanne. On other occasions she and Danny Buckley ("I met him when I was tagging it with a bunch of girls at a high school dance") go along with her brother and his date.

But "romance" is a very fleeting item in Elizabeth's life now. "Oh that was a long time ago," she says seriously, when you mention somebody she toasted hot dogs with, say, two weeks before.

On the subject of boys she says, "A boy's personality is what counts. Whether he's a drip or not. Of course it's really unfair to call them 'drips,'" she corrects hastily, "but . . . well . . . personality means so very much."

Her first screen romancing was in "Life with Father," at Warner's, and in "Cynthia," at Metro . . . in both instances with Jimmy Lydon, who gave her, in the latter, her first oh-so-fast movie kiss.

Elizabeth was literally swept into stardom with her performance as the teenager in "Cynthia," who was doomed as a

Turn to Page 99 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color

delicate invalid, until she blossomed out at the Senior Prom. Her sensitive performance, together with the treatment of typical teen-age problems, hit home in every household. "This is a picture every child should see," parents wrote in at the sneak preview. While their sons and daughters wrote in suggesting that parents should do likewise. And at the official M-G-M press preview, the nation's press were invited to come see "Leo's new young star."

Director Mike Curtiz, who directed her in "Life with Father," says without qualification that, "Elizabeth is the most promising dramatic ingenue in years." It was Curtiz and Mrs. Clarence Day who insisted that Elizabeth play the part which Teresa Wright created on Broadway, and who persuaded Metro to loan her for that role. As for "Howard Taylor's sister," she loved playing it.

Elizabeth used to dream of playing "Peter Pan," wearing autumn leaves and cobwebs, living with animals, and riding on the back of the wind. Today she's concentrating on very dramatic parts like that of "Young Bess," adding eagerly, "And I want to do 'Green Mansions' too."

She talks excitedly about her movie ambitions, meanwhile filling in with sure quick strokes a charcoal sketch of a horse on an easel in the Taylors' beach home. Abruptly she drops the pencil and rushes out on the beach for a better look at a seal she's seen rearing its head up out of a wave. "I hope he's not coming in to die," she says sadly. "You know they always come ashore to die."

The \$39 pipes on her new Ford are forgotten now. She stares out over the ocean, watching the seal and listening to the pounding of the surf. Sweet music to her. The pipes of Pan. And she's back in her dream world of autumn leaves and cobwebs again.

Elizabeth loves to take long walks along the beach alone at sundown. In an old pair of blue jeans and one of her brother's T-shirts, she sits on the big rock out in front of the house watching the breakers come rearing in, lash themselves against the rock, then foam away into peaceful submission.

But, even as the sun goes down, she's jumping from the rock, running up the beach, downing a double cheeseburger, donning her new peasant blouse, and is off to ride the roller coaster and be jerked further into oblivion.

For such is life . . . with Elizabeth.
THE END

"I Believe in LOVE"

says *Joan Caulfield*



JOAN CAULFIELD, CO-STARRING IN "VARIETY GIRL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Shopping on Wilshire, the pretty Star attracts eyes. "Hearts are more important," says Joan. "And soft feminine hands attract hearts."

Joan's own hands are heart-snares — soft as soft. "I use Jergens Lotion," she says. Other Stars say the same. The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Your hands, too, even softer, divinely smoother, now. Jergens Lotion is more effective than ever today. Contains two ingredients many a doctor relies on for smooth-softening the skin. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for this hand care of the Stars. No oiliness; no stickiness.



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See for yourself why
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84 OUT OF 95 YOUNG WOMEN REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS!

Girls in the great, humming industrial plants of the land—girls to whom comfort is a "must"—found it pays to investigate!

Young women who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved *Free-Stride* Modess. The purpose of the test was to see if *Free-Stride* Modess gave freedom from chafe.

The verdict: 84 out of 95 girls reported *no chafing* with *Free-Stride* Modess. The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges just don't chafe.

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess napkin has a triple safety shield to keep you confident, carefree. On sale everywhere now. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

Marriage Turnstile

(Continued from page 33) saw Jimmy at the Club Morocco in New York. He told me he'd be out in California right after Christmas and would call me up. Because our paths kept crossing, this must be it, I thought to myself, so we slipped away to Las Vegas and were married and two weeks later we remarried in the church.'

"It was six weeks after we were married that awful disagreements arose. We were as far apart as the poles in our ideas and ideals, and we knew it. We parted at Santa Ynez—not friends; not even with a hope of friendship between us."

Sara ends her report: "Contrast with this the happy marriages of June's two sisters, Effie and Dorothy."

LESS spectacular than June's breakup, the separation of Mark Stevens and his wife is the more poignant for their years of critical times together when Mark was struggling to launch his career.

Photoplay correspondent, Jerry Asher, one of the good friends of both Mark and Annelle Stevens, reports:

"This breakup might have seemed more understandable had there been one definite reason why these young people had to admit their marriage had failed. There was none. It might best be explained by saying that two people who needed each other badly when the going was rough slowly discovered how little they had in common with the rough spots smoothed out.

"The separation would have occurred before but for the advent of the baby. Then every possible effort was made to hold on and try and work things out. Mark left his home in Montreal at sixteen. A dreamer, an idealist, he battered his way around, holding every job from dishwasher on up and down. In Hollywood, Mark met with more rebuffs. One week he ate, the next meals had to be skipped.

"While under contract at Warners, he was asked to assist in a screen test. This is how he met Annelle Hays, a young beauty from Texas. Away from home for the first time, Annelle was young, lonely, scared. Mark was lonely and not scared a bit. He drove her home after the test. Mark didn't even have a job when they decided to cast their lot together.

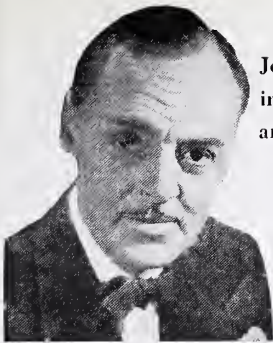
"When Mark was finally signed by Twentieth Century-Fox, and loaned out for 'From This Day Forward' he knew this was his big chance. He had to make good. Then without warning, his spine, seriously injured in his youth, became so painful he thought he was going to die.

"Every penny he made went to the doctors. Week after week there was no relief from pain. Operation followed operation. Mark became terribly depressed, unable to bring to his marriage the youth and gaiety that normally might have provided the basis for a lifetime of happiness.

"When the separation came, Mark said, 'I am the one who is to blame.' Actually, neither is to blame and both are. Right now, Annelle is remaining in their large two-story house overlooking Toluca Lake. Mark is living with a good friend and will move as soon as he finds an apartment. Mark calls Annelle daily to inquire about the baby. When the divorce settlement is arranged, there will be no questions, no arguing. Mark loves his son and wants him to remain with his mother. He wants to see him as often as possible and, when the personal hurt has healed, he hopes that Annelle and he will continue to know and respect each other."

Thus two more marriages apparently have foundered in the troubled seas of today's world. These two happened to be Hollywood marriages.

THE END



Jerome Cowan—acting is his business and your pleasure

JERRY on the JOBS

HOW many times have you seen someone do an especially good job in a minor role on the screen and wondered "Who's that?" That's what you will do certainly when you see Jerome Cowan as the frustrated district attorney who tries to prove that there is no Santa Claus in Twentieth Century-Fox's charming film, "Miracle on 34th Street."

Before he became part of the Hollywood scene, Jerome Cowan had already made quite a name for himself on the Broadway stage.

Today, he is one of Hollywood's stand-bys and may be spotted at work on almost every major lot. He appeared in Paramount's "The Perfect Marriage," Twentieth Century-Fox's "Claudia and David," and recently in Warner's "The Unfaithful."

In spite of his studio schedule, Jerry, as his friends call him, manages to live a good, normal life. His home in Van Nuys is large but unpretentious—big enough to house Jerry, his attractive wife Helen, and their two little daughters, Diane and Suzanne.

Helen was formerly of the stage too. She has, however, completely abandoned the grease paint in favor of running a very efficient household and rearing her two daughters. She still manages though, to look like any man's idea of a pin-up girl.

Weekends for the Cowans are spent mostly around their swimming pool, usually with close personal friends who have made it a standing habit to drop in on them Sundays.

Definitely a man with a "green thumb," Jerry's interest in plants almost amounts to a passion. He spends a great deal of time caring for a good-sized walnut grove and a considerable mass of growing things.

His friends won't let him forget the time he was ready to commit mayhem when a telephone cable crew came along with the obvious intention of running a cable trench right through the middle of a Cowan palm tree! Casualties were avoided only when Jerry learned the crew had planned in advance to make a detour!

It's a good life and so far as Jerry is concerned, just as easy to achieve in Hollywood as anywhere else.

Photoplay Fashions to

Make You Lovelier on Page 99

Men love hair with this natural glory!

Men know how irresistibly charming is a woman's hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance. Crown of carefree curls, or smart upsweep—it's your natural hair-appeal that captivates men. Women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory . . . quickly . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is a new dainty *cream* that whips instantly into creamy rich lather in hard or soft water . . . swiftly sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new cream that offers shining new appeal and obedience to your hair. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. At cosmetic counters.



Four ounces, \$1.00;
Family 1 lb., \$3.50;
also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. And see how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Doumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill.

(Continued from page 35) study to our researchers because once again it proves the public's ability to make its own decisions. You, the public, cannot be pressed into liking a picture because of big star names. On the other hand, as in the case of "The Jolson Story," you will fight for theater seats to see a picture in which the actors are relatively little known, but which you hear was greatly enjoyed by those who have seen it.

Larry Parks, who played the leading role in this picture, was a new screen personality to you, the public. He previously had played a few unnoticed roles. Now, however, thanks to your high enjoyment of "The Jolson Story," his popularity is rapidly increasing. Evelyn Keyes, who played opposite Larry Parks, was known but she was not a star. The other principal players were William Demarest and Ludwig Donath.

Another interesting fact about the ten most popular pictures for 1947 thus far is that five of them are musicals—"The Jolson Story," "Margie," "Till the Clouds Roll By," "Blue Skies" and "Song of the South." "Song of the South," it is of interest to note, is Walt Disney's most widely enjoyed picture since "Snow White."

Now for some of the other surprise opinions you, the public, have revealed. The fastest rising actors of 1946 were Gregory Peck (top climber in popularity), Cornel Wilde and Glenn Ford. So far this year your choice puts Larry Parks and Robert Mitchum at the head of the rapid climbers. Another thing: Your 1947 votes at this point reveal that the most widely seen movie ever made (based on the number of people who saw it on its first issue) was "Bells of St. Mary's." More of you

went to see this motion picture than any other in film history—even more than went to see the first issue of "Gone with the Wind," the previous record-holder.

Our polls have a way of dredging up surprise discoveries about what makes or breaks a star. They have, for instance, discovered that scandalous publicity doesn't always harm a star—as in the case of Errol Flynn's sensational trial in Los Angeles, following which his popularity increased slightly.

Your votes in our national poll also consistently prove that the more you see of stars on the screen, the more interested you become in them—all of which may be a shock to many stars whose credo is, "Don't make too many pictures or you may bore your audience." Ingrid Bergman is proof positive that too many pictures do not pall. She was in so many pictures released in rapid succession that at one time she was being billed simultaneously on the marquees of four theaters in big cities. Remember "Spellbound," "Saratoga Trunk," "Notorious" and "Bells of St. Mary's"?

Actually, your votes clearly indicate that a star tends to lose popularity when his or her face disappears from the screen. A temporary example of that is Jimmy Stew-

art, a big star who was gone from the screen for years during the war. His popularity promises to build up rapidly after he has made a few more pictures. But right now the teen-agers are just discovering him. They had not seen him before his post-war roles. Whereas, stars like Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert keep on being box-office draws for the simple reason that they keep on making pictures. And of course radio shows of magnitude help stars like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—since more American homes have radios (more than 90%) than have bathrooms.

There is also no question that you, the public, discover the actors in the beginning—and it is your interest in them that makes them into stars. The studios can only place the actor on the screen. You do the rest. It was you who, seeing Van Johnson in a bit part, wrote so many letters about him that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, surprised, upped him to stardom with your continuing approval.

The opposite also is true. Many times a studio, "discovering" a star, has by a gigantic advertising campaign attempted to enlist your support; only to fail.

It is discoveries like this about your power that makes our polls so interesting and keeps our 300 interviewers constantly on the job intercepting you in your homes, on the sidewalks, in the stores asking questions. Your answers to these questions, in time, add up to the most popular stars and pictures of the year. And you may be sure Hollywood, ever mindful of this poll, will be eager to know who the winners of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards for 1947 will be.

THE END

Ann Sheridan —

as stimulating as a fall breeze.

HERB HOWE tells you the *how*
in October Photoplay

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"I'll get the Pepsi — that will keep the boys around."

"We Have a Home"

(Continued from page 43) from Sunday School.

A few blocks below Sunset the Beverly Amusement Park burst into full view. Ponies, miniature trains, merry-go-rounds and racing cars! Peanuts, popcorn, hot dogs and ice cream! Peter stared in fascination, let out a war whoop and went scrambling over Daddy. At that particular moment, as far as young Mr. Ford was concerned, Mommy could have been in Afghanistan!

"Aren't children wonderful—and fortunate," reflected Glenn, as Peter shot by us waving his arms like a small windmill. "He is too young to actually miss his mother and yet all the things she represents are missing. Therefore, he is quite aware that the pattern of his life has changed but naturally he can't understand it. Put him on a merry-go-round and his whole world is bright again. Wouldn't it be gratifying if life for us could be that simple!"

Like all young married couples today who are searching for security, the Glenn Fords are no exception. This unstable world, being what it is, prompted them to reverse a vital decision. A little over three years ago while she was making the picture, "Sensations of 1945," Eleanor and Glenn were married. He was still in Marine uniform. Like thousands of others who were betrothed, their future was uncertain. Completely without direction. Of one thing only were they sure—they loved each other.

"It makes no difference to me," Eleanor confided to her husband, "whether or not I ever dance again. I've had a long, full career. Now I want to stay home, run a house, raise a family."

Glenn had hoped she'd say it. Appreciating how much she had accomplished, he couldn't bring himself to express his true feelings. Wisely he remained silent and allowed the proposal to come voluntarily.

"Just promise me one thing," he cautioned. "If you ever do change your mind, if there is either the strong urge or a good reason, please don't hold out on me. Whether I like it or not, I'll do my best to see it your way."

ELEANOR'S retirement didn't come easy. Those lucrative offers from stage and screen producers were tempting. A South American night club *guaranteed* \$10,000 a week. Eighteen months later, and just two months after Glenn became a civilian, Peter was born. They had been living in a two-room apartment over a garage, close to Camp Pendleton. Now the situation was really serious.

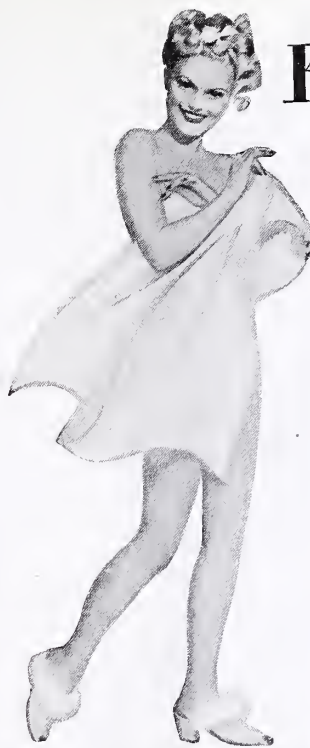
There was the housing shortage and rents that were out of all proportion. On a Marine sergeant's salary, Glenn had hardly saved enough to bribe someone into finding him a place. So Eleanor had to move into the small home owned by her mother. Glenn in turn was forced to share a two-room apartment with his mother. Finally, when they almost felt unmarried, Glenn in desperation determined to remedy their predicament.

Along about this time Eleanor received another fantastic offer from South America—\$50,000 for a four-week engagement and all expenses included! They could have their own home, the companionship they were missing, the chance of growing together. All day long Eleanor paced the floor and debated. Just as the sun was setting, Glenn called her on the telephone.

"Honey, I've got news for you," he exclaimed excitedly. "You're going to have a home of your own. It's much more than I can afford. It isn't large enough and it isn't the type of house we've dreamed

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Feel Smoother!



Stay Daintier!



with this "oh-so-refreshing"
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KEEP FRESHER! After your bath, powder your body, bountifully, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Its cooling caress makes you feel fresh as a flower at dawn.

FEEL SMOOTHER! You'll love Cashmere Bouquet Talc for the

satin sheath it imparts to your skin—a protection against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! To preserve bath-tub freshness use Cashmere Bouquet Talc *often* during the day. It points up your feminine appeal with the *fragrance men love*.



Ultra-luxurious
is Cashmere Bouquet
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LITTLE LULU



"Kleenex jumps up, too!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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deserves fine care

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You're his lovely . . . if you keep your hair shining-neat with plastic Du Pont Combs. Scalp-kind, curl-careful . . .
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THROUGH CHEMISTRY

about. It's on a hilltop, there isn't much yard and we'll be the last house on a dead-end street. But it's completely furnished so we can move right in. I've been able to raise enough money to swing the deal but we'll sure have to count the pennies for the next few years."

"How wonderful," answered Eleanor quietly. "I'll do all the housework and take care of Peter. Don't worry about it, dear, we'll manage and you'll get it paid off in no time. Now I'll go start packing."

The ensuing years were good ones. Following the outstanding success he made in "Gilda," Glenn's popularity really zoomed after "A Stolen Life" and "Framed." His current Technicolor production, "The Man from Colorado," is costing Columbia close to two million dollars.

"Just two and a half years more," he promised Eleanor when they were day-dreaming. "I won't be tied down to a full-time contract. Maybe I'll be making much more money and we'll be able to have a better place. We can have servants to take care of Peter when we want to travel. I'd love to do a picture in France and if you want to do personal appearances then, we could have a wonderful time working and playing together."

THAT'S the way Glenn planned it. While he was in the midst of making "Gallant Journey" for Bill Wellman something happened that changed the entire picture. Glenn stayed home to take care of Peter one night, while Eleanor slipped out to a movie with some girl friends. Investigating the sound of breaking glass, he interrupted a prowler who was about to climb through the basement window. A lost motorist on the dead-end street smacked his door in turning around. A drunken driver plowed through his garden, while a pair of "love birds" selected the isolated, unpoliced spot to carry on a hysterical quarrel.

"Does this sort of thing go on often?" the exhausted husband demanded when his wife came in later from the movies. It was only then that he got a full confession. Eleanor and Glenn's mother, who lives with them, had lived for months in terror. Twice before they had been visited by prowlers. She worried constantly, lest Peter wander out too close to the steep edge of the hilltop.

The following Friday night at the American Legion fights, when he kept his weekly date with Robert Walker and Mark Stevens, Glenn told them the story.

"They were trying to spare me, so I had no idea all this was going on," said Glenn. "I've got to find another place right away."

"And I know where you can find it," answered Mark. "We've been looking. This one is too big for us. It's in Beverly Hills, three and a half acres, right across the street from the homes of Fred Astaire and William Wyler. It belongs to the music conductor, Max Steiner. Every room is sound proof, it's beautifully panelled, there are large servants quarters, music outlets throughout the house."

When Glenn went to see the place, it was all he could do to tear himself away, rush home and get Eleanor. Back they went and spent hours just walking around, visualizing how perfectly it fit into their scheme of things.

"If only it would still be available two and a half years from now," said Glenn longingly. "Then I could afford it."

"But if I went back to work I could help pay for it," Eleanor found herself saying. "Then we wouldn't have to wait."

She was gone fourteen weeks. Despite all their logic and sound reasoning, it wasn't an easy decision. She knew she'd be terribly lonely for her home and husband. There was that awful moment of saying goodbye to Peter—"Mommy's gone for a long ride," they told him. It was

risky business too, a great challenge to her courage. She was the champion whom people remembered—or *would* they remember? Night club business was precarious. Big name attractions were flopping all over the country. If she failed it would be a great blow any way you looked at it.

Ironically, no sooner had Eleanor finally convinced herself than the rumor spread that the Fords were separating! How it started, why it started, only those little blue devils know—the ones who grind the grist for the mills of Hollywood.

"It's just our turn to make the gossips happy," Glenn reassured her. "Would we be taking on this responsibility of our new home if there were any truth in it? Any reasonable person will see this. The others don't matter."

Eleanor broke in her act in Buffalo. From there she went to the Beverly Hills Club in Cincinnati, and finally to the Chez Paree in Chicago. Even when such terrific troupers as Joe E. Lewis, Sophie Tucker and Harry Richmond were on the same bill, Eleanor broke all previous records. Glenn wanted to fly back to Chicago for her opening. Instead he made extra payments on the home they have already grown to love. Before Eleanor left they decided to indulge in one weekly long distance telephone conversation.

"Once again I am grateful to my fans," Glenn enthuses. "When the telephone strike came, naturally we couldn't get through to each other. A fan of mine, who is an amateur radio sender in Los Angeles, often talks to another amateur radio fan in Chicago. They relayed messages, and between the two of them, Eleanor and I were practically able to talk to each other. Certainly it was better than telegraphing."

Eleanor arrived home on Glenn's birthday. At the Pump Room in Chicago, she purchased a case of his very favorite and very scarce, Major Grey's Chutney. This automatically became a gift from Peter to his daddy. In the midst of all her activity, Eleanor somehow managed to slip over to Canada from Niagara. There she purchased several dozen pairs of various colored Argyles, also Glenn's favorites.

During the fourteen weeks she was away from her loved ones, Eleanor gave dozens of interviews. Not even once was she questioned about their rumored separation—which only goes to prove again that the whole world doesn't begin or end with Hollywood. As a matter of fact, some day (in the near future they hope) Peter Newton will have a baby sister. Take the word of an eyewitness, in the new Beverly Hills home they bought together and hope to grow old in together—the Fords couldn't be chugging along more merrily.

THE END



Figure facts: Frankie Van, famed Hollywood physical director, gives Ann Blyth the lowdown on his figure control book



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ADV. BY L. B. HICKS

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A check list of this month's popular and classical records, focusing attention on songs and singers from Hollywood



Margaret Whiting

FIESTA: M-G-M's lavish Technicolor splash has an impressive theme, "Fantasia Mexicana," written by the brilliant American composer Aaron Copland and adapted for the screen by Johnny Green. The big movie company's own record subsidiary has an excellent two-part grooving conducted by Macklin Marrow that you'll enjoy. Leonid Hambro is the piano soloist.

THE HUCKSTERS: Ava Gardner sings the original song, "Don't Tell Me," fetchingly in this expose of the radio advertising business. Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Helen Forrest (M-G-M) are the disk distaffers.

THE PLOW THAT BROKE THE PLAINS: In 1936 the U. S. Farm Security Administration issued a striking documentary film that told the terrible saga of thirsty people and thirsty crops. Virgil Thomson composed the truly great score which captured the mood of the southwest. Now Victor has issued a fine album of this music with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony.

FRANK SINATRA: F. S. skips Hollywood music for Broadway's, doing two fine ballads from "Brigadoon." The melodies are "There But for You Go I" and "Almost Like Being in Love" (Columbia).

SONG OF THE THIN MAN: Something new has been added to the latest gumshoe adventures of Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. It's a song called "You're Not So Easy to Forget" and baritone Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M) is first to introduce it on the waxworks.

DARK PASSAGE: What the old tune "As Time Goes By" did for "Casablanca," Warners are hoping the late Dick Whiting's familiar melody "Too Marvelous for Words" will do for this melodrama. Tony Martin's new Victor pressing will help the tune get a start.



Tony Martin

JIMMY DURANTE: The Nose, abetted by deep-voiced Candy Candido, clowns through "I'm Feeling Mighty Low" and on the reverse, has the grooves all to himself with "I'll Do the Strut-Away in My Cutaway" (M-G-M).

IVY: Recording artists are rushing to the studios to cut the theme melody Hoagy Carmichael penned. One of the better new ones is Vaughn Monroe's (Victor).

LAURITZ MELCHIOR: The movies' best known operatic singer modulates his powerful pipes to sing two lovely ballads, Cole Porter's "Easy to Love" and "You Are My Heart's Delight." If Melchior gets serious about swooning, the anemic crooners better run for cover (M-G-M).

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS: The highlight of this film, The Dorsey Concerto, is now available on an exciting 12-inch Victor recording.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Sibelius's rarely-heard Karelia Suite is now available in a single 12-inch Victor Red Seal pressing played by the BBC Symphony and conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham . . . Marc Blitzstein's exciting Airborne Symphony, dedicated to America's Eagles, is the outstanding symphonic album of the month, thanks largely to Leonard Bernstein's inspired conducting of the N. Y. Symphony, and Robert Shaw's narration (Victor) . . . Yehudi Menuhin plays Bela Bartok's Concerto For Violin, a musical work capturing the spirit of the composer's native Hungary. The Dallas Symphony assists admirably (Victor) . . . Piano music of Felix Mendelssohn played by Vladimir Horowitz is a top flight combination Victor has made possible in an excellent album. . . . Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, No. 2 in F and No. 5 in D, is another new Victor album, this time played by the Boston Symphony with the incomparable Serge Koussevitzky on the podium.

Date with Bob and "The Queen"

(Continued from page 55) when we were moving the study wall back to accommodate the Queen's new spinet."

The spinet was bought, as you discover later, when Barbara learned to play piano for her role in "The Other Love." Mostly, however, it was purchased because "we'd been wanting something to make music with around here, anyhow." There's a nice elastic sound to a house that doesn't mind having its rooms stretched.

This current residence is a temporary one bought during Bob's Navy Air Force service when Barbara decided their rambling home in Coldwater Canyon was too expensive a dwelling place. Someday when building materials are available they will build their farmhouse—which will have plenty of room. Meantime, however, this fairly small abode is a two-story expression of the Stanwyck's extremely vital self.

IN PERSON, Barbara is a beige and brown girl, usually matching her brown hair and tanned skin in superbly tailored ensembles in the same shades. The only make-up she ordinarily allows herself is a bright dash of lipstick. Yet somehow it is this bit of vividness which seems most indicative of her personality. Her favorite jewels are rubies and you are not surprised to find that she uses red or some shade of red in almost every room of their home. She uses it not garishly but simply, warmly and dramatically.

The living room has a quality of reaching out and enveloping you in cordiality. The walls are entirely covered with quietly patterned red calico against which the double tiered white batiste curtains look clean and crisp as a breeze. . . . In front of the brick fireplace with its brass scuttle are two comfortable red and green plain divans with a low, wide antique table between them. The hooked rugs have a red farmhouse pattern and at each end of the room are open-shelved cupboards, one displaying a rare collection of Tobey mugs, the other precious antique plates.

The "pushed-out study" has its new spinet of course, and shelf after shelf of leather-bound volumes, screen scripts covered in calf and a complete collection of Life and Time. The most arresting feature of the room is a portrait of Barbara done in pastels by Paul Clemens. While you are studying it the original walks in.

She comes in quietly, straightforwardly the way she does everything else. There is a fresh, washed look about her face which has just lately been relieved of its screen make-up.

"Hello," she says in a way that makes those two syllables sufficient in themselves, and then gives a long, quiet look from her deep blue eyes toward her husband.

"Hello, beautiful," he says putting his arm around her and kissing her.

Barbara gives her long hair a toss for comfort, sinks into one of the plain divans and foregoes asking you whether or not you've been having a good time.

"Do you want to take my word for it that I'm a bad hostess or do you want me to go on proving it?" she asks with a frank smile. "Do you know you are actually the third 'company' we've had in a whole year? The first time we had guests was Christmas Eve and the other time was the night before we left for Europe."

The photographers have gone. The carpenters also have folded their kits and faded away. There's a quietude Bob acknowledges with a deep grin. "Good. Now we can get going on our favorite argument."

"He means those eternal discussions we have about my working too much," ex-



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plains his wife. "Sure, I work too much and I work too hard—but I like it."

"I worry about what she'll find to fill her life if she ever finishes with pictures," says Bob seriously. "I'm afraid she could never be happy—"

"Well—they shoot horses, when they're through."

"But not hams, Queen—"

"But not hams, Lieutenant," she comes back. "Well, it's great to feel safe on that score. Of course, if you ever got tired of acting, you could always get a job as a commercial pilot. Me? Well—I could be a librarian—you know, books!"

"ARGUING," or at least, the straightforward expression of opinions, is a preferred pastime with both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Returning from their recent trip to Europe, they were feted in New York by members of the foreign press representing the countries they had visited. It was an impressive affair, with everyone completely charmed by the guests of honor.

"Lovely people—" sighed a French correspondent, after their departure, "but so irrevocably American!"

Not forgetting all their glamour, their handsomeness, their talent and their share of the world's wealth, the correspondent's remark is still the best possible thumbnail description of these two, to date.

"The more I see of Europe, the more convinced I am that America is God's gift to Americans," is the way Barbara puts it.

"The more I see—" well, few overseas visitors have seen more. In England, they mingled with the people on the streets—a very close mingling, as those "mob reception" and "fan riot" stories reported. And they mingled with those of title, too, among the most charming of whom was their hostess Lady Bailey who entertained them at the famous Leeds Castle, built by Henry VIII.

On both sides of society, they were pitted by the lack of food, heat and light.

"And, oh, how glad we were to get back to this California sunshine—" says Bob. "We actually saw the sun three days during the whole eight weeks we were over there."

The clothes closet of Barbara's dubonnet and lushly white-carpeted bedroom holds no Parisian frock nor English tailor-made. Neither has her jewel box been increased by any imported trinket. "We came back with what we took—except for Missy!"

Missy is a small, silver-colored French poodle given them by Lady Bailey—and currently the cause of some confusion. "Missy" is one of Bob's pet names for his wife, which accounts for it also being the name of his plane, and by coincidence the name of the dog they already had. The new poodle is "a little girl-dog—and just looked like a 'Missy.'"

At any rate, dogs One and Two have found some way of distinguishing which "Missy" is being called, and romp congenially about the back yard. The Taylor back yard blazes with wide borders of the most outsize dahlias, zinnias and other colorful blooms.

"I don't know why, but flowers seem to grow bigger and brighter for Barbara and Bob than they do for anyone else," says Uncle Buck.

Which, of course, is a rather late introduction of the gentleman who is the most important member of this household. Not really an uncle, but a godfather, Buck Mack is one of the famous old-time vaudeville team of Miller and Mack.

In those struggling 'teens when the Stanwyck was still Ruby Stevens of Brook-

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Turn to Page 99 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color

lyn, Uncle Buck did everything he could to help her. She still worships him, and he idolizes her and her husband. He lives in a spreading and comfortably furnished guest house at the rear of the long yard, close enough so that his advice and dry humor are immediately available.

The absence of servants on the premises is a temporary lull occasioned by the sudden illness of one retainer, and the sudden marriage of another. Necessity being the mother of unexpected talents, it has been discovered that Uncle Buck makes the most superb coffee and the best darned shirred-eggs-and-bacon in the State of California. Also, anyone so inclined can make themselves up a Dagwood sandwich from various ingredients in the icebox, and the copious accessories thereto displayed on a "Lazy Susan" in the breakfast room.

The Taylors' social scheme is a simple one. Their usual "evening out" consists of dinner at LaRue or some other not too noisy restaurant, possibly with their very close chums, the Jack Bennys. For dress, Barbara will wear another beautifully tailored suit, adding several heavy gold bracelets, and a large ruby clip and earrings from the collection of ruby and diamond pieces Bob has given her. After dinner—ten to one—they'll attend a screening in one of the studio projection rooms. . . .

Evenings "in" are spent in the manner of most movie folk who must answer an early production call at six or seven in the morning. Talk is on fairly serious subjects—they dislike useless chitchat. While both Barbara and Bob are blessed with a deep-rooted sense of humor, there are no practical jokes played between this Mr. and Mrs. "Neither one of us can stand people who think they are being cute—"

Barbara reads a lot, and Bob pours over airplane building plans. He has a wonderful sense of detail, and knows his ships as if they had originally been blueprinted on his mind. Barbara, on the other hand, hates detail—unless you count the screen dialogue which she soaks up like a sponge. In addition, she goes on "picture jags" sometimes seeing two a night, if she has none of her own in production, and Bob and Buck are at the ball games.

"I'm just like any other busman," she says.

All of which means that when you finally make your exit from this movie-star menage, and turn to look back at it, you are no longer shocked to find it so close to the street. So is every other house on the block—and inside are two people as unpretentious, honest and hard-working as any other Mr. and Mrs. America!

THE END



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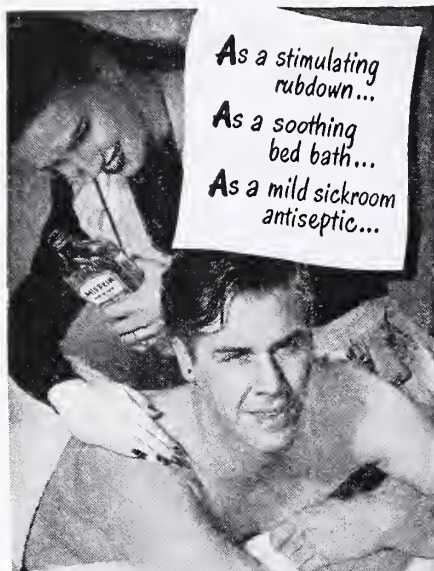
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The Strange Case of Hedy Lamarr

(Continued from page 37) And she has known love and companionship. No matter how many times she and John Loder separate and make-up and separate again, Hedy has loved him. I know. She told me so.

And yet I can reveal now that with all these things in her past, and all she still holds of the material things of life, Hedy has been dangerously close to a nervous breakdown for the past year and she is still far from well.

I have been puzzled, and because I have always liked her and am therefore sympathetic, I have thought a lot about her lately. Several times I have scolded her in my column. I said she should snap out of it; that it is a mistake to let herself go and appear in public unglamorous, in slacks and sneakers—that she should do something, *anything* to change her frame of mind.

So I was not too surprised one day to get a telephone call from Hedy asking if she might see me.

This was during her recent separation from John Loder when she hadn't yet made up her mind to go back to him. It was a revealing moment because I don't believe she would have opened her heart to me as she did if she hadn't been in a state of indecision.

She arrived looking beautiful (as usual) with her hair in a dark halo around her face and young and slim in a peasant blouse and wide skirt.

We talked all afternoon from the time when the playroom was flooded with light, until the shadows waned and we were sitting in the dusk without bothering to turn on a lamp.

We talked first about her troubles with John Loder since that was uppermost in her mind. Obviously, it was a case of "can't live with him—or without him."

"JOHN really can't help things," she said gently. "He has had such a bad break in his career. If only he could get some permanent work everything would be all right. But as it stands now, I just can't go on living with him unless he has something to occupy his mind. You don't know how terrible it is to have a restless, unhappy man around the house all the time."

"The difficult thing is that John loves me and I care for him—if only he could get some job that would keep him busy and happy. You see, he is like all Englishmen with an English public-school background. He is fitted only for a diplomatic, professional or acting career." She sighed slightly. "He can do nothing with his hands! Why, once I asked him to hang some curtains—the simplest thing in the world, and he couldn't do it!"

I bit my lip to conceal a smile that could easily have become a good hearty laugh. John really had my sympathy, for heavens knows, he isn't the first man to balk at domestic chores. Yet it was clear that to Hedy this was a major failing. It is typical of the way her mind works these days. She has got herself in a state where she magnifies everything.

I said, "But, Hedy, that seems so trivial. John has been working lately (he had been back East for a stage engagement and made several films)—and curtain hanging isn't too important."

"I know, I know," she said a little impatiently, "but it is just one of a million little things that pile up. Everything that has happened to me lately has been wrong. I have been left alone so much with three small children. We had a burglary that completely unnerved me. I have had many business worries producing my own

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pictures. There are so many people dependent on me—sometimes I think I am going to break under the responsibility."

"But think of all the wonderful things in your life," I said, and this time it was my turn to be a little impatient. "Here you are a beautiful, famous woman with lovely children, your home and your physical health. You should start counting your blessings instead of living in a world of imaginary fears."

She seemed so downcast, I hated to be abrupt. But sometimes we all need doses of cold truth.

"I am trying more and more to do just that, Louella," she replied quietly. "I realize it has been a big mistake for me to shut myself off almost to the point where I have been living like a recluse. You aren't the only person who has talked to me this way. Not long ago, things got so bad that I felt I had to consult a psychiatrist—and he told me the same thing."

"But it isn't easy to shake off depression. When you are in my frame of mind you just can't suddenly become interested in buying clothes, or keeping social engagements or getting out. But I have made myself go shopping, made myself plan for a vacation, made myself accept a few dinner dates—and I believe I am getting better."

"Let me ask you something," I pressed on. "You say you have been unhappy with John, a man in your own profession and the father of two of your children. Were you happy, then, with Fritz Mandl when you were the bride of this fabulously rich man?"

"I was miserable," she answered. "I married Fritz before I was sixteen. He was terribly jealous. I had everything—but never any money. I could charge everything I wanted, but he was exacting and critical. He would go into a tantrum if I wore the wrong jewelry—something that didn't go with my costume. But that is all over—and in the past. Although once, before coming to Hollywood, when things were going badly for me, he came to me and offered financial help. That was kind of him."

I LOOKED at this beauty and realized that she is convinced her troubles are the blackest in the world. She is reaching out for something, *anything* that is different from what she has. Even in her picture making, she is tired of playing alluring, glamorous beauties—the roles that brought her fame—and is seeking the exact opposite.

She said, "I am tired of playing bad women, unkind women and unscrupulous women. I want to do 'Cinderella'—it's always been my favorite fictional character. 'Snow White' is my favorite picture. I want very much to do a picture that is a beautiful fantasy."

"Hedy," I asked, "as a producer of your own movies, would you cast yourself as 'Cinderella'?"

She laughed for almost the first time since we had been talking. "Perhaps not," she agreed, "but maybe some other producer would take the chance."

She left soon after this, and as I walked with her to the door, I realized I had obtained an interview with no logical ending—just a solution. For believe me, there is a solution to her unhappiness if she will only permit herself to find it.

It is a very simple thing—as simple as faith. You can talk to a friend until doomsday about happiness and, on the surface, she may agree with what you say. But the rare jewel of contentment and peace has to come from within ourselves. Right now, I do not believe that Hedy Lamarr understands herself or what she really wants out of life.

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Dr. Ellis

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THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Since we talked, Hedy has reconciled with John—and then left him again. But when he had a slight operation on his leg, it was Hedy who went to the hospital and brought him home.

Yet now, the changeable lady has sued John for divorce. After a week together, according to John, the always unpredictable beauty began to grow cold and very nervous whenever her husband spoke to her.

"I'll leave you for a few days if my presence bothers you," John said, "and come back when you feel better."

To his complete surprise, Ronald Button, attorney for Hedy, telephoned and stated that John should remain available so he could be served with divorce papers.

It was then that easy-going Loder hit the ceiling. He phoned Greg Bautzer, attorney for many glamour gals, and told him to say he would fight Hedy all the way if she attempted to divorce him.

"I shall file a counter suit," said John. "Why, I signed an agreement with her that will tie up my salary for the next four years. I promised to pay her for my board during the weeks I wasn't working. I signed it believing Hedy meant to reconcile with me. I was so happy to have her back that I signed the papers against the lawyer's advice."

After this Hedy and John got together. There will be no battle royal over property settlement in their divorce case. Greg Bautzer, John's attorney, has made a new settlement for John, which is equitable.

John says he loves his two babies and Hedy very dearly. When he was in New York on the stage, he called me to tell me how worried he was about Hedy, and to ask me to beg her to join him there.

After hearing both sides—John's and Hedy's—I'll admit, as a reporter who has covered the Hollywood beat for years I am completely baffled.

Of only one thing do I feel reasonably sure: This divorce, if it comes to pass, will not solve Hedy's problem of finding happiness. That comes from within a person—not from without.

THE END

WE MAIL C. O. D.

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Exquisite Form \$1.28

"Does Things" for Your Figure
Designed for uplift, separation, and firm support! Finest quality rayon SATIN... trimmed with filmy embroidered net. Molds your bust into high, rounded lines of youthful loveliness! Adjustable straps... elastic back. Grand value! Sizes 32 to 40—A, B, C Cups. (A—Small; B—Medium; C—Full) WHITE or BLACK.

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 6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.
 Please send me..... "Satin Siren" Bras at \$1.98.
 BUST SIZE: 32 34 36 38; CUP SIZE A B C
 (Draw circle around Bust Size and Cup Size)
 COLORS: WHITE ☐ BLACK ☐
 (Mark 1st and 2nd Color Choice)
 Name.....
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 City..... Zone..... State.....

Wilma's hair-do
used to "Wilt"

SMOOTH START!
with hair neat
and shining.
(Watch the boys
admirer!)

FRIZZY FINISH.
Look what a
couple of hours
did to her hair-
do—poor Wilma

til she discovered
Nestle HAIRLAC
— the delicately perfumed hair lacquer

NOW, SHE KNOWS
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all day long! Try
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*Keeps every hair
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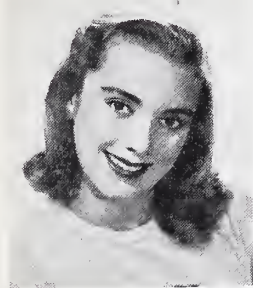
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ON ALL MUTUAL STATIONS

See Your Newspaper
for Time and Stations

Beauty Spots



Marilyn Nash,
"The Girl" in
"Monsieur Verdoux"

By
Mary Jane Fullton

If It's a Boy

There'll be a baby soon in the MARILYN NASH-PHILIP YORDAN home, after almost two years of happy marriage. The big event is scheduled for September. If it's not a boy, they'll have to think of another name than "Danny." That's the one already picked by the prospective father. But if it's a girl, they'll be just as proud and happy. The babe will have noted parents. Pop's the famous playwright—Mom's Charles Chaplin's newest discovery. She plays opposite him in "Monsieur Verdoux."

Mom's a Beauty

When interviewed at the Sulgrave Hotel in New York, it was a hot, humid Summer morn. Yet Marilyn looked cool, dainty and refreshingly girlish in her chic, figure-concealing gray maternity dress. . . Hers is a wholesome, healthy beauty; baby-fine, ash-blond hair, skin evenly tanned to a dreamy honey color and neatly groomed, heavy dark eyebrows, which emphasize the hazel shading of her friendly eyes. Before returning to Hollywood, she flew to Detroit to visit her mother, Mrs. W. A. Downs.

Happy Mother-to-Be

MARILYN has that spiritual radiance the promise of motherhood gives. At first, she said, she craved sweets, and ate too much. After gaining twenty pounds, she decided to adhere to her doctor's diet orders. Consequently, she hasn't gained another ounce, her complexion has cleared and she claims she feels wonderful. . . . The first few months, she noticed her skin was dry and her hair dull looking. Daily massage with a rich lubricating cream or oil soon made her skin lovely again. Brushing a light, greaseless dressing on her hair quickly restored its former shimmering beauty. She had the dentist check on her teeth. She discarded high-heeled shoes for low-heeled ones, and found she not only looked more graceful, but could walk comfortably a mile or more a day. . . . Lily of the valley, lilac, gardenia and carnation toilet waters and colognes are her fragrance favorites. If women wear pretty maternity clothes, and keep well-groomed during pregnancy, advises Marilyn with wifely authority, husbands will think them more beautiful than ever. From the look in her eyes, Philip must have told her she is!



"TWIN" REASONS FOR LINIT



\$14.95
- 6.95
\$8.00



Can you tell which is which?

TEACHER can't tell them apart—twin or dress! For though one little frock cost \$6.95 and the other over *twice* as much, both were laundered with LINIT* Starch. That means they are equally crisp, fresh and dainty.

LINIT is an easy, wonderful way to make everything washable look its best. It gives a smooth, soil-resisting finish that busy mothers appreciate. No white streaks on colored fabrics. No white spots. Easy directions are on the package.

The pink dress
cost \$14.95



*LINIT IS A REGISTERED
TRADE-MARK OF
CORN PRODUCTS
REFINING COMPANY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
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...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below.)



Jane Brown, of Chicago, the Toni twin, says, "I'm so pleased with my home permanent that it's Toni for me from now on." And her twin, Patricia, exclaims, "We'll be Toni twins because my next permanent is going to be a Toni, too."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely Toni Home Permanent for your date tonight.

The proof is in the picture! Yes, this photograph of the Brown twins shows you that a Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive beauty salon permanent. Beautiful waves, deep, soft, and natural-looking. The saving comes in giving yourself the Toni Permanent at home. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. So convenient and comfortable, too. No waiting for appointments. No sitting under a hot dryer. In just 2 to 3 pleasant hours, Toni gives you a luxurious wave that's guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 permanent — or your money back. So try Toni today. Ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at any leading drug, notion or cosmetic counter. Jane, the twin at the right, has the Toni Home Permanent.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
\$2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers
\$1.25

Refill Kit complete except for curlers
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All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE



Photoplay Fashionous

Adele Whitely Fletcher

Director

Peggy Thorndike

Fashion Editor

Gerry Southmayd

Fashion Service Manager

Jack Force Jr.

Fashion Art Director

Ben Studios

Photographers

John Engstead

West Coast Photographer

Ann Blyth

She was born at Mt. Kisco, N. Y., on August 16th, 1928. At five she made her professional debut on the radio. It was her work in the stage play "Watch on the Rhine," in which Paul Lukas was starred, that brought her a movie contract. At first, having a beautiful coloratura soprano voice, she was cast in pictures in which she sang. Then, playing Joan Crawford's daughter in "Mildred Pierce," she achieved her ambition to rank as a dramatic actress. You will see her next in the Mark Hellinger-Universal-International production "Brute Force."



For the fall season—this eye-catching plaid outfit with its newsworthy cape. In three pieces. Designed by Tailored Lass in light worsted wool. Sizes 9-15. About \$18 at Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill., and J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Photoplay Fashions

(For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 104)

Line Appeal

Olga San Juan is a girl from Brooklyn, where she was born on March 16, 1927, of Puerto Rican parents. Especially noted for her Afro-Cubano songs and dances and Brazilian sambas, Olga came to Hollywood after a success at the Copacabana in New York. You'll see her next in Paramount's "Variety Girl"

The long moulded look, so popular this season, is achieved by Doris Dodson in this striped middy top and plaid skirt. A sheer wool in aqua and black, red and green, or yellow and brown. Sizes 9-15. About \$17.00 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.

(For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 104)



Mona Freeman was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on June 9th, 1926. She was educated in Pelham, New York, and was a model for school-age fashions before she went to Hollywood, married Pat Nerney, an auto agency executive, and after playing a few minor screen roles, captivated audiences everywhere with her *Miriam*, the bobby-sox sister with ideas and ideals, in Paramount's "Dear Ruth."

Slim princess lines and a soft rounded shoulder are featured in this beau-catching dress of lightweight wool by Carole King. Also in blue and gray or lime and luggage. Sizes 9-15. About \$11.00 at the H & S Pogue Co. (Junior Miss Dept.), Cincinnati, O., and Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis, Mo.

(For the name of the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 104)

So

Sophisticated

Joan Lorring, born in Hong Kong on April 17th, 1926, was educated in English schools in the Orient. She and her mother came to the United States in 1939, when her father saw that war was inevitable. Before he could follow he was placed in a Japanese concentration camp where he remained for the duration. Joan Lorring is the name she adopted for professional purposes—shielding her real name for fear of Japanese retaliation against her father

For glamour girls only: A moire suit by Barbara Field. With a jacket that dips slightly and flares dramatically . . . With a scalloped edge on its cutaway jacket . . . With silver buttons . . . In black, brown or gray. Sizes 9-17. About \$20.00 at Maison Blanche Co. (Junior Shop), New Orleans, La., and Gimbel Bros. (Junior Center Dept.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 104)

PHOTOPLAY'S

Pattern of the Month



Shirley Temple wearing the Stevenson suit in RKO's "Honeymoon"

Dress like a star . . .
Have the suit Shirley Temple wears
in RKO's "Honeymoon"—created
by studio designer Edward Stevenson
Make it from a Photoplay Pattern

During the autumn and winter days ahead you will find this Shirley Temple-"Honeymoon" suit the perfect answer to that eternal question, "What shall I wear?" Its charming young dignity makes it a wearable fashion for business, school or dates . . . And there is no end to the variations you can plan with collar and cuffs. They might be the same fabric as the suit itself. They might be white or a solid contrasting color. Or they might be fashioned of a checked or striped fabric . . . The three Botany swatches shown below, all of which tailor superbly, were chosen as likely fabrics for this suit by our fashion editors with Designer Edward Stevenson's approval.



Brown Baronette Crepe



Pink Gabartwill



Toast Flannel

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York
Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for
which please send me the Photoplay Pat-
tern of the Shirley Temple-"Honeymoon"
suit in size (Circle size you wish) 11
13 15 17
My name and address is:
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



Joan Lorryng acted for the first time when, at thirteen, she came to Hollywood. Previously, when she was six, she had danced in the Orient, but as an amateur. Her performance as *Bessie Watty* with Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green" established her as an actress of great promise. You'll see her next in "The Gangster" and "The Lost Moment"

Wherever

You Live

You Can Buy

Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Plaid Skirt, Red Blouse, Plaid Cape

House of Novy
315-21 West Adams Street
Chicago, Illinois

Striped Top—Plaid Skirt

Doris Dodson
1120 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

Princess Dress

Carole King
641 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

Moire Suit

Barbara Field
318 West Adams Street
Chicago, Illinois

Two-Piece Gabardine

Korach Brothers
913-921 West Van Buren Street
Chicago, Illinois

A long torso look—that's the thing . . .
A full cuffed sleeve—that's the thing . . .
A flattering yoke effect—that's the thing . . . All in this Johnnye Jnnior design in Berlinger gabardine. Cocoa and beige, claret and pink and black and aqua. Sizes 9-15. About \$13.00 at L. S. Donaldson Co. (Junior World Dept.) Minneapolis, Minn. and The Harvey Co. (Young Nashville Shop) Nashville, Tenn.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed above.)

**a
typical
Carole King
girl**



Carole King **DRESSES FOR JUNIORS**

"SPECTATOR"... for the well-turned-out look. An Exclusive Carole King plaid wool and spun rayon. Junior sizes 9 to 15. Under \$13.00. At one fine store in your city.

Side View

of Edward Stevenson MIRACLE MAN



Eddie Stevenson, who created the Shirley Temple "Honeymoon" suit which is PHOTOPLAY's pattern this month, has a way with clothes that makes him one of Hollywood's top designers. Whether the call be for a soft dance dress or a flannel nightgown, Eddie is certain to dream up something new, feminine and utterly appealing. And he's a miracle man when it comes to draping a skirt so that inches disappear from the hips, or whittling down a waistline with darts and tucks strategically placed.

Ever since the day he was graduated from high school Eddie has concerned himself with making American women more beautiful. And even before he had his di-

ploma, his summer holidays used to find him working in the studios' designing rooms. His first full time job was Assistant Designer at the old Fox Studios. Then he was head designer at the First National Studios. Then he spent a year creating clothes for all of the stars who had worn his designs on the screen and wanted the same magic in their personal wardrobes. As designer at the RKO Studios, where he has been associated for many years, Eddie dresses stars like Shirley Temple, Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Hedy Lamarr, Laraine Day, Carole Landis, Dorothy McGuire, Olivia de Havilland and Anne Shirley.

"Stevenson clothes" according to

the stars who love them "are never flagrant or loud." To a perfectly tailored suit Eddie will add such little soft touches as cut-stone buttons, round lapels, or a bunch of forget-me-nots in a pocket. For he believes that irrespective of how smart a woman looks, she should be pretty and feminine too.

Above all Eddie Stevenson implores women to make the most of their very own type. In other words, if you are the fluffy type do not copy your sleek sister. And if you have a small waist, or lovely shoulders see to it that every dress you own accentuates these features.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fashion is Fun

And Makes You Lovelier



For a different look in gloves, try this idea with a pair of plain white shorties. Stitch carefully over the original stitching with colored thread. Say your thread is green. Then cut out of plain green fabric your favorite symbol which might well be a shamrock. Stitch the small shamrock on the cuff. You'll not only have a pair of gloves with a real made-to-order look but you'll be the envy of every colleen in town.

★

Are you the proud possessor of a chatelaine? A new and unusual way to wear it is to tuck flowers at the ends and drape the chatelaine like a necklace with the flowers on each shoulder. You might put two chrysanthemums on one end and a tiny one on the other for variation.

★

When you buy this wonderful blouse you don't have to consider what size you wear! It fits all sizes. For it has an elasticized waistband that can be

worn in or out. It's made of an exciting print jersey and designed by Baar & Beards. Wear this gay and colorful blouse under your first fall suit. The price is only \$2.98.



Here's a shoe that is a natural accompaniment for your tailored suits, tweed skirts and wool dresses. Today's walking shoes are style-wise as well as comfort-wise. This Queen Quality spectator pump can be had in either black or brown calf. They're \$9.95. (Continued on page 113)

IT'S A DRESS!
IT'S A CULOTTE!

DEBUTANTE

Skirlott*



Diana Lynn, beautiful star soon to be seen in Paramount's all-star musical "Variety Girl".

A Labtex Fabric

Double-breasted front and action back. The comfortable culotte is completely concealed by the attached skirt. Buttoned sleeve for easy freedom. Sparkling colors in all sizes. Under fifteen dollars.

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Don't reach for that cookie but do reach for a Real-form Girdle or Panty Girdle! Raschel-Knitted of fashioned to fit Lastex with removable crotch. Can't run! \$5.00.

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., 358 Fifth Ave., New York 1

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet, Dept. 4P



Magical uplift and superb separation through the exclusive patented Bias-Cup feature makes the most of little bosoms, the least of larger ones. From \$1.50.

It's the Fit in the Cup that Counts

MADE BY MODEL BRASSIERES

358 Fifth Avenue, New York 1 DEPT. 4P

WRITE FOR NEW BEAUTY HINT BOOKLET

(Continued from page 57) her by Pierre Balman in Paris. It billowed and billowed and almost overshadowed the stunning "portrait print" evening gown that the hostess was wearing.

Maria's dress was of blended shades of pale blue—layer on layer under a skirt of fine white net. The bodice twisted into a drape down the center. The white net skirt and also its matching mantilla were dotted with tufts of white chenille. Gorgeous! Laraine Day was there with her Leo, and she sported a dinner gown comprised of a full white skirt topped by a black silk jersey, turtle-necked, short-sleeved "sweater." She also sported a pearl necklace of fourteen strands! Starting with a choker at the throat, the cascade descended until the longest rope fell just above the waistline. Maureen O'Hara was there in a horizontally striped dress of bright red and white silk and I assure you, it didn't make her look exactly dainty.

Joan and Bill's new house is so full of charm and comfort—and arranged for entertaining with amazing ease, since the house is not large. The dinner party was given in a large semi-living room-playroom, with comfortable cushioned banquettes against the walls, a good-sized bar, and one entire wall of glass which overlooks a lovely garden walk leading to their "ol' swimmin' hole" type of pool.

All this outdoor view was beautifully lighted during the feast. Instead of seating her twenty guests buffet-style at a lot of small tables—or even at one large, clumsy one—Joan arranged two long, narrow glass tables at an angle to each other. The floral arrangements of gardenias and white sweet peas, the leaf-green glassware and very dark green china combined for a striking and tasteful effect. Dessert "took the cake" in more ways than one. Huge platters of ice cream—the individual portions formed into various kinds of fruit (in their proper colors)—were passed along with the *petit fours*.

Dropper-inners later included David Niven, who is soon to leave for England and a visit with his two kiddies. And of course that movie, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which he'll make over there for Alexander Korda. Anita Colby, fresh from New York, popped in too—and I noticed a shiny gadget on one of her plain black satin pumps. In answer to "What's that?" she said, "It's an earring. I lost the mate to it. I think clipping one earring to a shoe along the instep where an ornament would naturally go anyway is a wonderful way to use that one earring that everybody has lying around." Colby has an idea there!

THESE between-season days there's nothing so comfortable as a cool sheer-wool frock—just the kind Carole Landis wore to lunch at LaRue. It's a black and white dress of very light, fine wool, with its flaring skirt (about fourteen inches from the floor) that has flame red line trimmings and a small neck scarf. Howard Greer made it. Her hat, especially made to go with it, is a black beret type with perky flame red feathers. And her gloves are flame red too. Black pumps. A chic outfit for sports events and perfect under fur coats.

Lynn Bari could take in knitting for a living, if the stunning dress she actually knitted for herself is any indication of her prowess with the needles. It's so good-looking and she added an unusual and stunning touch by working gold thread into horizontal bars across the bodice—to tie in with the gold belt that finishes the costume. The lines are simple, the yarn used was fine wool bouclé in a maroon

shade. The full skirt is almost fifteen inches from the floor. Lynn thinks that a tall girl should wear her skirts just a little further from the floor than a short girl, who gains height by the longer length.

Another gal who goes for knitted dresses is Esther Williams who lolls at the movies in an early fall two-piece number of ice blue. Hers is perfectly plain, with a deep-ribbed skirt, plain round neckline and short sleeves—so much more comfortable under coats. Esther prefers platinum to gold jewelry with sports clothes and has a big flat band bracelet and a graceful platinum clip in the form of a fish that she wears at her neck.

Most of the Hollywood gals are letting the locks down in soft fullness. Nora Eddington Flynn is only one of them. Ran into her (with Errol) at a party and he, like just about every male I talk to, prefers hair that way and thinks Nora never looked so pretty. He's so right.

TWO Joans, Caulfield and Bennett, make news for this session when you want to be warm, in case it's suddenly cool, and cool but smart if it's still hot. Spotted Joan Bennett leaving Romanoff's after lunch and even her cute French poodle couldn't take all the attention away from her navy blue raw silk dress, with its simple straight lines. The jacket is banded from shoulder to waist in a heavy crepe that shades from chartreuse to emerald green. Her gloves were of chartreuse suede and her accessories were of navy. Joan wore a gold snake necklace and a big round gold and emerald clip... Joan Caulfield was caught going the other way—to lunch—her soft sheer black wool suit was a knockout. It had a collarless, cutaway jacket and the longer length skirt had a double pleat in front. The blouse was of checked white taffeta, with a little bow that tied at the neck. The jacket was lined with the same taffeta as the blouse.

June Allyson and Dick Powell who are as busy denying stork rumors this month as Van and Evie Johnson were last month (but the Johnsons' turned out to be true!) did the Strip spots one night recently and June really had something to show off in the way of a new hat that is just right for pert little faces. Of natural colored felt (she was wearing a black suit) it looked like a man's straw hat gone pretty. It settled back on her head and had French illusion green and cream colored striped satin ribbons around the crown, ending with streamers down the back long enough to sit on. June wears her hair long for the first time on the screen in "Virtuous"—and in this picture there will also be no crying scenes, for which June says, "Thank the Lord!"

Now here's some fashion news I've been saving. The two hottest tips for fall are fans—all kinds of fans—and drop earrings. The small wing-type—or any up-the-ear type of earring—will be out completely by winter. Drop earrings are coming back and though they may start conservatively—you can bet they'll hang to there before winter is over.

As for fans—they're going to be plugged for daytime as well as nighttime use. The most desired will be the little antique fans, lacey ones, beaded ones, the kind you hang from a chain at the waist—or even from the wrist. But feathered fans and fabric fans will be the vogue again before long. So hie yourself to the nearest junk shop, or antique shop, or hock shop, and pick up as many as you can—of the kind that Ma or Grandma used to love—or you'll be paying three times as much for the same ones in stores!

THE END

Best Days of the Year . . .

Doris Dodson's beloved
middy and pleated skirt that spelt
grammar school glamour . . . now
brought up to Big Girl Specifications.

Pacific's wool feather flannel
. . . green, red, or copper penny.

Sizes 9 to 15. About \$17.

Write for the name of your local shop,
Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri

DD

Doris Dodson



JUNIOR ORIGINALS

ELLIOT CLARKE



If You Wore Your Slip Outside...

... you'd wear it proudly... knowing that your **Miss Elaine Precisional*** fits you to personalized perfection. It's the slip that works figure miracles for you whether you're short, medium, or tall... wear junior, misses', or women's dresses. Your Miss Elaine slip is precisionally sized and styled* to give you magic fit that's personal as your own signature.

Around \$3.50 in leading stores; write us we'll tell you where.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1947 S-M GAR CO. SEL-MOR GARMENT CO., INC. • ST. LOUIS

(Continued from page 62) complemented with twin white and violet chairs. Half of the table is Gene's and half is Pat's. On their individual sides of the table the girls have identical lamps, identical containers for cold cream, tissues, perfume and make-up—even identical flower vases.

I was talking to Gene the other day about the bachelor-girl hall she and Pat keep so happily. "I think," I told her, "it's all due to the fact that you Tierneys have the same manners with each other that you have in public."

"Good manners after all are nothing but kindness," replied Gene. "If we remember to be kind to others, we have good manners—and to me that's one of the most important things in life. Manners show up in so many ways. You're right about Pat and me, I'm sure. It's because we observe the common courtesies toward each other that we haven't had a single argument. For instance, we never borrow gloves or stockings without asking if the other is planning on using them. Nothing is more enraging than to plan a whole outfit around a certain dress—and then discover your apartment-mate walked out in it two hours before you got home!

"Luckily Pat's and my ideas on manners agree perfectly. For a long time in our New York apartment we weren't able to find a maid. But we still wanted to give small parties for our friends. So I would vacuum, Pat would dust and together we made all the canapes long before our guests arrived. Then when they did come, we had all the refreshments ready and we were both dressed and ready to talk. Since everything had been prepared ahead of time we were able to be relaxed hostesses paying full attention to our guests. I think this is simple courtesy toward the people you've asked into your home.

"And when I'm a guest of maidless friends for a weekend I try to remember my manners too. This means that I quietly make my own bed or help clear the table—but never do I spend my time asking, 'What can I do to help?' for that gives your hostess the impression you're working so hard you're not having a good time."

TO Gene, good manners extend into clothes just as well as into actions. "Nothing is more impolite to your hostess than to dress in an incongruous way when you're going to a party she's given thought to," says Gene. "Once I went to a big cocktail party where everyone was dressed to the teeth—except one girl, who came in dirty sneakers and dungarees! I have never forgotten that. She had dressed for comfort and for less effort on her own part—which to me was as much of an insult to our hostess as if she hadn't thanked her for the party. I believe you should dress up for a party and that, once at it, you should do your share of talking and mixing to make it a success."

Gene smiled, then added, "I think we all judge people at first meeting by their manners. I know I do. Often I've met men who were rude to waiters or who insisted on bullying them into giving them reserved tables at restaurants—which to me is unbearable rudeness. I never go out with those men twice. I also feel strongly about the kind of people who get up noisily in the middle of an act and leave the theater, or who talk loudly during a night club show. They are unkind to the actors working to entertain them. Yes, to me good manners are of vital importance."

A bow in Gene's direction. I remember something Esther Williams said to me not long ago. She made a small distinction in the word "kindness" that Gene used. Esther called it "unselfishness."

"When I was a little girl in a big family where there wasn't much money, I learned how unselfishness counted," she told me. "I remember when I'd be training for a swimming race, all my brothers and sisters sacrificed some of their own meat at meals so that my diet would be stronger. You don't forget things like that. The result is that now that I have my own home, I try to be considerate of others always. When I entertain, for instance, I try to plan the evening according to my guests—young guests like one type of party and older relatives like another. That is my notion of having good manners toward the people I've invited under my roof."

Over and over, you see, you'll find that really good manners start at home and thus become part of a personality—and are not stiff little affectations observed only in public—party manners.

Olivia de Havilland is another gal whose manners are always showing to advantage. Long ago she learned how considerate it was to hear other people out in their stories—not to interrupt with self-centered anecdotes or to try and outdo their yarns. She is what everyone loves to find and seldom does—a good listener. And she is extremely attentive toward the man most women forget: Her husband. When I asked Olivia for her opinions on good manners, she frowned thoughtfully and then answered, "Well, for one thing, I don't believe in boring people with apologies for my appearance if I look disheveled. I give people credit for noticing if my hair is mussed, and I don't like burdening them with a lot of breathless talk about it."

There we have three good ladies' opinions on good manners. Summing it all up, I think good manners boil down into the old Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This means making sure that you never hurt people the way you have sometimes been hurt. Oh, and here let me get in a Colby mania:

If your pleasant manners are defeated by irritability and exhaustion, better stop and think what causes your mean disposition. Ten to one it's caused by bad health habits. Sure you're eating all the fruits and leafy green vegetables you should be stowing away? Sure you're drinking enough milk? There's an old expression that "we are what we eat" and I, for one, firmly believe it. Or else, perhaps your surly nature is born of having a misfitting job. Sit down quietly and think out what you're after in life and then go about getting it. A job you really enjoy will take those furrows out of your forehead and the snarl out of your voice.

And that's about it—except for a brisk list of do's and don'ts. Do remember to thank your hostess always for a party—and never omit writing a thank-you note to a weekend hostess. And do be thoughtful of others from the time you get up in the morning until the time you fall into bed again—including in stores and busses. We women have become so bad mannered in public people make jokes about us. Remember the story of the man who gave a woman his seat in the subway? She was so surprised she fainted! When she came to, she thanked him and then he fainted!

Such stories are amusing—but oh, what a slur on the fair sex! To do our bit to end these jokes, I think we had better follow the advice of the Misses Tierney, Williams, and de Havilland. By remembering that good manners and kindness are the same thing, we'll make happiness for others and also for ourselves. And you know, don't you, what friends are the most ardent admirers of considerate and amiable women? Yes, you guessed it—men friends!

THE END

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I Meet the Menace

(Continued from page 48) down with glee.

All of us know by now that Mr. Mason has beaten up Britain's number one film star, Margaret Lockwood; battered the knuckles of the Garbo-like Ann Todd; driven to suicide the charming Dulcie Gray. But he is also noted for his pugilistic prowess with the sex that *should* be better equipped to protect itself.

By this time I was getting curious about the Junior Karloff, because his actions around the lot, reversely, appeared to be quiet, well-mannered and friendly. Determinedly unconvinced, I wanted to investigate for myself.

At this direst of moments the telephone rang, and a very lovely female voice bubbled, "Mr. Eythe, this is Mrs. James Mason. We've learned that you are making a film at Denham, and since we live nearby and you are a stranger in our country, James (she *always* calls him "James") and I thought perhaps you would like to dine with us?"

I smelled a trap, imagined full well the Masons had learned, via the grapevine, of my violent antipathy to them; they, in turn, were plotting their revenge! But I gathered up all my Hollywood bravado and gave Mrs. Mason the arch reply . . . "Yes!"

After work I set out for Olleberrie Farm armed to the teeth with a carnation in my buttonhole. I intended to give Mrs. Mason the carnation later on, if I was still alive, after a dinner which I suspected would be sprinkled with arsenic.

When I arrived at Olleberrie Farm, the front door was suspiciously wide open. So I crept into the starkly English drawing room, plunked myself down on a mile-wide sofa, gave the joint a quick casing, and swallowed my disappointment at not finding at least one Iron Maiden. Then, from the four corners of the room, Toy Boy, Whitey Thompson, Tree and Lady Leeds (the Mason cats) leaped upon me and began to devour me with affection.

THUS, in the midst of much cat-flapping, the Masons and Mr. John Monaghan discovered me. Johnny is a native Pennsylvanian, the Mason's closest friend, and co-author of Jim's latest film, "The Upturned Glass." They became friends when Monaghan, an officer in the United States Army, was on leave in England.

The Masons had *not* entered on broomsticks. In place of a Lucrezia Borgia I found a petite, vivacious auburn-haired girl, and instead of a saturnine cross between Merlin and Savonarola I faced a medium-tall, quizzical-looking, typical Yorkshireman. *Both smiling!* They looked quite nice. Over the proffered drink we began to talk of how he likes to write with his actress-novelist "Mrs."—professionally known as Pamela Kellino; how he wanted to go to Hollywood where he believes American efficiency in film production will eliminate the many problems that beset the actor, director, writer, producer in England. Here I dared disagree, because from experience I'd found the sole difference in production exists because of a lack of up-to-date equipment and to the shortage of stage space in the average English studio.

During a really superb dinner (a rarity in those days—as now—in England) we talked about war-time increase in English film quality. Mr. M. attributed the change to influx of stage folk like Noel Coward, Laurence Olivier, and one or two of the better British directors. Here was the first evidence of the Masons' extreme reverence for director Carol Reed, the man responsible for "Odd Man Out."

I found that Mason had turned down the male lead in "Forever Amber" because he honestly thought the part was bad for

him; that he is in the envied position of being able to pick and choose his own film parts; that he resents film producers who look upon the feature film as a medium of propaganda. He got eloquent about fans, insisting that they should organize into guilds for the purpose of setting a high standard of good manners.

Pretty nice so far. I was beginning to endure these people and I was grudgingly nursing the hope that I would be asked back for a similar evening of terror. After dinner, with an excellent port at hand (Mr. M. is a connoisseur of wines), we cozily sat around over a stew of bad English coffee while James gave one of his cats a resounding wallop on the hind quarters. (Never fear, the cat—like the myriad Mason fans—loved it and came purring back for more.)

For the perfect finale I discovered that the Masons were inveterate stayer-up-laters, so we "yakked" for hours. The evening ended with my forgetting the jealousy angle, collecting a signed photograph for the girl friend, who was undoubtedly still sitting in the Carthay Circle, and giving Mrs. Mason my carnation as I departed.

MONTHS later, after the Masons had stormily descended on New York—to what I consider an unfair reception from the American press—Buff Cobb, the girl in the Carthay Circle, and I had dinner with them at Toots Shor's. We found them to be the same unaffected, imaginative, fun-loving people who had hosted me so generously in England. Contrary to varied newspaper reports, I found James, Pamela, and Johnny as keenly interested in America, Americans, the making of good movies, the enjoyment of life, and just generally being nice people as I had before.

This statement will apparently take a lot of explaining to a heap of people, and since I am only an amateur analyst I can only base my reasons for the "defense" on a very pleasant personal relationship. To begin with, both Mr. and Mrs. Mason are rather shy—more correctly, they have a normal English reserve which leads people to think them "high-hat." They are two of the most stimulating people I have ever met in the motion picture industry. It is rare that a star of his magnitude is so completely sincere and independent in his beliefs. I'd like to be around to see what happens with them in Hollywood.

He is a bit of a mystic, and I strongly suspect is held in practical check by Mrs. M., which assuredly is none of my business, except that I genuinely admire them both and I believe them to have been unfairly maligned. One thing is certain: I smell a strong battle in the distance when once the Masons alight in the glammer town.

From an actor's point of view, I should certainly never hesitate to work for Mason (his real ambition lies in the production line) because he is a complete and utter perfectionist. I believe that only through men such as he—Hollywood has many, i.e., Adrian Scott, Henry Hathaway, William Wyler, Lewis Milestone to name a few—will the standard of American pictures be raised to the intelligence the medium has been all too slowly struggling towards for the past thirty years.

In the meantime, Jim, Pamela and Johnny came to the wedding reception of "that certain fan," whose name now is Buff Cobb Eythe. For I was the groom. With them they bore a gift in the form of a Siamese cat. Buff and I have naturally named it "The Menace."

And I might add that now I refuse to give her money to go to the movies. *This stops that nonsense!*

THE END

Fashion is Fun

(Continued from page 106)

A vest and skirt make two very versatile members of your wardrobe. You can manage so many changes with accessories for this type of costume! For instance, a lightweight turtle-neck sweater and a brightly polished leather belt for sport. Or a white blouse, a silk handkerchief tied at your throat and a chatelaine at your waist when a quick change is required. A vest and skirt made of wool jersey is an excellent investment when fall is in the air.



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Having a baby? You're awfully lucky and if there are moments when you yearn for your "once little" waistline, be cheered by the new maternity clothes. They play up your pretty face and neck with lingerie collars, jewelry necklines and interesting sleeves. And one of the maternity lines is showing an excellent skirt. It is cut out under the stomach so it always hangs gracefully. Shop carefully if you're having a baby and even your best friend will say "Why, I never knew."

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Hollywood Tour

(Continued from page 47) —gay orange, green and blue umbrellas, picturesque cabanas—exactly like the movies.

After a leisurely breakfast, Shirley suggests a walk through the hotel, which is practically a miniature city. You nod a greeting at Errol Flynn, Walter Pidgeon and other famous movie folk, getting in a few sets of tennis before lunch—and spy Ginger Rogers and Eleanor Powell in one of the shops—Eleanor looks so happy to be home again after her successful dancing engagements in the East. You wander around—just plain rubber-necking, but so-o-o relaxing and in such good company.

Before you know it, it's time for lunch. Where else but the Brown Derby? Shirley chuckles when you spy the queue of autograph fans outside the Derby and stops a moment to sign their books. John grins but also signs. Inside a long line of would-be diners, waiting for tables. Lucky you—your table was reserved in advance. A waitress in a charming balloon parachute skirt takes your order—you've decided on a Derby special, scrambled eggs and tomatoes. You're not disappointed when it arrives. Food for gods—and the stars.

It's Shirley who suggests you have your dessert out at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor—emporium of frozen delight next door to LaRue's. Shirley confesses that ice cream is her favorite dessert, and that she and John often go to Wil Wright's after lunching or dining out.

Wil Wright's, with its peppermint-stick pole outside and merry-go-round roof, could only happen in Hollywood. It was opened about three months before the war—when three young men decided good ice cream would sell anywhere. When war broke out these boys traded their ice-cream paddles for guns and went into the service. Nothing, however, keeps good ice cream down, so when they opened up again out on the Strip, their ice cream (secret formula) became the rage of Hollywood.

Joan Crawford, Joan Caulfield, Gail Patrick and Judy Garland are among the many who may be seen at Wright's at most any time of the day or night. Eddie Cantor sends this ice cream to his daughter in New York. Hollywood stars down in Mexico find themselves dreaming of Wright's and have the cream sent down air express.

How about a movie? Shirley asks. So off you go to Grauman's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. This pagoda-like building is a Hollywood landmark. Footprints of famous stars, both past and present, are immortalized in cement. Shirley delightedly shows John her footprints—he had never seen them. She tried fitting her foot into the impression made when she was a child star but, small as it is, her foot didn't fit the original print. Recently Grauman's asked Shirley to make another impression beside the original one, and if she does she will be the first actress in Hollywood to have her footprints done in cement twice—once as a child star and later as a grownup. You invest in several bags of popcorn, and then into deep restful seats to watch the latest flicker.

When you come out it's late afternoon. John suggests eating at The Tropics. Shirley tells you that ever since she can remember she has been going to The Tropics at least once a week for dinner—first with her mother and father, and afterward with John. You eat outdoors. There's wonderful Chinese food in an oriental setting of bamboo tables, leis of flowers for the guests, palm trees, soft music. In this romantic setting you can appreciate why Sugie is known as the Cinema Cupid.

And now it's time to bid your hosts goodbye. Shirley and John assure you they have enjoyed their "Tour" as much as you. Shirley says that even though she has lived in Hollywood for years, she always finds something exciting and new about the places you have visited.

THE END

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Till Work Do Us Part

(Continued from page 39) about her pictures, it's Judy Garland. But if you talk about anything long enough, you can scare and exhaust yourself.

"I can't sleep," Judy admits frankly. That's one way of starting a nervous breakdown.

The sooner Judy stops making pictures with her very excellent director-mate, the happier she'll be. The same goes for Vincent. Because their movies have become more important than their marriage.

Something very similar happened with Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles. Next to Judy, Rita, when she was working with Orson in "The Lady from Shanghai," was the tensest person you've ever seen in your life. She'd collapse in her dressing room at least once a day. "Orson and I never stop talking about the picture, day or night," she wailed.

Once when I visited her on the set, it was the birthday of their two-year-old daughter, Rebecca. Four o'clock came.

"Aren't you going to the party?" I asked Rita, who was pacing up and down the set like a caged kitten.

"I don't know, I don't know," she said with an appealing glance at Orson.

At four-thirty he let her go—and added, "Don't forget to be back here at seven!"

No wonder, when Rita finally escaped, she screamed, "I just couldn't stand his genius any longer."

AND that raises the question, are husbands and wives in Hollywood taking too much of a chance with their marriages by working together? You'd naturally think that there would be fewer hazards to a Hollywood marriage under such circumstances, because husband and wife would have a close and common interest, and perhaps even more important, there wouldn't be the danger of romantic attachments elsewhere. Nevertheless, see what happened to Red Skelton and his former wife, Edna, his writer and manager.

"Too much work and not enough marriage," Red explained when they called it a day. "When I go home at night, I don't want to talk shop. I want to make love to my wife." Now they both go home to someone else—Red to Georgia, and Edna to Frank Borzage. As a result they like each other as persons a great deal more and do better work together because now they don't quarrel. They had to choose between work and marriage, and they chose work.

Sue and Alan Ladd made just the opposite decision. You know, of course, that Sue "discovered" Alan and got him started in Hollywood. And for a while after their marriage, Sue continued to work as Alan's agent. I saw them in New York on their honeymoon. At that time Sue made the startling statement, "I'm selling out as Alan's agent. I want to be his wife, not his agent. That's for someone else, not his wife." In due course Sue "sold" for \$50,000. She could have held on and made \$50,000 a year. Today Alan and Sue and their two children are among the happiest family units in Hollywood.

Of course, it's hard to predict about any Hollywood marriage, but Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson have a much better chance of keeping their marriage intact, now that Felix has said "goodbye" to Deanna's career. Their working life was not a success. Felix was Deanna's producer, and he gave her bad-girl roles and tried to make her a sophisticate. Deanna is at her best, and always will be, playing nice happy girls on the screen. She looks wholesome and healthy, and anything else is wrong. So before Deanna could blame her mate for her pictures, he walked out

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of her career. As of this writing, the rumors of marital breakup have ceased.

But Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont are proof that some husbands and wives can work together—and stay married. Perhaps because Maria is an unabashed exhibitionist. When they co-starred in "Atlantis," they made love all over the set, in and out of the scenes.

"It's a crime to take the money," grinned Jean Pierre, who nevertheless pocketed his \$75,000. "Jean Pierre is the most wonderful actor and the best husband in the world," said Maria between kisses.

Roz Russell can take it—that is, she can take her husband, Fred Brisson—at work and at play. Roz and Fred are two of the partners in Independent Artists, a company formed nine months ago to star Roz in one picture a year and to make three others with Roz and Fred as producers. Well, they're still married! Of course they haven't really come to grips yet with a twenty-four-hour-a-day working schedule. Give them a year after they make their first picture together. Then we'll see.

GINGER ROGERS and her Jackie Briggs are in the same star-producer working boat—so are Joan Fontaine and her producer-mate William Dozier. It's an odd thing about gals who work with their husbands. They seem to find it difficult to get their pictures rolling. Ginger and Jackie have been hemming and hawing for a year now—and they haven't yet started "Wild Calendar," which Briggs is to produce with Ginger as the star.

And Miss Fontaine. For six months she and Producer Dozier made every kind of plan to begin "Thunder on the Hill" with Joan starred. Then it was postponed indefinitely. Can it be that pictures planned in the office are scrapped in the bedroom? It's easy to talk yourself out of a good idea.

There's Teresa Wright and her husband Niven Busch. Niven produced as well as wrote "Pursued," Teresa's picture with Robert Mitchum. I was on the set when Niven decided to cut one of Teresa's big scenes. She burst into tears and production was suspended for the day. But she must have put in some good homework because the scene was back in next day!

Lauren Bacall says flatly that she doesn't want to work unless it's with her husband, Humphrey Bogart. Otherwise she'd just as soon retire and be a wife only. And she's right, because Bogey is not an ego-maniac. He's really anxious for his wife to be a success on the screen. In their last picture, "Dark Passage," you see little of Bogey. It's all Bacall. As long as he keeps that up, their working and married partnership is bound to be a success.

The same goes for Merle Oberon and her cameraman husband, Lucien Ballard. Merle and Lucien "sell" themselves as "a package." If you want Merle, you have to take Lucien. And vice versa. So far this has worked fine. Because not only is Merle protected on the camera angles but, unlike Linda Darnell and her cameraman mate, Pev Marley, Merle and Lucien work at the same time and are always free to vacation at the same time.

June Allyson wants to make pictures with Dick Powell. "It's the dream of my life," she's always telling me. But she's so happily married that it would seem a shame to run the risk.

It's one that John Payne refuses to take. "An actor must watch out for himself," explains John honestly. "And Gloria wouldn't understand—especially if it interfered with her role."

So there you have it. With some, it works—with most it doesn't. So why take the chance? Would you?

THE END

ABOVE ALL . . . UNDER ALL . . .

DOVE SKIN



The Saga of Jennifer

(Continued from page 67) Jennifer once said laughingly.

After seeing Katharine Cornell in "Wingless Victory" some five times, Jennifer wrote her for advice about how to become an actress and will never forget her answer. "There's only one way to become an actress . . . and that's never to give up trying to be one."

"I've never forgotten that," Jennifer has said since. "I'm still trying to follow it."

Today directors talk about how Jennifer virtually "lives" every part while she's playing it, fairly breathing her own life into it. She always has. So much so that once during a school play when she was supposed to take poison, she played the scene so realistically some children jumped up from their seats shouting, "Don't let her take it—don't let her!" When the curtain fell they were sure she was dead.

This same sincerity later prompted Director Henry King to say that among the various stars he tested for "The Song of Bernadette," only Jennifer actually saw the Vision. "In twenty years as a director I've worked with many fine actresses, but few inspired ones. And she is inspired."

Her former French teacher, Marie Gicquel Barrett, who first brought the book to Jennifer's attention and urged her to try for the part, remembers many "inspiring" performances Jennifer used to give on a bench under an elm tree in the back yard of her home in Tulsa. Nobody had more faith in her future than this French teacher and Jennifer's first dramatics teacher, Mrs. Irene Kendle. It was of the latter that Jennifer said, when she first came to Hollywood, "She taught me everything I know."

Curiously enough, all this absorption in what must have seemed to others a make-believe world did not cut her off from having friends. A great deal of it was due to the qualities of the girl herself. Jennifer's greatest desire always was to be just one of the "gang."

Certainly her native generosity of spirit was an important factor in cementing lifelong friendships. When she was chosen May Queen for her class at Monte Cassino, she said unhappily to her best friend, Ruth Bowers King, "This is silly. I don't want it. You should be queen." Not until years later did Jennifer's other good friend, Mary Birmingham, discover how she had become class valedictorian. Originally Jennifer had been asked to accept the honor but she refused in her friend's favor, saying quickly, "Let Mary do it. I'm doing so many things."

Unlike the other girls in their gang—"The Toppers," they called themselves—Jennifer cared little about social events. "Dates bored her to death," says Mary. "Whenever she went out with us she took the whole crowd by storm and was always the most popular, but she just didn't care for anything but acting."

When the other girls daydreamed about the future, most of them agreed they'd get married when they were twenty-five.

"Not me," Jennifer would break in. "I'm going to wait until I'm thirty-five!"

"Then Phyl was the first in our gang to get married," they laugh now.

IN those days, Jennifer liked to stop by Wolferman's store and buy candied apples, getting the steering wheel all sticky as she alternated between driving and eating the rest of the way home. A special lark in those days meant going on a hamburger binge. She would have a friend over to spend the night and, instead of raiding the icebox when they got hungry, they'd make sure the rest of the household was asleep, dress and go buy a sack full of hamburgers, then drive out to a country road, park and eat the whole sackful and listen to the car radio.

The close association of the girls was broken temporarily when the Monte Cassino days were over and it was time to go on to college. Ruth went to Texas University, but Jennifer after careful study chose Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, because of its excellent drama department. However, they were inseparable during vacation periods. Once when Ruth had two more days of vacation than she, Jennifer deliberately missed her train back to Northwestern so that they could drive out into the rain-soaked country for a long excursion together.

At Northwestern Jennifer met David Bruce, whose name was then Andy McBroom. It was to mark a new era for both of them, for Bruce, fired by Jennifer's enthusiasm, returned with her to play leads in the stock company which Papa Isley had finally been persuaded to back when he realized it was useless to try to dissuade his daughter from a career of acting. The "Mansfield Players" was directed by Richard Mansfield Dickinson and Jennifer, of course, was its leading lady.

But make no mistake about it, she carried her end of the load, as Dickinson himself would gladly tell you. They travelled by automobiles during that hot summer, with the scenery lumbering



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along in a truck ahead of them. Though her father owned the company, Jennifer never ducked any of the hard work. She helped put up scenery, painted, cleaned up the stage and worked props. Her parents usually joined them wherever they were playing on weekends and brought their laundry, which they'd sent back to Tulsa by them the week before.

Jennifer worked up quite a rolling repertoire in "The Family Upstairs," "This Thing Called Love" and "Smilin' Through," which latter she particularly enjoyed because of its dramatic depths and haunting love scenes.

But opening night of her first "professional" engagement with the Mansfield Players was anything but auspicious for Jennifer. She fluffed some lines of "This Thing Called Love" and further disgraced herself in her own eyes by knocking over a lamp and breaking it. She was completely crushed. She wanted to pay for the broken prop out of her own allowance and it took the combined persuasion of her parents and all members of the cast to get her back on stage again the next night.

She's still extremely self-critical about her own work, magnifies out of proportion any small failure, and studies any lukewarm reviews conscientiously, saying, "They're very helpful to me."

ALL these years the remembrance of Broadway and Ruth Draper's name in brilliant lights had been locked away in Jennifer's mind like a precious jewel. The time was not at hand when she must get to New York to learn more of her chosen career. Under her persistent campaign, Mother and Dad Isley finally broke down and agreed to her attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

There she met the tall, lanky youth from Utah who was to become her husband. They were a match for each other in enthusiasm and impetuosity. What more natural than that in due course Jennifer should carry him back home to Tulsa to do a dramatic radio series with her? Thus listeners of KOME were presently taking in their stride the earnest young voices of Phyllis Isley and Robert Walker on a half-hour dramatic show Sunday afternoons.

Jennifer was insistent that the scripts have two equally good leads. "Bob has so much more talent than I have," she would say.

Jennifer's sudden decision to marry Bob was part of the pattern of her impulsiveness—and at the same time of her natural reserve. A girl generally confides her romantic plans to her best friend, but even Ruth King had no idea of what was brewing until a week before the wedding.

They were married early one morning at the Christ's King Church. It was a private family wedding with only some ten people present. Jennifer wore a Peter Pan-ish hat with high crown and a red velvet suit, which she used to say brought her luck.

This optimism was undoubtedly prompted by the fact that after she and Bob had decided to shake the dust of Oklahoma from their feet and try their luck in Hollywood, Jennifer had succeeded in getting a job at Republic Studios. Her first screen role was with John Wayne. Then she appeared in the "Dick Tracy" series. There was even talk of teaming her with Roy Rogers.

But things weren't going well for Bob. New York might be a chance for both of them. So the Walkers bundled their possessions into their car and headed East.

The rest is a twice-told tale. How after a struggle Bob began to find success in radio, while Jennifer kept house and bore their two children, Michael and Bobby, just eleven months apart. How Jennifer walked



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in cold to read for David O. Selznick and came out with a contract, thereafter to enter upon a period of intensive study under his coaches. How the call came for her to go to Hollywood to prepare for "The Song of Bernadette" and Bob landed a Metro contract.

But the luck of the red velvet wedding suit was beginning to fade. About the how and why, Jennifer and Bob have always been silent. But most of Hollywood could take lessons in the conversational loyalty each has displayed where the other is concerned and in the manner in which they've worked together to keep their separation from being any more painful than necessary to their two children. And it's no secret that during his publicized "disappearance," when the studio was alarmed over his absence, Jennifer drove back to Hollywood alone early in the morning from her vacation at Delmar to get the latest news of him.

MEANTIME, "The Song of Bernadette" had hurtled a new star across the Hollywood skies. But the girl from Oklahoma couldn't face the labyrinth of a Hollywood opening. Clothes, photographers, reporters, dinners, parties and the awful moment when she would have to walk the red carpet between the rows of premiere bleachers, with the microphone raising its slender neck like a snake about to strike.

She would save her first taste of success to share with her friends at the Southwestern premiere which was held in her home town.

With her two boys, she climbed aboard the train for Tulsa, the black taffeta dress she'd bought for her Hollywood debut as a star tucked away in her bag. The studio had offered to send a maid along but Jennifer declined. They started out with a nice box lunch which was promptly upended on the floor. And the problem of keeping the boys safe together in their upper berth in the drawing room was almost too much. "Whew!" she laughed when her father and Ruth King met her at the Kansas City station to accompany her on home.

The town turned out to meet her when the train pulled in. "I'm so glad to be here I could almost die!" Jennifer said.

She wore a yellow and brown tweed suit, alligator pumps, and carried a large felt hat that impressed the members of "The Toppers" there to greet her. "She never used to even own one," they said.

But she was the same "Phyl" they'd always known. The only reference she made to her new screen status was while signing an autograph. "I never could make a decent 'J'—and now I have to make two of them," she laughed.

Huge banners saying "Welcome, Jennifer Jones" were strung across Main Street. Giant posters of Norman Rockwell's painting of her in the character of Bernadette stood up high on the corner of the First National Bank and in the window of a local department store. Two others, six by eighteen feet, were mounted over the marquee of the Ritz Theatre for the premiere.

That night Jennifer saw her childhood dream come true. Her name fairly blazed in lights over Fourth and Main Streets, Tulsa's "Little Times Square," while on the sidelines hundreds of home-townners applauded the new star who was born.

It was thrilling, breath-taking—but not terrifying like a Hollywood premiere.

Even today she still has to brace herself for a function like the "Duel in the Sun" premiere. You see her step out of the limousine and pause politely for the cameramen. But her hands are trembling. She hurries as quickly as possible down the

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last red mile of carpet, body tense, looking neither right nor left until she reaches the haven inside the theater. It's her night to take bows but, being Jennifer, she can't.

Perhaps it is this same tenseness and reserve which has prevented her from making many Hollywood friends. Then again, her loyalty to her Tulsa chums may be responsible. A more practical explanation is her complete devotion to her work which has confined her contacts to those connected with it—hairstressers, make-up people and most particularly Anita Colby who was Selznick's directress of women stars and who now is like a sister to her.

TODAY Jennifer is one of the hardest-working stars in Hollywood. As evidenced by her performance of the perils of *Pearl* in "Duel in the Sun," which would have tired any serial queen. Jennifer admits by way of understatement that it was "the most vigorous thing I've ever done."

She climbed over Arizona cactus and rocky crags with a gun in her hand until her arms and hands were scratched and bleeding, her fingernails broken and torn. She spent hours at a time in slimy water for those sump scenes in which she was supposed to be shivering with cold and blue from the chill. And she says, "I was cold and blue. It was no feat of acting."

She has the same eager enthusiasm she's always had. Jennifer has finally found herself a home. A beautiful pink stucco French Riviera style out in Brentwood, furnished in rich colors that make a perfect background for Jennifer's own rich coloring, her gold-brown eyes, pink cheeks and gleaming wealth of dark brown hair. She had it redecorated while she was in New York on location with "Portrait of Jennie" and was so eager to know how the place was coming, she wanted photographs sent her of the various rooms.

Her young sons took an active interest in the redecoration too. "We want funny things over our bathtub," they told their mother before she left. And they got them. Murals featuring two little boys in a boat.

There are those who think this is the home Jennifer is preparing against the time when she and David O. Selznick may be man and wife after his marital problems have been cleared up. Whatever the outcome, the mutual faith of Hollywood's brilliant star-maker and his sensitive star continues to write screen history.

Today back in Tulsa there stands a life-sized statue of Jennifer in the role of Bernadette. Against a background of lilac bushes and her native Oklahoma dogwood, the statue is an inspiration to other ambitious home-town girls to remember the story of a girl named Jones.

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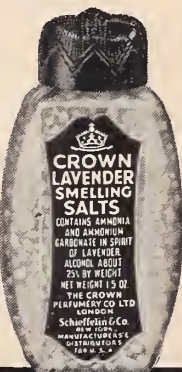
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 8) veteran Gene's problem about his war bride, Marie McDonald. A young war widow, Phyllis Thaxter, who looks very down-to-earth in an exceedingly glamorous fashion—no mean accomplishment—helps them both in both dilemmas.

Most of the details you can enjoy and then check off—except that figure of McDonald's, that nice honest shining look of Thaxter's and the dancing of Mr. Kelly. His feet must certainly have touched that Blarney Stone!

Your Reviewer Says: Mild film with major dancing.

✓ The Romance of Rosy Ridge (M-G-M)

A FEUD about the color of britches down in the Ozarks can raise an awful lot of hullabaloo, especially when that genial Van Johnson is the man who won't come out and say whether he's for the blue or the gray. As you may remember from your history books, those colors had a lot to do with the Civil War, especially in the in-between Ozarks where these goings-on occur.

The war's over and farmer Thomas Mitchell is waiting for his son to "home himself." Instead, in walks schoolmaster Van Johnson, takes over the chores, takes over daughter Janet Leigh, too. In this process some delightful dialogue comes along. If this is the way they talk in the Ozarks, they should get out a special book of poetry. Van fits into his patched britches readily, twists his words around some real music and does his best to bring the North-South aftermath of the war to a good end. There's one *Ninny Nat* who, in person of O. A. Whitehead, is about the best Ozarkian in the picture; plus that, there's Thomas Mitchell looking strong-minded, Selena Royle looking determined and Janet Leigh looking pretty.

Rosy Ridge is a very pleasant place; the people are nice, too. You'll like them all and the easy way the uncommon little story runs along.

Your Reviewer Says: Rosy Romance.

✓ Variety Girl (Paramount)

PARAMOUNT went and found itself a novel little idea—the founding of the famous Variety Club, that "heart of show business," and the story of the first baby it fostered. She's Mary Hatcher who comes out to Hollywood to get into films—at Paramount, of course. On goes the bright green light for all the Paramount stars, from Ladd to Lake, to come stepping high into the picture, with Hope and Crosby being Hope and Crosby all over the place and leading the ingenious parade.

Mary manages to get herself mixed up with all sorts of people, so you'll be seeing stars all evening. You won't be blinded by them—it's all handled so deftly it seems the most natural act in the Hollywood world. The Variety Club comes in for its share at the end and there are some specialty numbers, a "Puppetoon" sequence and Miss Hatcher to look at and listen to. Right along with Mary and her nice singing voice on this tour goes one Olga San Juan who clowns around for dear life; you'd have to be just too, too sophisticated not to laugh at her.

Nobody set out to make anything Big out of this so you can just settle down and enjoy a real "Variety" show.

Your Reviewer Says: All the stars and a different kind of fun.

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Lured (Stromberg-UA)

THIS IS supposed to have some deep dark secrets hidden in its reels, but it's all fairly handsome hokum. Take that scene where mad artist Boris Karloff is out after the blonde scalp of Lucille Ball and the dark figure lurks on the balcony.

George Sanders is his usual man-about-town, but he doesn't give enough punch to his women-chasing this time. Lucille Ball, as the American working for "The Yard" to clear up the murders of some beautiful girls, is too light-of-heart to send any chills running up your spine.

It's not boring and you'll bear up fairly well under it, but add it all up and you'll find a papier-mache mystery that's cracking under the strain.

Your Reviewer Says: A light-weight.

Heaven Only Knows (Nebenzal-UA)

THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL has to pull all the heavenly strings he knows when he gets mixed up with some tough guys out in old Montana. Robert Cummings wears his invisible wings well—so well he unfortunately seems like any good fellow who's doing his best to straighten out the very crooked life of Brian Donlevy. Fists fly, dice roll, guns flash and Mr. Donlevy gets reformed, but not until after Michael has had to work a couple of miracles.

The opening scene is "Up There," with every one wearing benign expressions and frock coats, but within two wafts of a spiritual hand, we're all down to earth in a film that's just another Western. Donlevy uses his fists with no effort—the role asks for no effort from him. Jorja Curt-right is too much the tempestuous exotic to seem like a spiritual schoolmarm. A light touch of love-thy-brother would have made this a "different" Western; the studied religious dramatics in this is just too much for the film's lightweight shoulders.

Your Reviewer Says: Archangels, stay 'way from the West.

Saddle Pals (Republic)

INTO THIS Autry episode comes that lurking villain—rent raise. Gene can beat him lots easier than other people since he has a calm disposition and Champion Jr. to race around on. He also has the Cass County Boys to keep him placid, what with their humming and strumming.

To beat that villain landlord, Gene has to deal with spoiled young lady Lynne Roberts, calm Sterling Holloway out of a very exaggerated nervous breakdown, and get a Big Idea. He does all three, which undoubtedly will delight all the Autry fans.

Your Reviewer Says: Autry canters along.

Deep Valley (Warners)

THE VALLEY'S beautiful, but that's about all that is in this dreary episode about a broken-down family—daughter Ida Lupino and Fay Bainter and Henry Hull. They're queer sort of people. Fay and Henry haven't seen each other for years though they live in the same house; poor Ida has trouble talking—and no wonder, since there's nothing around her worth talking about.

Everything changes, though. Before you can snap your fingers, Ida gets a glimpse of Dane Clark and overnight she's chattering away like a magpie. Mama and Papa suddenly decide to become as chummy as Darby and Joan; and Ida gets some new dresses. Then, before you're used to all this sunshine-and-light, everyone's grim

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as can be about the posse stalking Dane. Somehow Dane and Ida don't get together—maybe because an Ida in little-girl skirts just doesn't match up with the rough-and-tough Clark. We have an idea in a more mature role the more mature Miss Lupino would come shining through. Wayne Morris is the big honest guy in big honest fashion. There are some psychological ideas filtering around, but they don't get anywhere with too many theatrics for a film that's a little weak in the knees.

Your Reviewer Says: Obscure Valley.

✓✓ The Web (Universal-International)

WHO COULD look more like a smart veteran copper than that old master Bill Bendix? Who could look better than Edmond O'Brien as the rough-and-honest young lawyer with a flair for making A-1 wisecracks? Who but Vincent Price could play a million-dollar crook with such finesse? And who, you'll ask yourself when you see it, but Ella Raines as the secretary could look smart enough to turn over several new leaves, especially when O'Brien's writing the book? The answer to all this is a fast-moving film with enough on the ball to keep you wondering just how things are going to end up.

It's an old story of a frame-up with some novel twists. O'Brien's the young career man who gets caught up in the threads spun by unethical opportunist Price. Since Price has enough guns to guarantee plenty of suspense and enough amoral ideas to make a good thriller, the plot lacks for nothing. Bendix is in there in horn-rimmed glasses looking like a very shrewd solid citizen and doing a wonderful job. O'Brien gets most of the good lines—and turns them out with a deft bluntness that leaves nothing lacking. Nothing's lacking either in the female-secretary role as it's handled by Ella Raines.

Your Reviewer Says: "Step into the parlor"—with pleasure.

✓✓ I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now (20th Century-Fox)

AS well-turned as a Gay Nineties leg is this Technicolor musical that sings



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along about the life of the famous composer Joe E. Howard. It has the fine hand of Producer George E. Jessel to keep it humming, Mark Stevens as Howard and June Haver, Lenore Aubert and Martha Stewart a pretty and dimpled trio playing the women in his turn-of-the-century life. The whole business has a lilt to it—from the old songs that are still echoing around today, to Reginald Gardiner's clowning and the high-kicking, lace-gartered frivolities of Miss Stewart.

Stevens is an acceptable Howard, the piano-playing guy who was to compose songs that would be hummed for four generations. His romance-dotted life was a natural for a good musical; the black-lace era in which he lived was just what the doctor ordered for good entertainment. The role of Fritz Barrington fell like a plum into the hands of Lenore Aubert who handles it to pretty perfection; all the music-filled cavortings are going to look pleasant to any light-hearted audience.

Your Reviewer Soys: What you like in a musical.

✓Ivy (20th Century-Fox)

"IVY" doesn't give you as many chills as she should. There she is—a Joan Fontaine making eyes at rich Herbert Marshall who can give her all the frills and frounces she wants and in the meantime planning to poison poor husband Richard Ney. You'd think that watching her administer the lethal dose would have you on the end of the seat, but instead it's merely a sort of lukewarm pity you feel.

Joan does a good job with "Ivy," especially at the end, when she gives you a haunting idea of a woman in terror. Richard Ney is affable, Herbert Marshall distinguished as ordered and Patric Knowles the maligned cast-aside lover. There are lots of looks at pretty dresses, glimpses of old England—and also some scenes with Miss Fontaine's mother.

"Ivy" is evil enough to keep you interested, but not enough to be a shocker.

Your Reviewer Soys: You'll go along with it.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Hucksters

Brute Force

The Long Night

The Web

The Roosevelt Story

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Best Performances

Deborah Kerr, Sidney Greenstreet in "The Hucksters"

Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn, Charles Bickford in "Brute Force"

Henry Fonda, Vincent Price, Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Long Night"

Thomas Mitchell in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge"

William Bendix, Vincent Price, Edmund O'Brien in "The Web"

Akim Tamiroff in "Fiesta"

Edmund Gwenn in "Bob, Son of Battle"

Joan Fontaine in "Ivy"

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ADVENTURES, THE**—Eagle-Lion: This Adventure is Deborah Kerr whom you'll see soon with Clark Gable. In this thriller, she gives you shivers plus laughs as the little Irish rebel who's just determined to get mixed up in some spy business. Trevor Howard helps her along. (July)

✓✓✓ **BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER, THE**—RKO: The whoops of laughter keep rolling along with Cary Grant handling a comedy that has Shirley Temple a teen-ager pretending to be a model and landing with Cary in Judge Myrna Loy's court. Brace yourself for real mirth. (Aug.)

✓✓ **BEAT THE BAND**—RKO: Gene Krupa and his band try to beat some sense into this, but even with Frances Langford and Phil Terry chiming in musically it turns out a silly bit about a girl who takes lessons from orchestra leader Terry, masquerading as a classical maestro. (June)

✓✓ **BLAZE OF NOON**—Paramount: Four big popular guys, Bill Holden, Bill Bendix, Sonny Tufts and Sterling Hayden, fly the mail back in the days when the pilots used to like frightening chickens. Anne Baxter's the girl who gets mixed up in their high-tension lives. Good people; good film. (July)

✓ **BORN TO KILL**—RKO: A don't-waste-your-time bit about Lawrence Tierney who kills off people and is supposed to be irresistible to women. Claire Trevor proves that point while Walter Slezak and Elisha Cook Jr. carry on fairly convincingly. (July)

✓ **BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME**—Universal-International: Like Abbott and Costello? Then you'll probably like this gagged-up bit about their return to the home front and their tangles with copper Nat Pendleton. Silly as a Silly Symphony. (June)

✓ **CALCUTTA**—Paramount: Enough action out in Calcutta centering around American flyer Alan Ladd, his pal Bill Bendix and Gail Russell to keep you wondering who did smuggle the jewels. (June)

✓ **CARNEGIE HALL**—Federal-UA: The list of guest artists in this, from Walter Damrosch to Harry James, reads like a benefit performance. You can expect—and get—beautiful music with Pons, Piatigorsky, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Stokowski; meanwhile you can forget the little plot. (July)

✓ **CHEYENNE**—Warners: Nice bad man Dennis Morgan is fascinating to both Jane Wyman and Janis Paige in this fancy Western that has to do with the stage-coach robbery days of old Cheyenne. An anonymous bandit called "The Poet" puts this in a different—and good—class by itself. (June)

✓ **CHILDREN ON TRIAL**—English Films: England shares her juvenile-delinquency problems with America in a documentary about two children reformed through "approved schools." Court procedure and the children's actual training are shown realistically enough to give punch. (July)

✓ **CHRISTMAS EVE**—Bogues-UA: Why was this ever produced? It has a confused plot about old lady Ann Harding who gathers her adopted sons George Raft, George Brent and Randolph Scott about her at Christmas Eve. Where they come from and what they've been doing is so incredible you may walk right out. (July)

✓ **COPACABANA**—Coslow UA: If you're entertained by Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda, you may enjoy this picture set against New York's famous night club. There's a glimpse of some "Copa Girls," of night-life figures Louis Sobol, Abel Green and Earl Wilson and a "grown-up" Gloria Jean. (July)

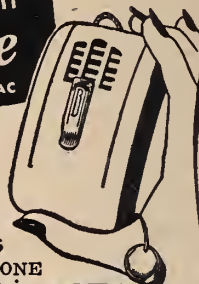
✓ **CYNTHIA**—M-G-M: Elizabeth Taylor is Cynthia in a family story that starts off slow but ends up with everyone having a fine time in a pleasant atmosphere. James Lydon is A-1; Scotty Beckett gets a big laugh rating. There's George Murphy and Mary Astor, too, along with veterans S. Z. Sakall, Gene Lockhart and Spring Byington. (Aug.)

✓✓ **DEAR RUTH**—Paramount: A picture to lift your spirits is this comedy about little Mona Freeman who writes letters to soldier William Holden, using sister Joan Caulfield's name and photograph. Edward Arnold and Billy De Wolfe take part in this

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fast and funny Hollywood version of the Broadway hit. (Aug.)

DESERT FURY—Paramount: Disregard this "Fury"—it's nothing but a cryptically told tale about a lot of unpleasant people out in the desert. Burt Lancaster is miscast, as is Mary Astor; Lisabeth Scott and John Hodiak make an unconvincing romantic team. Big tries at big heroics degenerate into a laughingstock. (Aug.)

DISHONORED LADY—Chertok-Stromberg-UA: Nothing real about this whole business except Hedy Lamarr's beauty. She still manages to look imperious even when she's a neurotic. John Loder tries to be a wolf and poor Dennis O'Keefe just doesn't know what to make of the whole thing. (July)

DOWN TO EARTH—Columbia: Rita Hayworth comes down to earth as the Muse. Terpsichore to play the lead in Larry Parks's musical. She sticks a celestial finger in the pie and almost spoils everything until Mr. Jordan sets her straight. Lots of songs and dances in Technicolor. (July)

DUEL IN THE SUN—Vanguard: Jennifer Jones loves two men—wild-oat sower Gregory Peck and his even-keel brother Joseph Cotten way down in Texas. Its big-time overtones, plus Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore, still don't make it any more than a dressed-up "melodrammer." (June)

EGG AND I, THE—Universal: The rough-and-riotous best seller had everyone laughing but the film turned into a rather scrambled egg with Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert looking chic in a chic setting. There's a blonde millionairess down the road; and one of the Kettles is clean! Marjorie Main helps some but not enough. (July)

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE—RKO: This is the way democratic politics should work, with Joseph Cotten, Loretta Young and Ethel Barrymore running things. Loretta is the servant Katy in Cotten's home and what she does to the electorate makes an amusing make-believe evening. (June)

FRAMED—Columbia: Glenn Ford gets picked up, then let down by beautiful schemer Janis Carter and wicked Barry Sullivan. Filled with Ford's special brand of acting. (June)

GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, THE—20th Century-Fox: A different and diverting piece about ghost Rex Harrison who doesn't like the idea of Mrs. Gene Tierney Muir coming to live in his former home. He haunts her; they get romantic; George Sanders gets delightfully wolfish, Edna Best and Vanessa Brown are there, along with bright comedy touches. (Aug.)

GHOST GOES WILD, THE—Republic: Everybody else goes wild in this, too. James Ellison and his butler Edward Everett Horton walk around in sheets while Anne Gwynne registers horror. Ruth Donnelly isn't scared; you won't be either. (July)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal-International: You won't be disappointed for a single minute by this English film based on the Dickens novel. A "young man of great expectations" falls heir to a fortune, leads a life of romance and mystery. It has everything needed for a laurel-winner plus John Mills and Valerie Hobson. (July)

GREEN FOR DANGER—Eagle-Lion: Alastair Sim as Inspector Cockrill straightens out a murderous mix-up with white-clad doctors Trevor Howard and Leo Genn making good suspects. Rosamund John and Sally Gray are the nurses; the British plot's good enough to give you shivers if you're a mystery-lover. (Aug.)

HIGH BARBAREE—M-G-M: A money-maker with two favorite blondes, Van Johnson and June Allyson, who start out as a little boy and girl dreaming about a fabulous mountain, *High Barbaree*. It takes lots of homey incidents in an Iowa town, the war and Thomas Mitchell to get the two on the right road to the heights. (June)

HIT PARADE OF 1947—Republic: Headliners of the entertainment world; Joan Edwards, Eddie Albert, Constance Moore and Gil Lamb turn in another musical about show business that's not hard to take. Woody Herman and his orchestra swing in; Roy Rogers has a guest spot. (Aug.)

HOMESTEADERS OF PARADISE VALLEY—Republic: Allan Lane as Red Ryder has to clean up a lot of trouble in a Western valley with the help of Little Beaver and Ann Todd. (July)

HOMESTRETCH, THE—20th Century-Fox: Cornel Wilde is called upon to act like a hare-brained wastrel in a film about horses and race tracks. The races are fairly exciting, the romantic problems of Wilde and Maureen O'Hara less so. (July)

HONEYMOON—RKO: An attempt at some fun with Shirley Temple trying to catch up with soldier Guy Madison in Mexico City in order to marry him and Franchot Tone trying to catch up with her zany doings. It has colorful shots of flowers and serapes but the comedy doesn't quite come off. (July)

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN—M-G-M: As perky goings-on in Brooklyn as you'd want with genial Frank Sinatra as the ex-veteran who meets up with music teacher Kathryn Grayson. Jimmy Durante steals the show in his best linguistic manner and Peter Lawford is the nice Englishman. (June)

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LIKELY STORY, A—RKO: Contrived nonsense about Bill Williams and Barbara Hale with some fake-insurance-policy business, a few silly gangster scenes and a lot of confusion. If the story had been likelier everyone might have had a better chance. (Aug.)

LOCKET, THE—RKO: Your eyes keep getting bigger and bigger watching what Laraine Day does. Robert Mitchum and Brian Aherne know all about her past, which has lots of events in it. (June)

MIRACLE ON 34th ST.—20th Century-Fox: A hit takes over with Edmund Gwenn making a magnificent Santa Claus in a film that shouldn't be missed. John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood and Macy's and Gimbel's are all in there pitching fast; there's plenty of comedy to keep you chuckling and send you home cheering. (Aug.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Charles Chaplin presents a picture that's aroused more curiosity than a dozen thrillers. It's brilliant in spots with touches of the old Chaplin genius, but the theme of excusing murder on economic grounds is questionable. You may not like the film, but you'll love scene-stealer Martha Raye. (Aug.)

MOSS ROSE—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature looks tall, dark and enigmatic in this murder mystery that has Peggy Cummins, Vincent Price and Ethel Barrymore to spice it up. Plot and people are fairly credible; there are some chills from the murders, lots of thrills from Mature. (Aug.)

NORTHWEST OUTPOST—Republic: Fancy costumes, fancy doings in a Russian outpost in old California, and Nelson Eddy's voice make this into a pleasant little operetta. Elsa Lanchester and Ilona Massey are the females; Eddy looks fine, sings better. (Aug.)

OREGON TRAIL SCOUTS—Republic: Allan Lane as Red Ryder gets mixed up in the usual sort of crooked business with Roy Barcroft as the villain this time. It's a small-fry special. (Aug.)

OTHER LOVE, THE—Enterprise-UA: Barbara Stanwyck's the woman patient at a tubercular sanitarium run by doctor David Niven. She should stay and recover but instead she runs away to the Riviera gay life with handsome Richard Conte. (July)

PATIENT VANISHES, THE—Film Classics: James Mason in his old English role of detective Nick Cardby plays around at sleuthing in a weak mystery. If you just can't do without Mason you may like a look at him in his younger days, otherwise, don't bother. (Aug.)

PERILS OF PAULINE—Paramount: The old serial heroine Pauline is back again with Betty Hutton as Pearl White to give you some of the best fun you've ever had. Billy De Wolfe, John Lund, William Demarest and Constance Collier give you a perfect picture of the old-time movie days. (July)

POSSESSED—Warners: Scaled to adult size, this is the grim study of the approach of insanity in Joan Crawford's mind. Van Heflin and Raymond Massey help put over strongly a picture that is more psychological study than entertainment. Crawford turns in a stirring performance. (Aug.)

RAMROD—Enterprise-UA: Here's another wicked lady—Veronica Lake—who makes strong-minded heroes of the West weak in the head. Joel McCrea is the guy who doesn't catch on until it's almost too late that she'd just as soon murder as wink. (June)

SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM, THE—20th Century-Fox: This had a big opportunity in a brand-new plot—a female "typewriter" who walks into a staid Boston office in 1874. It could have been a diverting comedy, but it peters out instead into a love duet between Betty Grable and her boss Dick Haymes. Fair enough, but could have been better. (June)

SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK, THE—California-UA: Harold Lloyd comes back to make a silly picture about one Harold Diddlebock who goes off his routine track and ends up with a circus. Lots of nonsense that's fun if you're in the mood. (July)

SPOILERS OF THE NORTH—Republic: Trouble, trouble in this one about salmon-fishing up in Alaska. Paul Kelly's a crooked operator; James A. Millican is his good and honest brother who wins out in the end. Evelyn Ankers is a cool and calm city gal, but everyone's talents are wasted. (Aug.)

TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS—RKO: Some hunters (one's Patricia Morison) invade Johnny Weissmuller's jungle in search of zoo specimens, but they're defeated before they ever start. (June)

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME—RKO: You can sit in with the jury while the accused, Robert Young, tells of his treatment of his wife Rita Johnson, his conniving with had girl Susan Hayward and his philandering with Jane Greer. After you've been interested by his story, you can decide about the verdict. (Aug.)

TIME OUT OF MIND—Universal-International: The novel was a best-seller, but the film fell flat on its high-minded nose. Phyllis Calvert is good as the housekeeper's daughter who tries to make a musician of Robert Hutton. (June)

TROUBLE WITH WOMEN, THE—Paramount: Teresa Wright and Ray Milland lend their talents to

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a film that's just a time-passer. It has to do with a psychology professor who thinks women should be pushed around and a girl reporter who pushes him around instead. Brian Donlevy helps things. (July)

✓ **TWO MRS. CARROLLS, THE**—Warners: Mr. Carroll is Humphrey Bogart and Mrs. is Barbara Stanwyck. They seem an ideal married couple until you and Barbara begin to find out what happened to the first Mrs. Carroll. (June)

✓ **UNFAITHFUL, THE**—Warners: Hard-hitting and suspenseful, this has Ann Sheridan doing a good job as the week-old bride whose husband Zachary Scott goes overseas for three years. Unfaithfulness leads to a murder charge with Lew Ayres as the lawyer. Thoughtful movie-goers will like it. (Aug.)

✓ **WELCOME STRANGER**—Paramount: Everyone takes it easy—Bing sings genially, Barry Fitzgerald's Cupid and Joan Caulfield acts the pretty foil. The plot lallygags pleasantly along the route of a city doctor's sojourn in a Maine village. (June)

WINTER WONDERLAND—Republic: There's a ski hallet starring Lynne Roberts and Charles Drake, a daring rescue from a cavern and some fancy skating in this innocuous tale about life in a winter resort. If you're a winter-sports enthusiast, you may mildly enjoy the mild goings-on. (Aug.)

WOMAN ON THE BEACH, THE—RKO: Joan Bennett slinks along a deserted beach with Robert Ryan who has a bad case of war nerves. They're made worse when he meets Joan's blind husband Charles Bickford and gets mixed up in their morbid lives. (July)

WYOMING—Republic: Big rancher Bill Elliott fights the Homestead Act, but daughter Vera Ralston and John Carroll think the law's right. This runs along inconspicuously on the tried-and-true Western trail with Alvert Dekker, Mme. Ouspenskaya. (Aug.)

YANKEE FAKIR—Republic: You see only the back of the villain's head until the end of the picture, but you know all along who murdered Joan Woodbury's father. Too bad traveling pitchman Douglas Fowley couldn't have guessed too. (July)

Casts of Current Pictures

BOB, SON OF BATTLE—20th Century-Fox: David M'Adam, Lon McCallister; Maggie, Peggy Ann Garner; Adam M'Adam, Edmund Gwenn; James Moore, Reginald Owen; Long Kirby, Charles Irwin; Samuel Thornton, Dave Thursby; MacKenzie, John Rogers; Ferguson, Leyland Hodgson; Tammas, Harry Allen; Parson Leggy Hornbut, Edgar Norton; Lady Eleanor, Norma Varden; Mrs. Moore, Jean Prescott; MacIvor, Houseley Stevenson; Steward, Cyril Thornton; Court Judge, James Finlayson; Judges, C. Montague Shaw, George Melford and Charles Knight.

BRUTE FORCE—Universal-International: Joe Collins, Burt Lancaster; Captain Munsey, Hume Cronyn; Gallagher, Charles Bickford; Gina, Yvonne De Carlo; Ruth, Ann Blyth; Cora, Ella Raines; Flossie, Anita Colby; Louie, Sam Levene; Soldier, Howard Duff; Dr. Walters, Art Smith; Warden Barnes, Roman Bohnen; Spencer, John Hoyt; McCollum, Richard Gaines; Ferrara, Frank Puglia; Freshman, Jeff Corey; Muggsy, Vince Barnett; Crenshaw, James Bell; Kid Coy, Jack Overman; Tom Lister, Whit Bissell; Calypso, Sir Lancelot; Jackson, Ray Teal; Hodges, Jay C. Flippen; Wilson, James O'Rear; Gaines, Howland Chamberlin; Bronski, Kenneth Patterson; Armed Guard in Drain Pipe, Crane Whitley; Andy, Charles McGraw; Roberts, John Harmon; Hoffman, Gene Stutenroth; Peary, Wally Rose; Strella, Carl Rhodes; Convict Foreman, Guy Beach; Bradley, Edmund Cobb; Machine Gunner, Tom Steele.

DEEP VALLEY—Warners: Libby, Ida Lupino; Barry, Dane Clark; Barker, Wayne Morris; Mrs. Saul, Fay Bainter; Mr. Saul, Henry Hull; Sheriff, Willard Robertson.

FIESTA—M-G-M: Maria Morales, Esther Williams; Chato Vasquez, Akim Tamiroff; Mario Morales, Ricardo Montalban; Jose "Pepe" Ortega, John Carroll; Senora Morales, Mary Astor; Conchita, Cyd Charisse; Antonio Morales, Fortunio Bonanova; Maximino Contreras, Hugo Haas; Maria Morales (as a child), Jean Van; Mario Morales (as a child), Joey Preston; Doctor, Frank Puglia; The Basque Singers, Los Bocheros; The Tourist, Alan Napier.

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS—Nebenzal-UA: Michael, Robert Cummings; Duke Byron, Brian Donlevy; Drusilla Wainwright, Jorja Curtright; Ginger, Marjorie Reynolds; Bill Plumber, Bill Gaudin; Rev. Wainwright, John Littel; Sheriff, Stuart Erwin; Treason, Gerald Mohr; Judd, Edgar Kennedy; Mrs. O'Donnell, Lurene Tuttle.

HUCKSTERS, THE—M-G-M: Victor Albee Norman, Clark Gable; Kay Dorrance, Deborah Kerr; Evan Llewellyn Evans, Sydney Greenstreet; Mr. Kimberly, Adolphe Menjou; Jean Ogilvie, Ava Gardner; Buddy Hare, Kenyan Wynn; Dave Lash, Edward Arnold; Valet, Audrey Mather; Cooke, Richard Gaines; Max Herman, Frank Albertson; Georgie Gaver, Douglas Fowley; Michael Michaelson, Clinton Sundberg; Mrs. Kimberly, Gloria Holden; Betty, Connie Gilchrist; Regina Kennedy, Kathryn Card; Miss Hammer, Lillian Bronson; Secretary, Vera Marshe; Allison, Ralph Bunker; Kimberly Receptionist, Virginia Dale; Blake, Jimmy Conlin.

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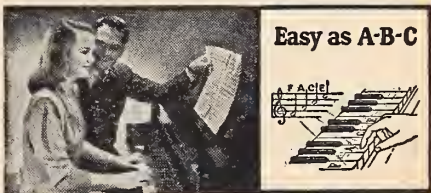
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I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW—20th Century-Fox: Katie, June Haver; Joe Howard, Mark Stevens; Lulu Madison, Martha Stewart; Will Hough, Reginald Gardiner; Fritz Barrington, Lenore Aubert; Jim Mason, William Frawley; Tommy Yale, Gene Nelson; Martin Webb, Truman Bradley; John McCullum, George Cleveland; Charley, Harry Seymour; T. J. Milford, Lewis L. Russell; Kassel, John "Skins" Miller; Karl, Lew Hearn; Anita, Eve Miller; Marie, Florence O'Brien; Harris, Emmett Vogan; Mr. Fennabeck, Milton Parsons; King Louis, Dewey Robinson; Pres. Theodore Roosevelt, John Morton; Mr. Kurlinger, Robert Emmett Keane; Stage Doorman, John Sheehan; Chef, Sam McDaniel; Clerk, John Arledge; Song Plugger, Steve Olsen; Stage Managers, Frank Scannell, Harry Cheshire; Bartender, Joe Whitehead; Critic, Perry Ivins; Doorman, Herbert Heywood; Cigarette Girl, Claire Richards; Italian Barber, Antonio Fidauri; Stage Hands, Eddie Dunn and Ralph Dunn.

IVY—Universal-International: Ivy, Joan Fontaine; Roger Gretores, Patric Knowles; Miles Rushworth, Herbert Marshall; Jervis Lexton, Richard Ney; Inspector, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mrs. Gretores, Lucille Watson; Martha Huntley, Sara Allgood; Judge, Henry Stephenson; Emily, Rosalind Ivan.

LIVING IN A BIG WAY—M-G-M: Leo Gogarty, Gene Kelly; Margaud Morgan, Marie McDonald; D. Rutherford Morgan, Charles Winninger; Peggy Randall, Phyllis Thaxter; Mrs. Morgan, Spring Byington; Abigail Morgan, Jean Adair; Everett Hanover Smythe, Clinton Sundberg; Stuart, John Warburton; Schultz, Wm. "Bill" Phillips.

LONG NIGHT, THE—RKO: Joe, Henry Fonda; Jo Ann, Barbara Bel Geddes; Maximilian, Vincent Price; Charlene, Ann Dvorak; Sheriff, Howard Freeman; Chief of Police, Moroni Olsen; Frank, Elisha Cook Jr.; Janitor's Wife, Queenie Smith; Bill, David Clarke; Policeman, Charles McGraw; Peggy, Patty King; Freddie, Robert A. Davis.

LURED—Stromberg-UA: Robert Fleming, George Sanders; Sandra Carpenter, Lucille Ball; Inspector Temple, Charles Coburn; Maxwell, Alan Mowbray; Julian Wilde, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Officer Barrett, George Zucco; Dr. Moryani, Joseph Calleia; Lucy Barnard, Tanis Chandler; Artist, Boris Karloff.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE—Eagle-Lion: Barney Page, Louis Hayward; Sheila Page, Joan Leslie; William Williams, Richard Basehart; Paula Costello, Virginia Field; John Friday, Tom Conway; Eloise Shaw, Natalie Schafer; Bess Nichols, Benay Venuta; Mattie, Ilka Gruning.

ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE, THE—M-G-M: Henry Carson, Van Johnson; Gill MacBean, Thomas Mitchell; Lissy Anne McBean, Janet Leigh; Ben MacBean, Marshall Thompson; Sairy MacBean, Selena Royle; John Dessark, Charles Dingle; Andrew MacBean, Dean Stockwell; Cal Baggett, Guy Kibbee; Emily Baggett, Elisabeth Risdon; Badge Dessark, Jim Davis; Dan Yeary, Russell Simpson; Nanny Nat, O. Z. Whitehead; John Willhart, James Bell; Mrs. Willhart, Joyce Arling; Ad Buchanan, William Bishop; Tom Yeary, Paul Langton.

SADDLE PALMS—Republic: Gene, Gene Autry; Shelly Brooks, Lynne Roberts; Waldo T. Brooks Jr., Sterling Holloway; Thaddeus Belknap, Irving Bacon; Brad Collins, Damian O'Flynn; William Schooler, Charles Arnt; Robin Brooks, Jean Van; Dad Gardner, Tom London; Leslie, Charles Williams; Sheriff, Francis McDonald; Dippy, George Chandler; Jailer, Edward Gargan; and Cass County Boys.

VARIETY GIRL—Paramount: Catherine Brown, Mary Hatcher; Amber La Vonne, Olga San Juan; Bob Kirby, DeForest Kelley; Barker, William Demarest; Stage Manager, Frank Paylen; J. R. O'Connell, Frank Ferguson; and Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Barbara Stanwyck, Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Joan Caulfield, William Holden, Elizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster, Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, Sterling Hayden, Robert Preston, John Lund, William Bendix, Barry Fitzgerald, Cass Daley, Howard Da Silva, Billy De Wolfe, Macdonald Carey, Arleen Whelan, Patric Knowles, Mona Freeman, Cecil Kellaway, Johnny Coy, Virginia Field, Richard Webb, Stanley Clements.

WEB, THE—Universal-International: Noel Faraday, Ella Raines; Robert Regan, Edmond O'Brien; Lieut. Damico, William Bendix; Andrew Colby, Vincent Price; Murdock, John Abbott; Martha Kroner, Maria Palmer; Leopold Kroner, Fritz Leiber; James Nolan, Howland Chamberlin; Emilio Canepa, Tito Vuolo; District Attorney, Wilton Graff.

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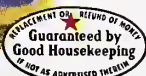
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bridal portrait painted by *Dormont*

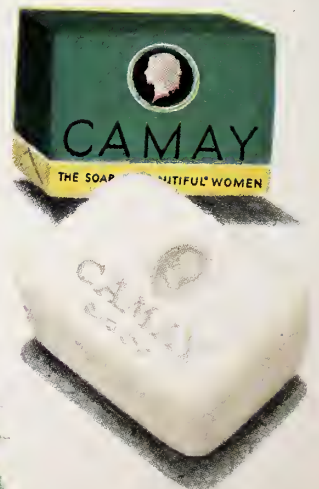
MEET THE TRISCHETTS



Back at Dartmouth after a long tour overseas, Bill asked Dorothy, his high school sweetheart, to the Winter Carnival. Then and there they decided their romance was real! Dorothy set a date.



Now Bill gives Dorothy golf lessons near their Hanover home. He's helped her game. And her beauty tip can help your complexion:—"Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a softer skin!"





"You make a lovely couple, Pet!"

GIRL: Me and the Falls, you mean?

CUPID: Who else? Funny thing, though, some girls come here with *husbands*. Honeymooning, I think they call it. But, of course, *they're* girls with sparkling smiles.

GIRL: Listen, my fine feathered fiend, if I could coax a little sparkle into my smile, I would, believe me! I brush my teeth regularly, but all I get is—

CUPID: Maybe some "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Bright, aren't you . . . and what's a little "pink" in my young life?

CUPID: Grow up, youngster. "Pink" is a sign to see your dentist. He'll tell you what's behind it. And if it turns out to be simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine . . . but by what higher mathematics does all this add up to one big, bright smile?

CUPID: Elementary, my dear witless. Sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. So, if your dentist advises massage, go to it, gal. 9 out of 10 dentists today do recommend gum massage . . . regularly or in special cases, according to a just-completed nationwide survey. And what's more, they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.



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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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The greatest
star of the
screen!

Every few years we get the Ten Best craze. You know—What ten books would you like to take to a desert island? What ten films? What ten girls?



The last time we had it was when "Mrs. Miniver" was released. Everybody sent in his or her ten-best list.

Now we've got it again. We've seen M-G-M's "Song of Love" and we're going to tell you about it. In turn, when you've seen it, we want you to tell us.

We want you to list the TEN BEST LOVE STORIES EVER PRODUCED. And then we want to see where you classify "Song of Love".

To us, "Song of Love" is the ten most exciting love stories melted into one. It's almost the story of love itself—the kind of love that sings in the heart.

Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are in it. Katharine plays a gifted piano virtuosa; Paul and Robert are two young composers. For her ears both wrote immortal music; for her heart both would have given their lives.



M-G-M has caught the tenderness and the joy, the inspiration and the intimate details of their three-way friendship. Caught them, and set them to unforgettable music.

There's a wonderful supporting cast: Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, and others.

Clarence Brown, who brightened your life with "National Velvet" and "The Yearling", is both director and producer. Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey did the screenplay.

You're invited to send in your list of love stories to Leo, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you—whether you include "Song of Love" or not.

We think you will.

—Leo

P.S.: A few titles to get your "Song of Love" started:

A Farewell to Arms
A Guy Named Joe
Camille
Cavalcade
Dark Victory
Flesh and the Devil
Gaslight
Gone With The Wind
It Happened One Night
The Philadelphia Story
White Cliffs of Dover

Jane Eyre
Kitty Foyle
Mrs. Miniver
Random Harvest
Rebecca
San Francisco
Seventh Heaven
The Philadelphia Story
White Cliffs of Dover

PHOTOPLAY

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Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

Miss de Havilland's outfit by Don Loper

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They're playing that **"10 BEST"** *game again!*

Everyone's listing the Screen's Most Exciting Love Stories! Try it! It's fun!

We think **SONG OF LOVE** will be on your list when you've seen it! Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are its romantic stars. It tells the story of a mad genius and the woman who gave him her love. Set to magnificent music that will sing in your heart. Many will say it's the 10 Most Exciting Love Stories rolled into one!

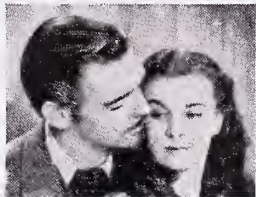
★ To help get your list started, here are some all-time great love stories from M-G-M:



"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"



"SAN FRANCISCO"



"GONE WITH THE WIND"



"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"



"MRS. MINIVER"



"RANDOM HARVEST"



"A GUY NAMED JOE"



"WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"



"GASLIGHT"

Yes! We could go on . . . but you get the idea! Get up your list of 10 favorite Love Stories . . . and send it to **M-G-M**, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you!

M-G-M presents

KATHARINE HEPBURN • PAUL HENREID • ROBERT WALKER

Song of Love

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION with LEO G. CARROLL • HENRY DANIELL • HENRY STEPHENSON

Screen Play by IVAN TORS, IRMGARD VON CUBE & ALLEN VINCENT & ROBERT ARDREY • Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Robert Ryan and Robert Young appeal to your sense of justice in this fine film



Danny Kaye has the time of his life dating with dream girl Virginia Mayo



The gypsy in her attracts British agent Ray Milland, to Marlene Dietrich

✓✓ Crossfire (RKO-Radio)

START asking questions of yourself about your sense of justice; you'll need the answers after you've seen this picture. First of all, it's an excellent movie with some excellent acting by Robert Young, Robert Mitchum and Robert Ryan. That trio takes a film on the touchy subject of intolerance and makes it into an A-1 success.

Mitchum and Ryan play two soldiers in the same outfit but far apart on their ideas. Young is the lawyer who solves the murder—and also thereby exposes some American history, past and current, of which all Americans can be ashamed. Some sentences are spoken that have never been whispered in movies before;

some ideas are expounded that have hitherto been kept under cover as too "delicate" ground; and some prototypes of bad Americans appear that will have you asking those questions we mentioned.

This sticks to the facts; it's a plain film about plain people—Protestant, Catholic and Jew. Young William Phipps as the bewildered Leroy can start holding out his hand for congratulations, too—he turns in a fine performance in a small role.

You're not going to be preached at, make no mistake; instead, you're going to be intrigued by every reel in this fine movie.

Your Reviewer Soys: Are you guilty?

✓✓ The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (Goldwyn)

A VERY short story by James Thurber turns into a very funny idea for Danny Kaye. He takes *Walter Mitty*, that bashful henpecked little fellow who lives a life of vicarious thrills in his daydreams, adds some special Kaye touches and turns him out as the leader of the month's laugh parade. The hens in his life cackle around to perfection in the form of mother Fay Bainter, fiancée Ann Rutherford, and prospective mother-in-law Florence Bates. They're the reason for his escapist dreams that will have you thinking one Thurber had one Kaye in mind when he wrote his piece.

You're going to laugh all up and down the scale at *Walter* turned sea captain, drawling Southern gentleman, two-fisted cowboy. The hearty thanks go to the deft

Kaye, playing away in his special field for dear life, with Virginia Mayo as the best-turned dream girl in any man's mind.

Some Thurber addicts may look down their noses a little at those liberties—such as Boris Karloff—Hollywood has taken with his plot, but they'd do better just to sit back and watch Danny take the lead on the take-off list. There are two Kaye acts—"Symphony for Unstrung Tongue" and "Anatole of Paris;" how ardent you are about this Kaye talent may decide whether or no you think they—and the picture—are a little on the long side. We'll take a bet you'll come out shouting for more.

Your Reviewer Soys: Meet *Walter* and pin a medal on him.

✓ Golden Earrings (Paramount)

WHEN Quentin Reynolds, played in big-hearted fashion by himself, sees that *British Colonel Ray Milland's* ears are pierced, he scents out a story, tracks down Ray and gets not only his man but an earful. "There's a woman involved," says Ray; whereupon you meet up with Marlene Dietrich, a gypsy roaming around pre-war Germany. You'll know Miss Dietrich by her throaty humming; you may not know her by her clothes. She plays her gypsy straight, showing off a famous gam in only one scene. Milland does the same with his intelligence-agent role.

The one drawback to this novel angle is that the picture can't seem to make up its mind whether to be a straight comedy

about the adventures of a dignified Britisher with an amorous gypsy or to turn into a serious drama about poison gas, torture and Nazis. Aside from this, you'll probably get a light touch of entertainment from it, especially when you find yourself in a gypsy camp where Murvyn Vye, late of "Oklahoma," is giving off with some gypsy tunes.

It's different enough to give you a new slant; a dirty-faced Marlene Dietrich is still something to keep you staring. Milland and Bruce Lester are a competent team; and the whole show, provided you don't take it too seriously, is a fair enough time-passer.

Your Reviewer Soys: Lend an ear.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 10

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 134

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 130

SHE WAS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

GARY PAULETTE
COOPER · GODDARD
Cecil B. DeMille's
UNCONQUERED

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

with HOWARD BORIS CECIL WARD
DA SILVA · KARLOFF · KELLAWAY · BOND

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Heart As Fiery As Her
Crimson Tresses... The Most
Desirable Prize In All This
Fabulous Continent...
Bought By The Most
Dangerous Man Of Those
Dangerous Times!

Screenplay by Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr. • Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

✓ Her Husband's Affairs (Columbia)

THESE are some affairs! There's that business about the miracle cream for an instantaneous shave that backfires, whereupon everyone starts sprouting beards. Then there's the up-and-down married life of Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, that young couple in advertising, who get all tied up with boss Edward Everett Horton and all mixed up with a mad inventor. By now you should know what you're in for—a light touch of nonsense with some big laughs lighting everything up.

What goes on in between the laughs is sometimes on the slow side, but since the funny business is just silly enough to break down your dignity and make you chuckle out loud you're not going to care. Everything gets all mixed up with the greatest of ease and right in the middle in steps Larry Parks with his nice smile and some black whiskers—fair bonus in a good comedy.

Leave your cares and dignity with the baby sitter and go have some fun.

Your Reviewer Soys: Good for a laugh any day.

✓ Something in the Wind (Universal)

THERE'S a faint—very faint—rustle of interest stirring around in this mild account of the troubles of Deanna Durbin, bowing in this time as a gal disk jockey eager for a sponsor and also eager to find out why John Dall thinks she was mixed up with his grandfather. The audience won't be quite so eager to figure out all

the intricacies, which doesn't matter in the least as they're merely piled up there to serve as an excuse for Miss Durbin's singing. As usual, the fair Deanna comes forth with some forthright excellent songs—six of them catchy little tunes, the seventh a chuckleful duet with Jan Peerce in which both artists give Verdi everything he ever expected.

Ducking in and out between a sprightly Deanna and a morose Dall is that Donald O'Connor, back again with his backtalk and worth a half-dozen laughs. Charles Winninger lends himself to some funny business and Margaret Wycherly manages to make a possessive old lady look misled rather than downright hateful, no mean accomplishment.

We wish that this wind had blown in two other things: A good solid story for a Durbin film and a hat for Deanna that isn't a middle-aged matron model.

Your Reviewer Soys: Take it for a song.

✓ Merton of the Movies (M-G-M)

MERTON'S been hanging around the movies for a long time. As a matter of fact, this is the third time he's come around in pictures. Red Skelton takes him over—that naive hero of the early days of the film industry who figures he can take Hollywood by the tail. Hollywood does just that with him to turn out a nice little comedy on the slapstick side.

"Perils of Pauline" may have taken the edge off his view of the first flicker days, but Skelton, playing a sweet shy guy for a change, is still enough to carry you along, with Virginia O'Brien there to keep it all lighthearted and a lot of fun. Such characters as Leon Ames, Alan Mowbray and Gloria Grahame and such touches as

Red in a coonskin cap are what you can expect; it's enough to make you feel Merton is certainly worth the price of admission.

Your Reviewer Soys: Giddy but good.

Adventure Island (Paramount)

RORY CALHOUN, that exclamation-point male, takes over the role in this Cinecolor version of Robert Louis Stevenson's adventure story, "Ebb Tide." Hanging onto his arm is the fair Rhonda Fleming; it must be said they're a nice young couple if not a very professional one. If their acting were up to their looks, you might get a rousing reaction to "Adventure Island," but since they're both a couple of unfinished youngsters all you find here is an innocuous piece about some devilry on the high seas with Paul Kelly, John Abbott and Alan Napier adding their various touches to the fabulous story.

A South Sea Island and some pearls figure prominently and it's all as action-packed as its famous author would have wished. Adventuresome young devils who like to play cops and robbers will find it enthralling; everyone will enjoy the fine features of Mr. Calhoun and Miss Fleming; but unfortunately the acting leaves too big a blank to be filled—even by a plot from the hand of Stevenson.

Your Reviewer Soys: Good try.

The Dark Passage (Warners)

HUMPHREY BOGART undergoes some plastic surgery—and emerges looking just like Humphrey Bogart. What he looked like before he broke out of prison no one knows since (Continued on page 8)

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ERROL FLYNN BARBARA STANWYCK

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WILL BE HIS LAST MISTAKE!

IF SHE WEREN'T SO IN LOVE
SHE'D BE SO AFRAID!



WARNER BROS. present

"CRY WOLF"



with that rising young star

GERALDINE BROOKS

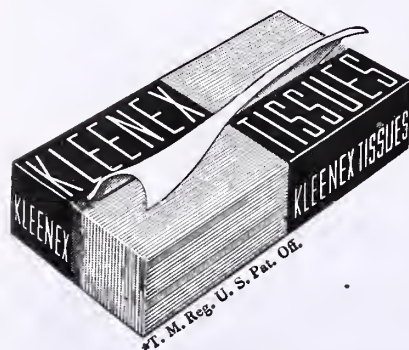


Directed by **Peter Godfrey**
Screen Play by Catherine Turney • From the Novel by
Marjorie Carleton • Music by Franz Waxman
Produced by **Henry Blanke**

Clarence Day's
welcome! welcome! **WARNER BROS. BRING "LIFE WITH FATHER" TO THE SCREEN!**
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what
your skin
has
always
known

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America's Favorite Tissue

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by 7 out of 10 tissue users.



(Continued from page 6) you see everything through his eyes until after the doctor wields the scalpel. Lauren Bacall knows, though, since she's the one who finds him on the road and takes him trustingly into her apartment, figuring since her father died innocent in prison, Humphrey, wrong or right, must be spared the same fate.

Agnes Moorehead and Bruce Bennett are the two people who keep barging into the apartment where Humphrey is hidden and there's Clifton Young hanging around on his trail, too. The details are all slightly involved and there's really not much point in going into them because after you watch this trumped-up version of a convict's escape you're going to be muddled enough. Bacall and Bogart exchange their usual weighted glances, Agnes Moorehead gets vixenish with just too much drama and Bruce Bennett is a mild partner in this somewhat worthless foursome. The ending is hokum, pure and very simple; even though you like to think Lauren and Bogie will be happy ever after you just won't be able to take it like this.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to get steamed up about.

✓Black Narcissus (Rank-Universal)

REMEMBER Rumer Godden's strange book about some Protestant-Anglican nuns in a convent up in the Himalayas? J. Arthur Rank has taken over the nuns to show just what happened when they transported their community life to a place on a six-thousand-foot peak in India and began to feel the strange effects of this fairylike atmosphere. Deborah Kerr is his mother superior; with her she has Flora Robson, Kathleen Bryon and two other sisters. Around this first trio and their vacillating emotions the picture is played, with David Farrar as the English agent and Sabu as the young native general moving amidst the general unrest.

If you've read the novel of the fight of spirituality against physical elements you know what to expect; if not, prepare yourself for an unusual film that is going to make you uneasy. Kathleen Bryon is the very personification of Evil; seen as she is in a nun's habit, she may have you dreaming bad dreams. Deborah Kerr is adequate, but not as outstanding as she should be.

The settings are magnificent Technicolor with some effects that will make you gasp. But your reaction to the unfortunate experiences of these women whose spiritual vocations were not strong enough to resist temptation will be anything but pleasant.

Your Reviewer Says: Heady strangeness.

The Red Stallion (Eagle-Lion)

GUESS what this is about—a big red horse. When we tell you he's even named "Red," you'll get the general mild idea that this is something all the boys and gals will line up with their nickels to see. Ted Donaldson is going to make them very happy as the little guy who's bound to save Grandma Jane Darwell's ranch by turning his horse into a racer. Homey sentimentality runs riot with Robert Paige and Noreen Nash in the romantic yoke together.

Red has a fight with a bear which is going to cause a lot of juvenile excitement and there's a minor-league horse race to top things off. Everything ends in a nice storybook fashion with Grandma getting a fistful of dollars—at just the last minute, of course.

Your Reviewer Says: Send your small fry.
(Continued on page 10)

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

America's Most Beloved Comedy

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

ON THE SCREEN IN TECHNICOLOR!



starring
IRENE DUNNE * WILLIAM POWELL

with
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

EDMUND GWENN * ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER



P

9

Black Gold (Allied Artists)

THAT old Charley Eagle is one of the nicest Indians ever to come riding over the reels, thanks to Anthony Quinn. Wife Katherine DeMille, who's also his stoical half in the picture, has just too much of an Oxford accent to convince you that she is one Sarah Eagle, a passive Indian on an Oklahoma ranch. The affairs of Charley and Sarah get mixed up with a Chinese boy they adopt and some business about a horse, *Black Gold*, with an oil-well touch to the whole proceedings.

Everything is set off in that new Cinecolor, which is not too bad and not too good; the Indian touch now and then perks up one's interest; and, as we've said, Charley is a guy to warm your heart. But the gold in this is still pretty much hidden.

Your Reviewer Says: Harmless.

Wild Harvest (Paramount)

THE wheat fields certainly get a going-over in this. First they have Alan Ladd and his tough-fisted, tough-minded crew—among them Robert Preston and Lloyd Nolan—rolling over them in those big new combines; then they have to put up with Dorothy Lamour trampling them down with her spike heels. Combines, those revolutionizers of harvesting, certainly belong in the wheat fields and this look-see at how they work is something. But Dorothy, nice girl that she may be, certainly is not at home on a farm. Those sultry eyes and sirenish ways should have a bit of comedy to help them along; when this harvest really gets wild, poor Dottie comes in only for a laugh.

It's not all her fault—it may be that after the first interesting workout of the combines, plus a big wheat fire, no one seems to know exactly what to do with the picture. That may also account for some pretty ludicrous scenes, plus some pretty bad trickery on the part of Ladd who stoops to some things no good hero ever thought of. The men punch at each other and both Dottie and the farmers get good and mad, but all their theatrics can't get this back on the right track.

Your Reviewer Says: Reaps nothing much.



Perhaps you saw GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in *LADY IN THE DARK...PYGMALION...PRIVATE LIVES*. Did you watch her hands? They're like white flowers in a summer wind... Eloquent, feminine, utterly alluring.

"I'm positive that CREAM is the thing for your hands, just as it is for your face!" says **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE**



PACQUINS is the hand cream of this flawlessly groomed star. She prefers it to all other hand preparations of all types!

HAVEN'T you noticed how many chic women everywhere are changing to cream for hand care? And how many more use Pacquins than any other hand cream?

Miss Lawrence advises: "Every woman who wants smooth, lovely hands should cream, cream, CREAM! Pacquins, I mean."

Smooth on a dab of snowy-white, flower-fragrant, quick-vanishing Pacquins. You can feel the dry roughness of your skin respond! You can see your hands change!

for "dream" hands—cream your hands

with *Pacquins*
HAND CREAM

Sticky? No! Greasy? Never! A 12-second Pacquin hand massage morning and night is all your hands need.

Change to Pacquins cream! Ah, how quickly you'll notice the difference.



VIRGINIA KENT, R. N.:

"I wash my hands thirty to forty times a day. That's murder! So, it's Pacquins for me!" (Pacquins Hand Cream was originally created for nurses and doctors.)



Best Pictures of the Month

Crossfire

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

Best Performances

Robert Young, Robert Ryan,
Robert Mitchum, in
"Crossfire"

Kathleen Bryon in
"Black Narcissus"

Danny Kaye in
"The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"



*"It's
going to be
wonderful
tonight!"*

AS Kathryn stood there, waiting for the boy she loved to waltz her into the glittering ballroom, she knew this was her night of nights.

Never had she felt so completely happy or looked so immaculately fresh and sweet.

Indeed that eternal freshness was one of Kathryn's charms. It was something that she strove for, recognizing it almost as a passport to the popularity she had known since her teens.

Just to look at her was to realize that here was a girl far too clever, far too fastidious to ever take chances with off-color breath (halitosis).

Can You Be Sure?

Can you say as much for yourself? Do you foolishly take your breath for granted? Well . . . *don't!*

One little offense (and you may not know when you're guilty) can stamp you as a person to avoid.

Follow the delightful precaution that countless popular people take . . . Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times when you want to be at your best. While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri

INSIDE STUFF



Men can't ignore Ann Sheridan's appeal for help on the Cancer Fund drive. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Tony Martin and Danny Kaye responded!



Bachelor and the lady: Betty Hensel and Cary Grant celebrate at Mocambo

Hedy and Mark: Several years ago when Mark Stevens was attempting a look-in, a toehold, a finger clasp on the proverbial first rung, Hedy Lamarr saw the boy and asked that he be given a role in her current film.

Nothing came of it despite Hedy's efforts, but Mark never forgot.

So, when Hedy's recent breakup with John Loder left her confused and unhappy, Mark appeared on the scene as her friend.

They dined several nights in a row and Hedy, sensing his sincerity, poured out her troubles to one she knew would sympathize and understand.

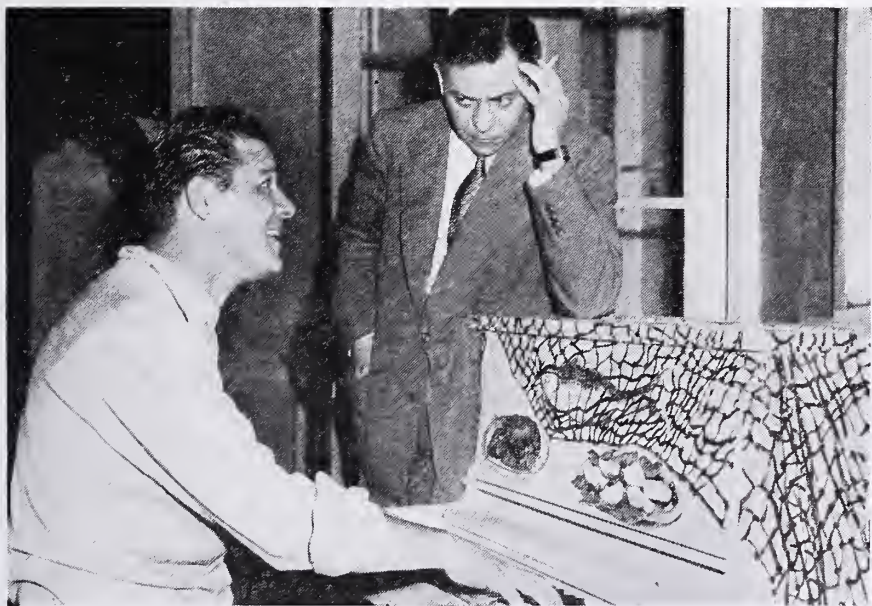
Mark's strength and understanding (having gone through a recent separation himself) have brought them together in a strong bond of friendship. Whether this will bloom into romance, only time will tell.

Party: When Celeste Holm and husband Schuyler Dunning give a party, it means outdoor clothes, wonderful barbecued meats and all the garden-party trimmings.

Cal admits he went back for second helpings of everything, but Cesar Romero beat our record by about two helpings. Cesar was happy because he'd just drawn a top role in the picture "Spoonhandle" and will take off for location in Maine at the end of the summer.

Zachary Scott who was winding up "Cass Timberlane," his fourth picture in a row, looked fatigued. Mrs. Scott hopes he will go down to Texas to visit his family and get some rest.

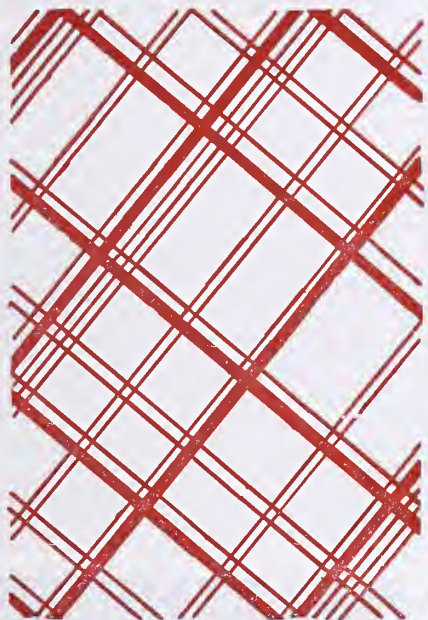
Zach left for home and bed (having an early call) before we took up sides for "The Game," but the vivacious Mrs. Scott, along with the lively Celeste, kept the guests in stitches with their antics. Celeste, incidentally, is



Comedy in "C" flat! Oscar Levant can't decide whether the piano or Jack Carson's out of tune. They're on set of Warners' "Romance in High C"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photographs by Fink and Smith



Mocambeauing: Sonja Henie and screen-comer Michael North are new two-some

happier over her role in "Gentleman's Agreement" than she's been in a long time. And that figure! What these gals accomplish with diet is plain amazing.

* * *

Premieres and Previews: Dressed in our best, Cal and Michael North set off for the premiere of the English picture "Black Narcissus." Crowds of fans jammed the streets leading to the Carthay Circle Theater ablaze with lights and flowers, and lined on the sides, front and rear with bleachers overflowing with eager spectators. Stars by the score were cheered by the throngs outside. Looking a bit bewildered by all the beautiful folderol was the star of the picture Deborah Kerr and her husband, Tony Bartley. Sonja Henie, Rosalind Russell, Celeste Holm, Joan Fontaine, Jack and Mary Benny,

Norma Shearer, Alan and Sue Ladd were just a few of the many who made the evening a bright one.

Later at Ciro's we met others who had attended and compared notes. John Payne and his cute little wife, Gloria De Haven, looking beautiful in green taffeta, Margaret Whiting and Jean Sablon, Mark Stevens in a party, that cute couple, the Donald O'Connors—all agreed it had been a festive affair.

The following night, however, was quite a different thing. Mike North's first big picture, "The Unsuspected," was to have a "sneak" preview and, of course, we were anxious to know the public reaction. Meeting first at Cal's apartment, Michael with Sonja Henie, Gabriel Tudela of Lima, Peru, and Cal set off to the theater.

We needn't have worried. Michael in "The Unsuspected" is, in all our opinions, a future bobby-sox rave.



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Never a Ring so Cherished*

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A. SHIRLEY Set	129.75	C. LADY DIANA	350.00	E. WELLESLEY Set	550.00
	Engagement Ring 100.00		Engagement Ring 225.00		Engagement Ring 450.00
B. CASTLE Set	262.50	D. HEATHER Set	362.50		
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INSIDE STUFF

Later at the Crillon for a bite of supper, Sonja and Cal agreed Michael will hit the movie jackpot.

Babies: The discovery by Deborah Kerr and her husband Tony Bartley that Dinah Shore's and George Montgomery's baby was due on the same day as theirs, Christmas, no less, began all sorts of telephoned messages among them. At least they know each other's holiday plans by now.

Incidentally, George is making all the nursery furniture himself, even to carving the cradle. What an heirloom that will make for future generations!

The Macdonald Careys are sooo happy over the prospect of their coming child, due in February; and, of course, Bill Williams and Barbara Hale think that baby daughter of theirs something extraspecial. And it is, Bill. No arguing please.

That comeback screen career of Maureen O'Sullivan, after finishing "The Big Clock" with Ray Milland, was halted when Maureen and husband, director Johnny Farrow learned their family was about to be increased to five children (what a happy brood). Dana Andrews is hoping for a girl this time to balance his family of two boys and one girl. And visitors who have seen the two babies recently adopted by Joan Crawford, a boy and girl which increases her family to four, declare them real beauties.

But the baby everyone is looking forward to, as if it were Hollywood's very own, is due to arrive at the home of Shirley Temple and husband John Agar. Shirley announced the coming event at a family party and everyone is delighted. John is already at work in the picture "War Party" but it's doubtful if Shirley will be able to go into the picture with him as planned. But with this happiness to look forward to she really doesn't mind. Seems only yesterday Shirley was a dancing, singing baby wonder herself. What a mother Shirley will make!

Exchange Visits: Odd how Hollywood people are pour- (Continued on page 16)



An Irishman loves a fight: Michael O'Shea took wife Virginia Mayo to Stadium



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON



So young, and so delightful—the fresh
breath of loveliness that's excitingly
feminine, enchantingly yours—when
you're wearing the gay-hearted fragrance

YARDLEY English Lavender

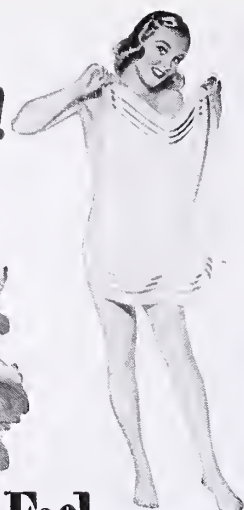
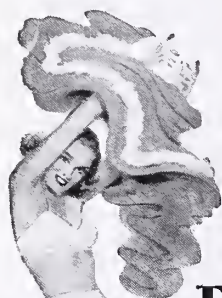


Yardley English Lavender,
\$5, \$2.50, \$1.50, plus tax.

Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c
Box of three tablets, \$1.

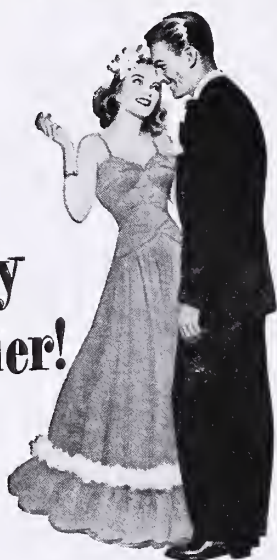
Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

**Keep
Fresher!**



**Feel
Smoother!**

**Stay
Daintier!**



**with this fragrant,
luxurious talcum powder**

KEEP FRESHER! Bathe, then soothe every curve of your body with lots of Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Instantly your skin feels gloriously, fragrantly fresher.

FEEL SMOOTHER! For chafable spots, use extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc, a satin-smooth sheath of protection. Girdles slip on like magic!

STAY DAINTIER! Prolong bathtub freshness by using Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It gives your whole person the fragrance men love!

Ultra-luxurious
is Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder...
smartly packaged, with
huge velour puff!

**Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc**



with the fragrance men love

INSIDE STUFF

Fight fans Glenn and Eleanor Ford were among star turnouts at Gilmore Stadium



Eddie Bracken, who takes his fights seriously, saw it coming and dodged. His pert little wife took a calmer view!

(Continued from page 14) ing into Europe for holidays (and some for work) just as the Europeans are arriving here.

John Mills, star of "Great Expectations," arrived here about the time David Niven and his pal Bob Cooté took off for England and a movie. Rita Hayworth and Linda Darnell are returning home about the time Orson Welles and Victor Mature go over. Margaret Lockwood, English star, arrives as Cary Grant leaves for a movie in England and Turkey. James Mason plans to be in Hollywood just as producer Arthur Hornblow ("The Hucksters") embarks for London. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon sail for England to make a sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" about the time Michael Redgrave finishes his English commitment and returns here for another film. Bing Crosby and Claudette Colbert, signed by Rank, will fly the Atlantic later on.

French actress Corinne Calvet is already here. The Italian star Valli is a hit in "The Paradine Case" and later on Chevalier will arrive in Hollywood while Tyrone Power, on a round-the-world flight, will probably be seeing gay Paree.

Lana Turner hopes to fly (but not with Tyrone) to Europe very soon and will probably meet (Continued on page 19)



Two minutes to go!
Tense moment for
the fans and the
Dennis O'Keefes

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRESENTS

PRELL The New Radiant-Creme Shampoo IN A TUBE!



PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* CLEAN *Radiantly* SMOOTH



HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT PRELL

DAD: That tube's so handy! Prell's just dandy! And a little goes so far!

MOTHER: No waste, no drip... no spill or slip... For youngsters it's a star!

BROTHER: And after Prell, I know all's well. My scalp feels really clean.

SISTER: You just can't hope — with any soap — For hair with such a sheen!

AUNTIE: It's safe they say, for every day — For my dry hair, it's swell!

ALL: Hair radiant, bright... no dandruff in sight, when we shampoo with Prell!

New, thrilling Prell! The emerald-clear Radiant-Creme shampoo with the patented cleansing ingredient which leaves your hair more gorgeously radiant than any soap or soap shampoo — and — free of ugly, embarrassing dandruff. Why, actual examinations by doctors proved that wonderful Prell **removes unsightly dandruff** in as little as three minutes... and that regular Prell shampoos control this dandruff!

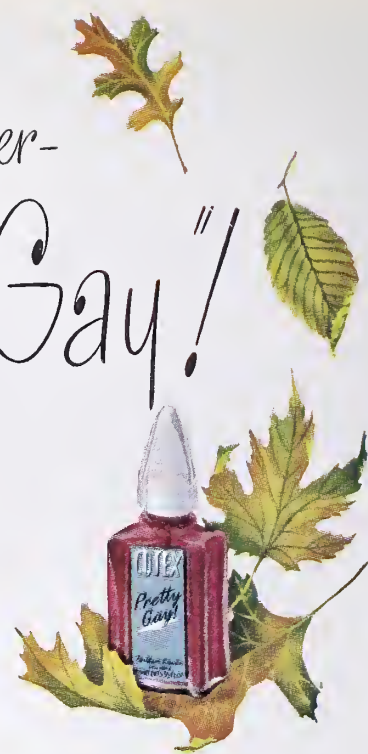
After a Prell shampoo, just look at your hair — how shining it is! Just touch it — how soft and sleek. It's easy to "do" too! And the Prell tube is so handy — no messy jars, no slippery bottles to break.

Whole families love this marvelous new Radiant-Creme shampoo — buy a tube of Prell today, use it tonight!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

New Cutex - longest-wearing Cutex ever - stops traffic with "Pretty Gay!"



Just how ravishing-red can red get? Just how wonderful can your hands look? You'll know when you see "Pretty Gay."

It's the shade to make a man's eyes go Blink. Blink! Make his heart go Thump. Thump! Make him stop . . . look . . . and love it!

And *all* new Cutex polish is so wondrously improved.

Now! Cutex wears longer than even high-priced polishes. A new miracle ingredient, found only in new Cutex, defies chipping and peeling. *Dries extra-fast, too!*

Try "Pretty Gay" polish for prettiness' sake. Try all the other exquisite Cutex hand-care products too, for the same attractive reason.

Another New! 5 Cutex Lipsticks

created to harmonize with all polish shades.

Now—so easy to choose your lipstick and polish "go together."

Cutex Blue Pink lipstick makes sweet harmony with any cool pinkish shade. Clear Red "clicks" with any bright

true red. Blue Red lipstick is lovely with *any* of the many blue-toned red polishes on the market. Try it with the new Cutex "Pretty Gay" polish—pretty devastating."

All Cutex lipstick is so

creamy sm-o-o-oth, too. Stays put—stays radiantly lustrous for *hours*. And—surprise—only 49¢* for this luxury lipstick. At your favorite cosmetic counter, Northam Warren, New York. *Plus Federal Tax.





Charles Boyer and Orson Welles exchange some man talk at Romanoff's. Getting the male point of view is Barbara Lodge

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) Charles Boyer coming or going.

Altogether, the Atlantic has become a mere overnight hop that helps fuse Hollywood and Europe.

We're Impressed By: The fun Mark Stevens has on a glass of milk when everyone around requires more stimulation. And how he becomes the life of the party on two glasses of straight homogenized.

By Barbara Stanwyck's frank honesty in admitting to forty when certain other stars go into fits of denials at the mere mention of reaching the forty line.

With Gregory Peck's capacity for work. He permits nothing and no one to persuade him against the idea of too many pictures. And for those who would like to snag him for parties and social whirls—well, not Peck.

The way Tyrone Power speaks French

like a native and makes no to-do about it.

Van Johnson's memory for old tunes and old movies. He can tell you who wrote a tune, when it came out, who was in a movie (this goes back to silent films too), who made it, etc. Once when a guest argued that Joan Crawford had never appeared in a certain old film—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" we believe it was—Van calmly phoned Joan who said she most certainly had. But even Joan had a time remembering it.

The way Hollywood men take care of their figures. Clark Gable who has shed pounds (but not by a four-day diet, he tells us) will refuse a cocktail as quickly as a bonbon when he has a picture ahead. Andy Devine has lost ninety pounds by undereating at each meal and even directors George Cukor and Alfred Hitchcock are shadows of their former out-sized selves. It's of health as well as the camera demands that the men think.

Tuning in at CBS broadcast: Ralph Edwards, Bill Goodwin, John Beal, Hoagy Carmichael and Gloria De Haven



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"Buried Treasure"
in your
HAIR!



Discover it with
COLORINSE

DON'T have drab, "colorless" hair one minute longer! Give your hair the lovely, glowing color that makes you look "alive." Thousands of women use Nestle Colorinse to discover the "buried treasure" in their hair. Colorinse is not a permanent dye or bleach... it rinses new beauty into your hair, enhances its natural color, fills it with sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen. Colorinse won't rub or brush off but it is easily removed with shampooing. Try it tonight—after you shampoo. Nestle Colorinse comes in 9 colors, to glorify every shade of hair.

10¢ and 25¢ at
beauty counters everywhere

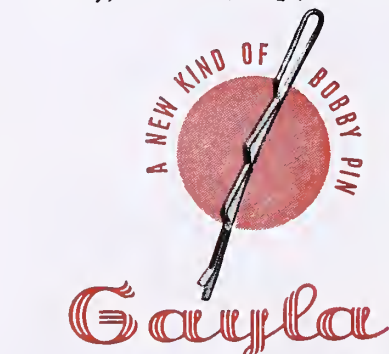
Nestle
COLORINSE



Holds 144% Better



At last — a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test* . . . a totally new kind of bobby pin! You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.



SUPERGRIP



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INSIDE STUFF

Courageous: The sight of Susan Peters, beautiful and serene in her wheel chair on "The Sign of The Ram" set, is an object lesson to those stars who spend half their lives complaining over minor troubles . . . And the obvious happiness of Laraine Day and Leo Durocher in their marriage, despite their headlined troubles that came in outsized bunches, should calm those couples who complain of the dullness of their settled lives . . . Alan Marshall who bravely fought the nervous illness that threatened his career for the past several years, just at a time when stardom seemed imminent, is back and ready to try again, which should shame the more self-indulgent of Hollywood . . . And the way Jimmy Stewart, with no stage experience for twelve years, stepped into Frank Fay's unbeatable shoes in the Broadway show "Harvey" overrode any critical comparisons, and has made the whole town proud of the lad who had the courage for such an undertaking.

* * *

The French Celebrate: It was Bastille Day for France, the anniversary that resembles our own July 4th, so Cal got rigged up in his best and trekked off to Jean Sablon's to celebrate.

The door seemed to open of its own accord when we rang, but after peering around we found Van Johnson hiding behind it pretending to be an automatic opener or something.

Evie Johnson was there, too, looking perky with her new short haircut. Their household couple had left that day, Evie explained, and that meant getting up at seven instead of seven-thirty to cook breakfast for Van before he left for the studio and for the two boys, two and four years old. It also meant lunches, bedtime baths for the boys and dinner, too. Evie didn't mind. Even the prospect of a big house to keep straight failed to daunt her.

Handsome Louis Jourdan and his cute wife came over to chat and between Jimmy McHugh's terrific piano-playing, we greeted Jean's (Continued on page 22)



Outlined at Romanoff's: Songstress Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Fontaine

Are you in the know?



What's this paper doll trying to do?

- ☐ Get into print
- ☐ Scoop the news
- ☐ A slight-of-hand trick

Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance—with Kotex, and that exclusive *safety center*. Because it gives *extra* protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.



Which type calls for this neckline?

- ☐ Pudge
- ☐ Pee-wee
- ☐ TNT

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin—maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you—chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know *Kotex* comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So—from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to you.



What the lonesome lass lacks is—

- ☐ Goldilocks
- ☐ Good standing
- ☐ Gorgeous goms

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side—shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days—when you've asked for *Kotex*. Naturally! Because *Kotex* is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.



Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're

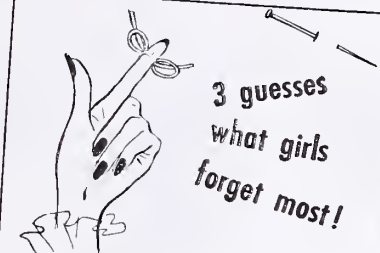
- ☐ Cheer-happy
- ☐ Sweet and silent
- ☐ A quiz kid

Gals should *know* football!—squires complain. Block that "kick"—by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game!

Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box. And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on *Kotex*: it's made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And teamed with a *Kotex* Sanitary Belt (all-elastic—snug-fitting—adjustable!) *Kotex* keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!



More women choose **KOTEX***
than all other sanitary napkins



- ☐ Remove makeup at bedtime
- ☐ Repair chipped nail polish
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!



**Kotex
Sanitary
Belt**

Ask for it by name



VIRGINIA
MAYO

What a
heavenly
body...
coming
to
you...

OUT OF THE BLUE

Eagle-Lion Films presents

GEORGE BRENT • VIRGINIA MAYO
TURHAN BEY • ANN DVORAK
CAROLE LANDIS in VERA CASPARY'S

"OUT OF THE BLUE"

with ELIZABETH PATTERSON • JULIA DEAN • RICHARD LANE • CHARLIE SMITH
Produced by Isadore G. Goldsmith • Directed by Leigh Jason
BRYAN FOY in Charge of Production

INSIDE STUFF



Ricardo Montalban and his wife. It was love at first screen sight for Ricardo

(Continued from page 20) French guests—but not in French, alas.

Lovely Nancy Oakes de Marigny, who suffered through that Bahama incident when her husband Count Alfred de Marigny was accused and exonerated of killing her father Sir Harry Oakes, told us of meeting our friend Turhan Bey in Mexico. But it was only friendship, we assure you.

French songs by the guests with Jean singing his French theme song "Passing By" followed by the English version by Margaret Whiting made it a spirited evening. *Vive la France*, say we and the best to our French friends.

Here and There: Lauren Bacall is so in love with her husband, Humphrey Bogart, she serves him before the guests and flutters around like a star-struck fan. Which, come to think of it, she is. And that's not bad. We need more in-love wives in Hollywood... Betty Garrett, wife of Larry Parks, is so discouraged (at this writing) over the lack of action in her screen career she may return to New York for another play. And that means those long separations both Larry and Betty abhor... Henry Fonda, driving to work of a bright sunny morning with the top of his convertible down and resplendent in a plaid sport shirt, looking better than he has in years. And that success of his pal, Jimmy Stewart, trotting the Broadway boards in "Harvey" has given Henry that old feeling again. Only movies won't let him go... Everyone agreeing Brian Aherne, who seems so austere both on and off the screen, dances a wonderful samba. Incidentally, Mrs. Aherne is a very stunning woman.

Ricardo Montalban: The picture was "Fiesta" and the young man who danced and heroed his way to overnight success was Ricardo Montalban, a Mexican lad who had never danced before and most certainly never fought a bull. And yet at the picture's conclusion, studio and

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INSIDE STUFF



Dapper Dan Duryea and his wife made a personable pair at recent premiere

fans alike knew a new star was ascending. So, where has all this left him? Exactly where it found him—modest, hopeful, happy in his home life, grateful.

About Ricardo there is no Spanish flash, Latin daring, Mexican whoop-la; off screen that is. Mild in manner, almost diffident in approach but still possessing enough eclat to stand on his own, this Mexican-born actor is far from America's idea of a hot peppered tamale. Ricardo, product of a Hollywood high school, much prefers steak, blood-rare, a baked potato and salad to chili. But our bread—"Here it is too soggy I think. The crisp French loaves we have in Mexico are better," he contends.

With every intention of becoming an engineer, he was brought to Hollywood by his older brother Carlos from his home town of Torreon. Enrolling at Fairfax High School to catch up on pre-college civics and history, the Mexican lad was too shy to try out his one-word-at-a-time English in classes. So, to overcome this, he signed up for courses in public speaking, graduating to bits in school plays and finally emerging as a Mexican-Russian in "Tovarich" where he was spotted by an M-G-M talent scout. To avert any such nonsense as movies, his brother packed him off to school in New York. But Ricardo ended up playing in summer stock opposite such stars as Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover" and Elsa Maxwell in "Our Betters" where, believe it or not, he was better than Elsa.

Again M-G-M sent for him but before he could test for "Tortilla Flats," the illness of his mother called him back to Mexico. Here he was given the lead in the Mexican film "Five Were Chosen" and, he says, "I was so awful no one would speak to me."

He was almost resigned to a lifetime job in his father's little dry-goods store when the American director Norman



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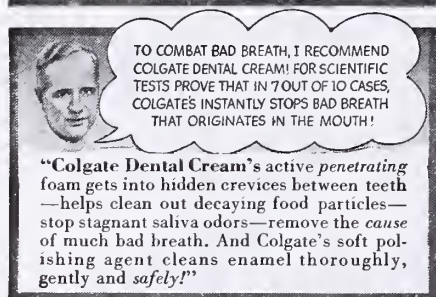
I Hate Wimmin!



WISH I HATED 'EM!
THEN THIS FREEZE-OUT
YOUR SISTERS
HANDING ME WOULDN'T
HIT ME SO HARD!



I'M IN BAD WITH SIS, TOO
SHE WANTS YOU TO
SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT
BAD BREATH. BUT WHEN
I SAID I'D TELL YOU—
SHE JUMPED ALL OVER ME!



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Thanks to
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HER KID BROTHER'S TIP OFF SHOWED ME HOW
TO GET THE TREATMENT I'M GETTING NOW!



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Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!

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every date

Foster gave him the lead in another Mexican film "Santa" and as a dashing bullfighter he was in. Nine more films followed before Jack Cummings saw him and brought him back again to Hollywood and M-G-M.

Sometime before, Ricardo fell in love with the picture of a beautiful American model, Georgianna Young, who happened to be the sister of Sally Blane, Norman Foster's wife. So, at Sally's insistence, Ricardo looked up Georgianna and two weeks later they were married. They have two beautiful babies, Laura, aged two, and Mark, four months. At the least encouragement, and even without, he brings forth the pictures of his lovely wife and babies and proudly passes them around.

Happy in his marriage, he lives in a cute house tastefully furnished by and rented from his mother-in-law, likes wearing the colorful sport shirts his wife buys him, is never without the St. Christopher around his neck, enjoys their friends, mostly out-of-picture people, and playing records at home. He be-

INSIDE STUFF



Off the air—on the town: Jack Benny and Mary Livingston drop in at Romanoff's

moans the little accent he has and can do nothing with the two dimples in his smile.

Thin and dark, almost entirely without the verve and fire one would expect of him, he is fearful of critical opinion if he is given the life role of Valentino. Our bet is, he needn't worry.

He possesses a marked sense of humor, especially over the way Americans call him everything from Mountbatten to Mendelblitz. In his present picture, "On an Island with You," he plays, of all things, a movie star. "But I try to play him straight," he explains.

He has never traded on the popularity of his beautiful sister-in-law, Loretta Young, nor forgotten his two brothers and sister in Mexico. He hopes you who liked him in "Fiesta" will not forget him.

Gaddings: Dropped by the home of genial Mike Romanoff where agent Fefe Ferri was celebrating his birthday. We were just in time for the speech of Douglas Fairbanks Jr. who delivered his birthday greeting entirely in pantomime.



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It was a gay affair with the town love-lies in their prettiest frocks . . . Lunching with Mrs. Errol Flynn and designer Don Loper as guests of pretty Iris By-num around the pool of the beautiful Bel-Air Hotel. Iris is the girl very much in Clark Gable's life these days and a wonderfully good sport . . . To Neil Vanderbilt's cocktail party with the guest of honor, Mrs. Leonard Thomas of Newport and New York. Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Maria Palmer and hosts of socialites greeted the lovely Mrs. Thomas. Later, at Chanteclair, we glimpsed George Sanders being very attentive to Ava Gardner, who was wearing huge horn-rimmed spectacles, of all things . . . Chatting with director Edmund Goulding, who is bringing in "Nightmare Alley" on schedule, and chuckling at Goulding's aside after an inspired bit of directing: "How did I ever get so clever?"

* * *
Birthday Celebration: When Errol and Nora Flynn learned Cal had a birthday in the offing, they set out to make it a

INSIDE STUFF



Tough guy John Garfield kept Lana Turner weak with laughter at CBS show

happy one indeed. The fun began a day or two before when Errol telephoned Cal to meet him and Nora at their home. From there we went to the airport and in the four-passenger plane he had rented for the occasion set off to view the yacht races from Catalina.

The day was clear and bright and below us the boats with their sails looked like pretty toys. Flying low, we tried to glimpse the Frank Morgan and George Brent boats, both in the race. It was an exciting experience and one we all enjoyed.

On Sunday we drove up Laurel Canyon to the beautiful Flynn home perched on the side of a mountain overlooking the Valley. Gathered around the patio and pool, waiting to wish us a happy birthday, were Clark Gable and Iris By-num, Mark Stevens, Betty Furness with husband Bud Ernst, tennis star Frank Shields, David May, Bruce Cabot, Errol, Nora and many others.

Swimming, and tennis that was really something, with that guy Shields beating

Joan Bennett tells how to Encourage Love

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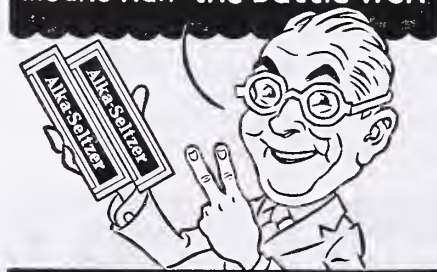
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Instead of buying one, buy two!
All drugstores. 60c—30c—and
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INSIDE STUFF



Laughter in full boom: Frank Morgan's
mirthquake had the other diners shaking!

all comers, was followed by a delicious
lunch and a big "happy birthday" cake
for Cal. Errol had very tactfully placed
three candles atop the icing.

Clark Gable and Cal discussed his last
picture, "The Hucksters," which will reap
a harvest, talked over with Errol his
hopes of buying a plane of his own,
discussed sports with Shields and in
between roared with laughter at the
antics of Errol's pet gibbon, sent to him
from Siam.

All together it was a grand weekend,
thanks to the Flynns, and a wonderful
birthday celebration for Cal.

A Chat with Kelly: Finishing an in-
terview in the M-G-M commissary, we
strolled over to the table of our good
friend, Gene Kelly, and pulled out a
chair. There is no ceremony and no need
for formality with Gene and Cal. We're
friends, we know it, accept it and that's
that.

In his inevitable white cotton under-
shirt (his dancing costume) he looked
relaxed and at ease as always. Gene has
no pretensions; he's plain down-to-earth
Kelly, take it or leave it.

"Well, fellow Pittsburgher," he said,
"what's with you these days?" We
watched him put away a dish of choco-
late ice cream before answering.

We talked then of Pittsburgh and the
little suburban town of West Elizabeth
where Cal was born and the girl Gene
used to court there while attending
classes at the University of Pittsburgh.
And finally we got around to his last
picture, "The Pirate." He was due to
catch up with a few dance sequences
that afternoon.

"Think I'll do 'Easter Parade' next,"
he said, with Cal arguing that Gene
should really hold out for a good solid
drama. Finally we talked of movie glam-
our girls and what happens to them.
"Studio spoils them," he said. "Soon as
they show signs of becoming stars,
they're petted and pampered by every-
one until they lose all perspective." He's
so right.

"Aren't you glad your cute wife Betsy
isn't in pictures?" we asked.

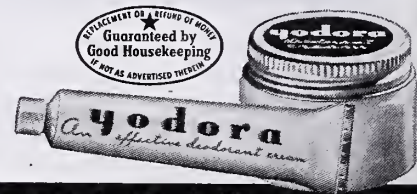
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Tablets are one of the greatest blood-
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Lydia E. Pinkham's **TABLETS**

INSIDE STUFF



Inspiration for the dance: Cyd Charisse has Tony Martin in a whirl—at Ciro's

"Betsy," he said with pride, "could take anything in stride. She took me, didn't she?" And with that Kelly twinkle in his eyes and a friendly crooked smile, he was off for rehearsals.

* * *

News of Helmut: His voice came to us over the telephone and although it had been a year since we'd talked, we recognized that Viennese accent at once. "So much has happened since we last saw each other," Helmut said. He has been to Europe and to visit his family in Vienna, then to Canada to make pictures and, later on, to Broadway as Talullah Bankhead's leading man in "The Eagle Has Two Heads."

We asked about his romance with the pretty deb, Charlene Wrightsman. "We talk over the telephone all the time," he said, "and if you think it doesn't cost a fortune to talk to Paris, London and Rome, you should see my bill."

We asked then about marriage. "First I must think of my family," he said. "I have brought my mother to this country and when my younger brother arrives they will both come to Hollywood."

Helmut's brother is an engineer and will enroll here in California Tech. Helmut assures us that for the time being he'll stay in Hollywood for more movies. At least he hopes to.

* * *

Hey, kids: Want a pair of Gene Autry jeans? Real cowboy jeans like Autry and other cowboys wear when there's work to be done? Well, just sit back and wait a little while and they'll be yours, for there's a deal whereby 2,500,000 pairs of Autry jeans are about to be manufactured just for you kids. You'll read all about it when they're ready.

And speaking of Gene, he's finally made that producing contact with Columbia Studios, so after he returns from his rodeo tour, which should be soon, you can contact the actor by writing to Columbia Studios in Hollywood.

Gene's old sidekick, Smiley Burnette or "The Frog" as you call him, is also at this studio. But whether they'll be together again hasn't been decided yet.

But watch for that "jean" announcement and get your pair first.

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How sweetly feminine is the appeal of a woman's lovely hair to men. Hair gleaming with natural highlights—sparkling with silken softness—inviting with clean fragrance. For though your hair-style be formal or free as the wind, it's your natural hair-appeal men love. And more and more women are learning that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty cream that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that offers new glamour, wonderful obedience, to your hair! Try Lustre-Creme—The Cream Shampoo for The Hair Men Love. At all cosmetic counters.



Four ounces, \$1.00
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See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of frothy lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



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*maddening kisses-
stopping her cries-stopping her breath!*



Too much between them for anger!
Too much between them for love!

Emotion as violent as the era
that spawned them!



The pages of
a best-seller
pour their violence
and excitement
onto the screen!

The Foxes of Harrow



20th
CENTURY-FOX

Starring

REX HARRISON · MAUREEN O'HARA

with

RICHARD HAYDN · VANESSA BROWN · VICTOR McLAGLEN · PATRICIA MEDINA

GENE LOCKHART · CHARLES IRWIN · HUGO HAAS · DENNIS HOEY

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER ·

Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock
Based on the Novel by Frank Yerby



PICTURES FOR JUNIORS

Something disturbing has happened—something which the editors of PHOTOPLAY feel that you—and Hollywood—should know about.

In Scarsdale, a suburb of New York, the Motion Picture Council headed by Mrs. William D. Moyle, set out to determine whether mothers throughout the country were as concerned over the type of film entertainment being offered at children's matinees as were the mothers of Scarsdale. So they sent questionnaires to other motion picture councils and the replies represented 2,226 civic organizations in thirty states.

The key question was whether or not the organizations addressed considered the films shown at children's matinees satisfactory entertainment for their young audiences.

Seventy-five per cent of the responses said no!

Yet children's matinees are virtually the only attempt our American system makes to give young people appropriate screen fare.

Is Hollywood, the greatest medium in the world for mass entertainment, turning a deaf ear to the children's "Tell me a story?"

If so, why? Is it because it won't pay? It has on occasion in the past. There have been "Little Women," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the early Disney pictures, more recently the "Flicka" and "Lassie" stories, the "Andy Hardy" series, to name a few. But the occasions still have not been frequent enough to fill the hungry eyes of America's vast junior audiences.

The Motion Picture Council of Scarsdale, as a result of its questionnaire, has come up with some further suggestions for books with universal appeal to be filmed. Among these are "Just So Stories" by Rudyard Kipling, "The Cloister and the Hearth" by Charles Reade, "The Little Lame Prince" by Ruskin, "Ivanhoe" (going into production in England), "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" by Browning, "Rip Van Winkle" by Irving, "The Nuremberg Stove" by De la Rame.

PHOTOPLAY agrees with their suggestions and hopes that one of these days some of them will come to life on the marquees of America.

Fred Sammis

THE LARRY PARKS PUZZLE

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS





In the controversial spotlight:
Larry Parks of "The Swordsman"



The "bright star" in Larry's
life—Betty Garrett, his wife

The first part of his story

was a sensational success

—but what about the

next instalment?

Is he a one-shot?

Or a sure-shot?

Whom else could I mean but Larry Parks and, of course, I'm talking about the unprecedented predicament of this young actor who, a year ago, soared to an Academy Award nomination in "The Jolson Story" and who is today facing a great big WHAT in the future.

Larry is one of the most quixotic cases of my thirty years of looking 'em over as movie stars. And his case is the back-scenes talk of Hollywood today.

Was he up for an Oscar because of his fine performance?

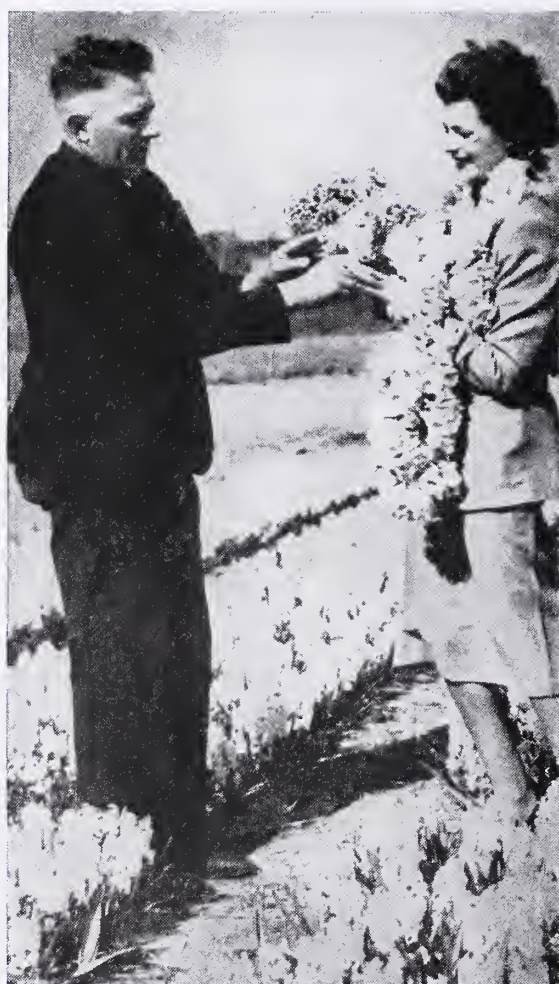
Or did he get there on the strength of another man's (Al Jolson's) electric voice singing through his personality?

Recently, at a big party, I was all ears when I heard Larry's name come up. One of the men talking is one of Hollywood's most important producers—at a rival studio, not Columbia, which is Larry's home lot. He said:

"The case of this boy is a heart breaker because he hit and hit big with another star's personality. Not only was Larry singing with Al Jolson's voice, but he had been loaned the Jolson personality, been coached in the Jolson mannerisms, and then to top it all off, he had Al's life story thrown in. He gave a (Continued on page 106)



Cable From



Broken dates lost Rita Hayworth a royal decoration



"I want him to be happy," said Annabella of Ty

THE boulevards over here in Paris throng again with civilians. Men and women sit in the sun in sidewalk cafes discussing the exciting politics of today. And everywhere you look you see American movie stars. They've swooped down upon us like beautiful birds of paradise wearing all their plumage, some gracefully, some not so gracefully. They're making pictures in the English studios. They're holidaying in London, in Paris, on the Riviera and in Switzerland. Some of them have been ambassadors of good will. Others, I regret, have failed on this score.

Paris

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Marlene's queenly gesture was royally received

Paulette Goddard, hard at work in London on a Korda picture, "The Ideal Husband," flew over to Belgium for the Film Festival, kissed the burgomaster for the newsreels, appeared at the Paris Opera, dined with me and went back to England again.

Sonja Henie found her special heaven at St. Moritz.

Linda Darnell has been closeted at the Zurich villa of Dr. Jung, successor to that world-famous father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud. Reason? A series of (Continued on page 104)

Flash! Our world correspondent scoops
with news on Annabella and
Tyrone Power, the Darnell
psycho-sessions and the mystery of the
missing Rita Hayworth



Paulette Goddard helped to raise the American score

I Was There

When anyone steals the spotlight from

Betty Hutton—that's news!

BY BUD FRAKER

ISURE thanked my lucky stars that Lindsay Diane Briskin was used to seeing me around because when I arrived at her house on the morning of her six-months' birthday she'd decided that was the day for her to stand on her own two feet for the first time. Lindsay was tickled pink with her performance, her mom and pop were ditto—to say nothing of me and my camera.

It really all started way back when Betty Hutton first came to Hollywood. I am at Paramount Studios where Betty made her first picture, so I've taken plenty of pictures of Lindsay Diane's mother. Then when Lindsay Diane came along I started doing monthly sittings for her mother's private collection. The usual thing—you know, nude on a bear rug, high-chair hijinks, etc. Someday she'll probably want to shoot me for these shots.

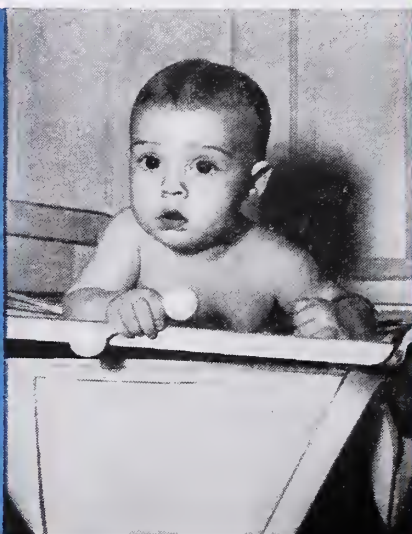
But this day was a real occasion. A born camera natural (hasn't her mother made her fame and fortune in front of a camera—and isn't her father, Ted Briskin, owner of a large camera corporation?), she immediately started playing, modestly covering herself with bubbles. You should have seen her face when the bubbles broke.

One look at these pictures and you'll catch why I think Lindsay Diane Briskin is the most photogenic baby in Hollywood.

Siren at six months: Lindsay Diane favors the new longer dresses

Little Miss Modesty isn't too sure about making this pose public!

Lindsay sat this one out with her favorite escort, daddy Ted Briskin





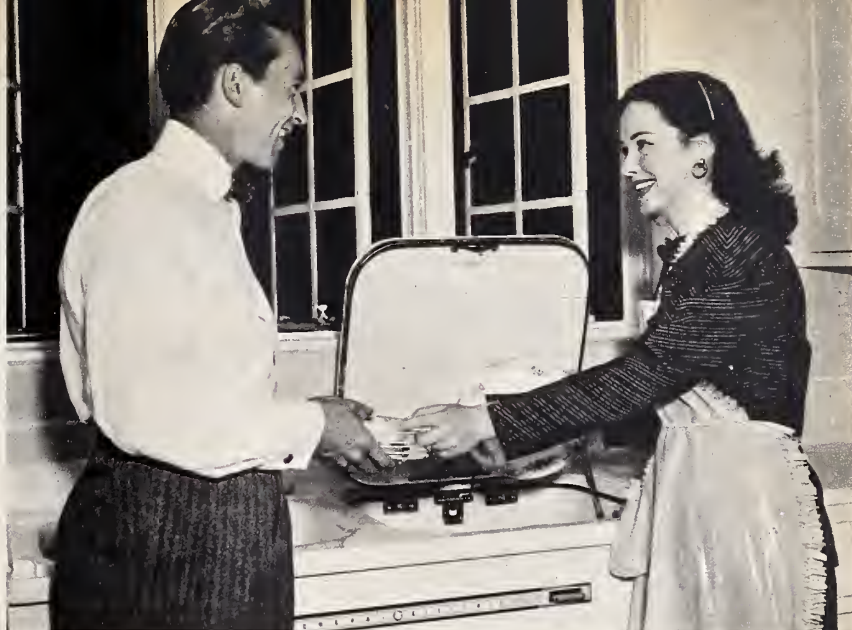
Bubbling over with baby glamour, Lindsay Diane Briskin takes her first bubble bath



Johnnie Johnston, bride
Kathryn Grayson, Johnnie's
only rival — Throckmorton

Fink and Smith

Their home was wait-
ing for them—for the day
these young lovers could say. . . .



The house is hers, the furnish-
ing and modern kitchen, his

“This Time For Keeps”

Saddle mates—Johnnie and daughter Julie visited
Kathryn and Director Jason on “The Kissing Bandit”
set. Johnnie is in Eagle-Lion’s “The Man from Texas”

BY DOROTHY DEERE



FOR richer or for poorer—” said the tanned young man with the serious face and the squared shoulders. “Until death do us part—” The girl’s eyes had brought all of the blue of the outdoors into the shaded chapel with her.

Their voices were low—part of the hush that had hovered in these old Spanish walls for almost two centuries. The slanting finger of light reaching through the high, stained windows to touch the boy’s blond head and to trace in dull gold the pattern of the lace on the girl’s brown one, was the same late afternoon sun that had laid its gentle blessing on shadowy generations of couples before them . . .

“Quiet” is the way this particular couple had wanted it. “We’re going to have a very simple wedding,” said Kathryn Grayson when she first planned it. “Just Johnnie (Continued on page 114)



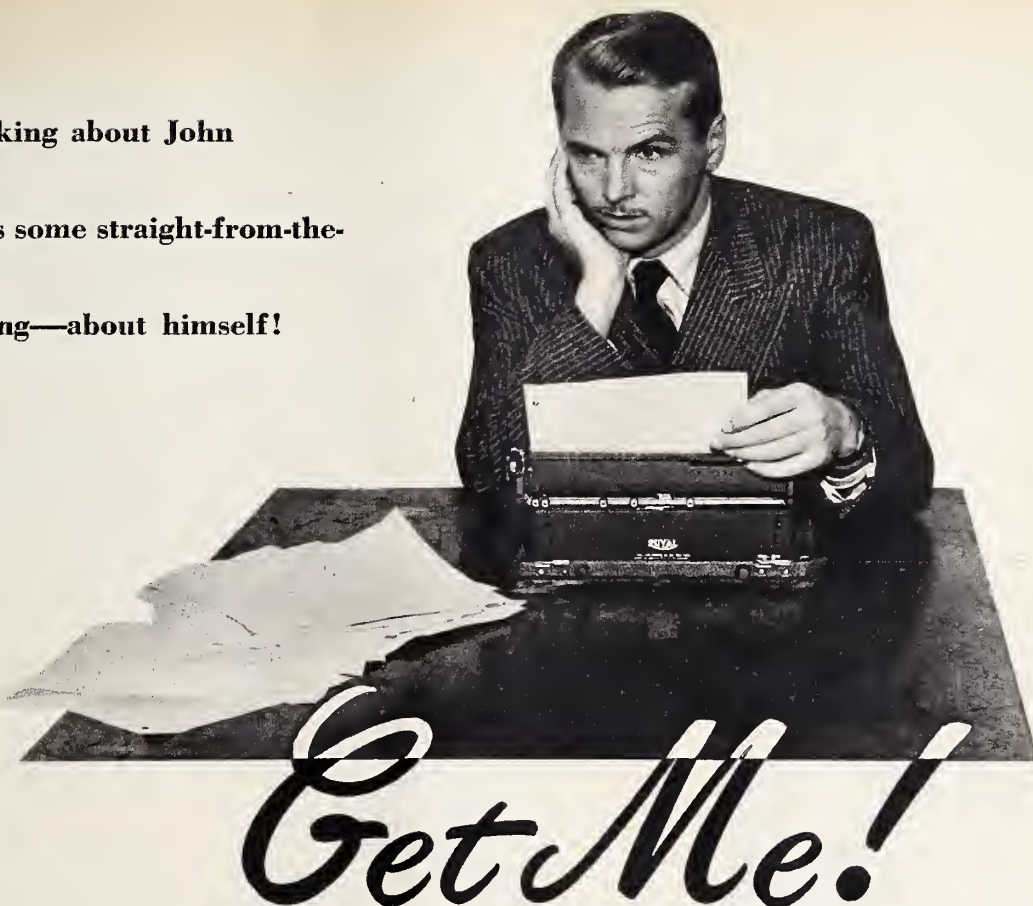
*John Lund reaches new
heights with Betty Hutton in comedy hit
"The Perils of Pauline"*

Schafer

Everyone's talking about John

Lund who does some straight-from-the-

shoulder talking—about himself!



MY outstanding characteristic is bewilderment. Right now, heading the bewilderment category is the fact that I, John Lund, am in movies.

And, one of the most startling things about being in movies is being asked to tell what kind of a guy you are. Such a request makes me feel more exposed than the scenes left on the cutting room floor by the Johnston office.

However, they tell me that such personal confession is good for my options—so here you have me, as clearly as I can see myself—which is about as clearly as a face seen through an adobe wall.

I've been in Hollywood a shade more than two years. I've done two pictures—"To Each His Own" and "The Perils of Pauline." And as I write this I'm working in a third, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

Each picture has given me an inferiority complex. I've become face conscious. Projection rooms are tor-

ture chambers to me, at this point.

When I saw the first day's rushes on "To Each His Own," I went home and started packing. I had thought I was smiling tenderly at Olivia de Havilland, but on screen I looked as though I were ready to bite her ear off, and I didn't have any eyes at all. After that I refused to look at myself, but I began enjoying the work.

All this propaganda about how tough it is to work in pictures, to me, is a lot of nothing. The really chic Hollywood attitude is to mutter how brutal it is getting up at six in the morning and working until six at night. I don't claim that is easy, but how often do we do that?

If you get anywhere at all, you make three or four pictures a year, at most, and usually less. That means you average three or four months off each year.

If that's overwork, I'll have a double portion with mushroom sauce.

Personally, (Continued on page 109)

BY
JOHN LUND



Engstead

Her heart in her arms: Jeanne Crain of "The Flapper Age" with Paul Brinkman Jr.

DEAR

BABY:

Engstead



Paul Jr. isn't sure he didn't dream
this one up—decides to investigate

A confidential report to
Jeanne Crain's son, who
adds an exciting new chapter
to his mother's love story

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

DEAR Paul Frederick Brinkman Jr.:

This is a secret and confidential document for your private records. Of course some millions will read it but that is all right. They are very good friends of your mother's, whom they know as Jeanne Crain. (They are what we, in this new world of yours, call "fans.") Your mother has never met them but they know her very well indeed because she is a movie star.

Of course you wouldn't know about that yet. You are probably only aware that the lady who leans over your bassinet is quite as lovely as she is kind and attentive—and you probably are unaware that this is unusual. Outside of that, what has being a movie star's son gotten you thus far?

Have you managed to get more than your share of bottles—even an extra ounce or two? You have not! Or to evade your cod liver oil? Not so far! Or to stay in a blissful state of perpetual dryness? Definitely no!

But for the records, and your mother is dutifully keeping five of them in blue satin covers neatly labeled "Baby's Book," sent her by (Continued on page 79)

HOLLYWOOD TOUR



Chanteclair: A subtle blend of lush decor, warmth and hospitality. For as low as fifteen dollars you can be two on a dream date—wine, dine and dance in the glassed-in terrace, sing along with the glamour glee club



Mocambo—its exotic carnival motif dramatized by brilliantly lighted cages of birds whose colorful plumage vies with that of the cinema celebs

Mocambo also boasts a just-for-food cafe—the Crillon. Mirrored walls reflect its glittering chandelier and romances celebre





Dave's Blue Room—usually the last stop celebrities make on the Strip for a bite before bedtime. In they come in mink or slacks to read papers, talk shop, play gin rummy or feast on Dave's specialty, apple pancakes

Photoplay's gay whirl is on.

Eat in six languages, dance in more—on your rounds of the favorite night spots of the stars



Ciro's: Sophisticated French cuisine and decoration. Cigarette girls in ballet skirts. Irish Betty Reilly enchanting you with her Latin-American songs and her guitar

Photographs by Fink and Smith



Cosmopolitan **Ciro's**—scene of Hollywood's gayest parties—adds its after-dark brilliance to the world-famed Sunset Strip

The Best Years Of



Once she makes her mind up Teresa will tackle anything!

ACTUALLY, she's a damned interesting woman, but people keep on writing things about her that are bunk!"

The explosive gentleman speaking was Niven Busch and the interesting woman of whom he was speaking was his wife, Teresa Wright.

At the moment Niven is glowing with pride over Teresa's performances in "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "Pursued," which latter picture he wrote himself. He is also walking on clouds because they are expecting a second child about October 1st. Their first, Niven Terence (called "Terry" at home), is nearly two.

Teresa first met Niven at a party given by her agent when she came to Hollywood to do "The Little Foxes" for Sam Goldwyn. Niven was story editor at that studio. He invited her to dinner and presently she plucked up courage to invite him to dinner, at her house. By this time she really wanted to impress him and she tried to do it by baking a cake! It was as hard as concrete and Niven laughed at her . . . which galled (Continued on page 71)

That interesting woman, his wife, still surprises Niven Busch



Clue to happiness: Teresa

Wright practices what she

doesn't preach

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Her Life

Teresa Wright
stars in "The Best Years
of Our Lives"



Eternally Claudette

She's gay, she's gracious,
she knows her own mind—this
very beautiful Right Guy!

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Claudette lost to Don Ameche in a game of wits

A RAUCOUS voice rang out. "Where is Claudeen Colburt?" the vocal bugle demanded. "I want to see Claudeen Colburt."

On the Triangle Productions set for "Sleep, My Love," property men turned pale, electricians hid behind master control panels, and here and there a strong man fainted because, after all, Hollywood is the Land of Protocol, also called The Home of the Red Velvet Rug. There are sacred rules about when a star is to be approached, by whom, under what circumstance, which knee flexed. Although no names will be named, there are some stars in Hollywood who are tougher to contact than Stalin's wife.

So, to a crew which had never worked with her before, the sound of Miss Colbert's name being rendered in this unseemly fashion was more terrifying than an air circus of flying saucers.

The door of Miss Colbert's dressing room opened and a mischievous face peered out. An amused voice demanded, "Who is calling me by that awful name?"

"It is I, Bob Cummings," said that unabashed gentleman. "Hi, Claudeen."

"Where on earth did you ever get *that* label?" pursued Miss Colbert.

Bob, grinning, explained with mock dignity, "Where I come from—Joplin, Missouri—that's what you're called: Claudeen Colburt."

"How did they like me in Joplin?" asked Miss Colbert earnestly.

"In Joplin, like everywhere, they're simply nuts about you," said Bob.

Claudette Colbert's eyes crinkled at the corners. "In that case, call me Claudeen."

By noon, everyone on the United Artists lot had heard about the gag. By noon of the following day, everyone on the set was calling the picture's star Claudeen.

This story is probably the best possible answer to those who ask, "What is Claudette Colbert *really* like?" She is a good-natured (Continued on page 95)

First Lady of Comedy: Claudette Colbert, scintillating star of "Sleep, My Love"

Schafer





Happiness is a thing called BILL

It wasn't always that way with Bill Holden—who
once viewed life from a not-so-merry-go-round

BY JERRY ASHER

FOR the first time in his twenty-nine years, Bill Holden's stopped spinning. He can look at you without running furtive fingers through a shock of brownish-blond hair. When he sits in a chair, those long, lean legs no longer wind themselves around like vines. He talks without tugging at his tie.

"You're gazing upon a relaxed man," Bill sighs gratefully.

It took nearly a year after V-J day for ex-GI Bill Holden to reconvert to Hollywood. And it took exactly one picture—"Dear Ruth"—for the movie fans, who hadn't seen a Holden film in five long years, to reconvert to Bill.

He grins, a slow smile that gains momentum and spreads until it stretches from ear to ear.

"You see, the entire time I was in the Army I was well adjusted. But, when I got out, if ever there was a time that I doubted myself, that was it. I was supposed to go right into "Dear Ruth" but they kept postponing it. In the Army I was just like everyone else. But here I was an individual again and instead of that feeling of freedom I had counted on, I didn't know what to do about myself.

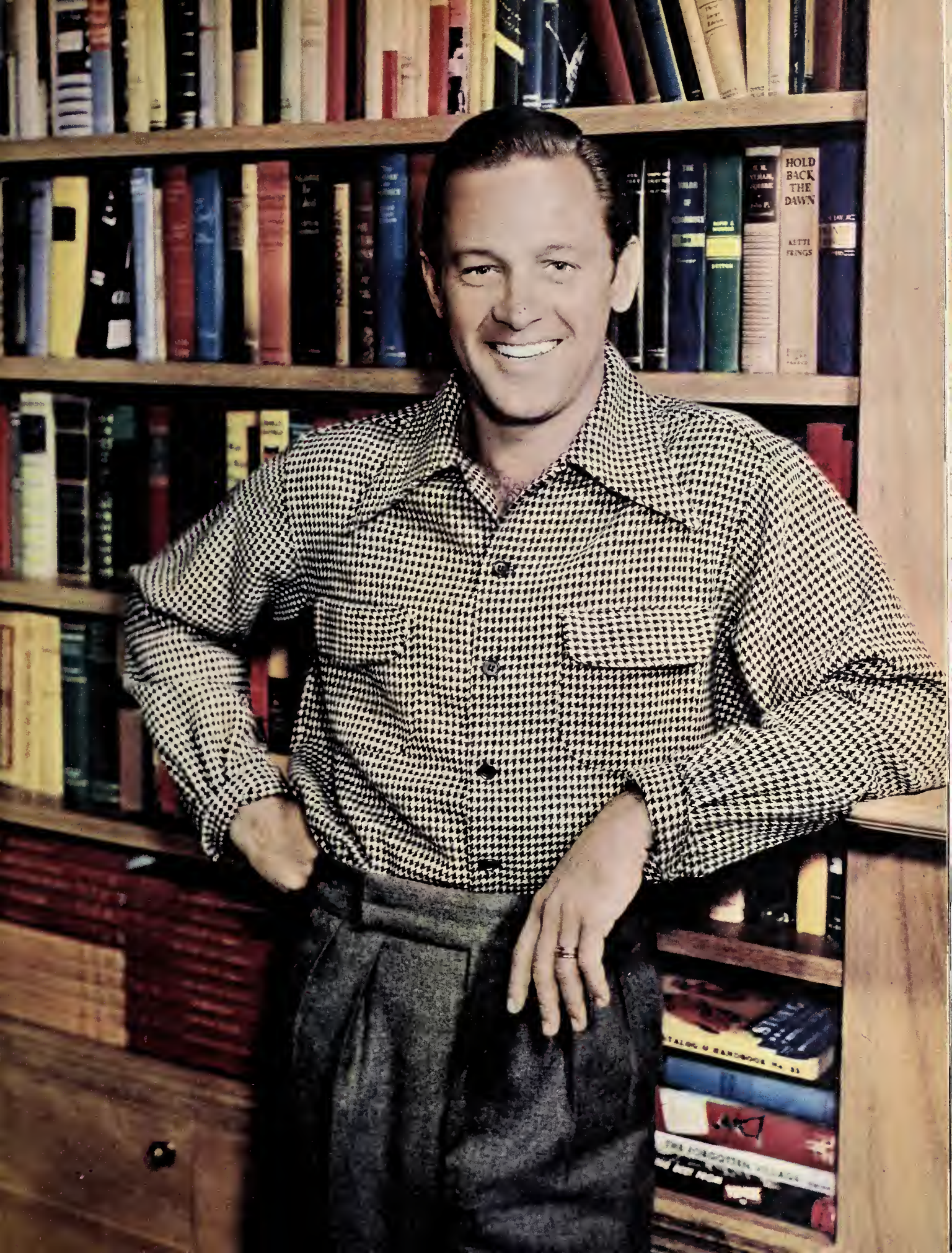
"I was short-tempered, moody and depressed.



Peter Westfield, bored but obliging, stops for a quick shot with parents Bill and Brenda Marshall

Study in contentment:
The Holden charm works its
magic in "Dear Ruth"

Smith





Whipping up a malted milk is Brenda's specialty. Bill, a culinary virtuoso, plans a round-the-world food forage!



Their new house is probably the biggest thing

Their pride and joy is the barbecue pit in the garden. Bill also stars in Columbia's "The Man from Colorado"



Happiness is a

I avoided all my friends. I saw every movie I had missed. I read every available script at Paramount. I worked around the house. Finally I felt that everything had ended. Naturally, after the Army, I had expected there would be some adjustment requiring about a month at the most. Well for ten months I was a fugitive from a psychoanalyst. And then I went to work."

"Work" meant "Dear Ruth," followed by "Blaze of Noon," and "The Man from Colorado."

Bill was discharged from the Army in November of 1945. Reconverting to peace also meant reconverting to his wife, Brenda Marshall, and to their three-year-old son, Peter Westfield. To say nothing of the new child they were expecting. For after four years of marriage the Holdens were practically strangers!

Bill met and married Brenda Marshall in 1941, while he was making "Invisible



that's ever happened to Bill and his "Ardis"

thing called BILL

Stripes," on loanout to Warner Bros. Three days later Brenda left for North Bay, Ontario, to play opposite Jimmy Cagney in "Captains of the Clouds." When she came back Bill was on his way to Carson City where they were shooting "Remarkable Andrew." Eleven days later they rushed Bill home and into the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. The afternoon they let him out Brenda was rushed in for the same operation. By the time she was dismissed, Bill was making "The Fleet's In." The day he finished, Warner Bros. sent Brenda to the President's Birthday Ball in Washington. Instead of returning, she was taken on to New York for the premiere of "Captains of the Clouds."

"That was in January, 1942," Bill remembers only too well. "On April 17th, less than three months later, I enlisted in the Army. For the following three years and eight months, we (Continued on page 68)



Bill and Brenda are still catching up on all the things that they never had time to do before. Periodically they go on talking jags—which sometimes last for hours!

Brenda's return to the screen in "Whispering Smith" played an important part in their plans for the future



I CAN'T FORGET

Great moments out of the stars' pasts,

too vivid *not* to

remember, too exciting *not* to report

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Errol Flynn and his Nora. The author still has a score to settle with him!



OLLYWOOD Moments—on my personal and particular screen of time!

Susan Peters in a wheel chair, leading a caravan of veteran paraplegics—in wheel chairs—on a sight-seeing tour of Universal-International Studio. Susan so pretty and slender and gay. The men excited. Some trying to rise as they are introduced to Yvonne De Carlo, Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford. And then remembering and half apologizing for not being able to get up. . . .

Maria Montez—I think it was at the beginning of 1941. She has just come to Hollywood and she's a yellow blonde, and no one knows who she is—except Maria. I meet her in a fashionable bar. And between sips of something, Maria says, "In five years, I make one hundred sousand dollars a peeecture—or I geeve up." I remembered this moment last year, when Maria was paid \$100,000 and ten per cent of the profits for co-starring in "Atlantis." . . .

Larry Parks, working all day in "The Jolson Story." And staying up all night with his mother, dying of cancer. "I'm so tired I can hardly go on," Larry told me day after weary day. But he went on, and his mother lived just long enough to see Larry in "The Jolson Story." That's something neither Larry nor I can ever forget—his mother's tears as she watched her son make history on the screen . . .



Greer Garson, on her arrival in Hollywood:
All play and no work was too much for Greer



Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck at the Academy
Awards Dinner. Greg became a winner in losing

Greer Garson—I met Greer when she first came to Hollywood in 1938. She was under contract to Metro and they were paying her a thousand dollars a week. But they wouldn't give her a chance to work. And Greer was so sick in spirit, her body caught the disease. And she told me then she was going to have an operation on her back. Which she didn't need—when she landed the part of *Mrs. Chips*. . .

Joan Crawford—no job—poison at the box office. So I went to see her in her palatial Brentwood home—to sympathize with her. And found her washing diapers! The diaper laundry had burned down the day before. But life, and I do mean babies and diapers, had to go on! . . .

Memories of Susan Hayward when she first started in pictures. I was on the set the first day of her first picture—I won't mention the title because Susie wants me to forget! She was scared pink, almost the color of her hair. The assistant director screamed at her, "Hayward, come here!" With a tightening of her lips, she "came here." And I thought, "When that girl's a star, she'll get her own back." She's a star. And the early pushing around has left a scar of shyness. But no one has ever complained that Susan Hayward's mean on the set. . .

My first Hollywood party! At Sam Goldwyn's house New Year's Eve, 1936. Every star in (Continued on page 127)

Judy, at sixteen, had different dreams



Great Expectations

More than a century ago Charles Dickens wrote this story. Today, from the English studios of J. Arthur Rank, comes a great picture in which once again you thrill to the magic of a great storyteller



1. "Ye'll never escape me if ye break your promise!" Paralyzed with fright, young *Pip* (Anthony Wager) mutely assures the desperate escaped convict *Magwitch* (Finlay Currie) he'll return with food and drink for him



2. Following a chase across the moors, *Magwitch* is captured and taken back to the prison ship. Before he embarks, *Magwitch* turns and looks long and silently at *Pip*, the only one who has ever shown him a kindness

3. *Pip*'s bleak young life is enlivened by occasional visits to the home of eccentric *Miss Havisham* (Martita Hunt) where he plays with her niece *Estella* (Jean Simmons). The pretty, imperious girl fascinates *Pip*



4. The years pass. One day *Pip* (John Mills) and his brother-in-law *Joe Gargery* (Bernard Miles) receive the astounding news from lawyer *Jaggers* (Francis L. Sullivan) that an unknown benefactor has settled an income on *Pip*!





5. The transition of the rough country boy begins. *Herb Pocket* (Alec Guinness) grooms *Pip* for his new station in life



6. *Pip*, now a young gentleman of fashion, again meets *Estella* (Valerie Hobson), who is a beautiful young woman. Loving her, he's jealous and hurt when she encourages *Bentley Drummie* (Torin Thatcher)



7. *Magwitch*, risking his life if caught, appears at the apartment, reveals he's *Pip's* unknown benefactor!



8. *Estella* plans to marry *Drummie*. *Miss Havisham* realizes the vengeance she sought for her own unhappiness by planning for *Pip* to love *Estella* hopelessly has borne bitter fruit. She dies broken-hearted



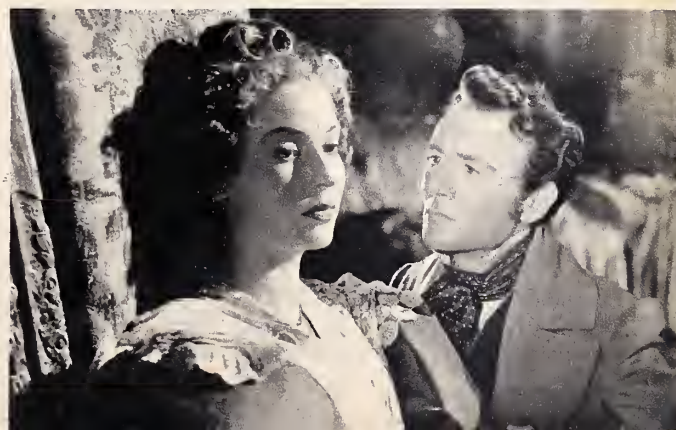
9. *Pip* and *Herbert* try to smuggle *Magwitch* out of the country. They are run down by a packet boat. The convict is fatally hurt and captured



10. In the prison hospital *Pip* comforts the old man with news of the daughter he had lost as a child

11. For in *Jagger's* office he had learned *Estella* is *Magwitch's* daughter, adopted by *Miss Havisham*. The events of the last few weeks prove too much for *Pip*. He becomes seriously ill, is taken back home by his brother-in-law *Joe*

12. Recovering, *Pip* finds *Estella*, her engagement broken because of her parentage, prepared to live shut away from the world as *Miss Havisham* did. He realizes there is only one course he can take to save *Estella*



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

Capsule comments from the blithe-
some pen of the guy who sees all,
knows all and tells it well



Sidney gets a line on Ingrid Bergman

I HEARD Jane Russell sing the other night, and must admit that I was pleasantly surprised. She can hold her own with any good "singer with a band," and has proved that there is more than one way to put on a good front . . . Judy Garland is still my favorite singer, however, but I do wish she would stop trying to do things with over-orchestrated songs and just be herself . . . I don't believe the marriage of Van Johnson to Pal Keenan's Evie has affected his status, for it isn't like the old days (referred to by those who don't know better as the good old days) when a movie star had to hide the fact that he was married or he couldn't have a following. These days the screechers yell for Frankie-boy to go back to Nancy while they are tearing the clothes off him.

I can't understand why Tallulah Bankhead isn't in more pictures and isn't a big favorite, for she has a great voice, is a great personality and is also a fine actress . . . It is odd indeed how things change in Hollywood and

He can take 'em or leave 'em—on Martha Vickers

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY





The stop light isn't a spotlight for the stars

yet really don't change at all. What I mean to say is that a few years ago everyone in the social whirl was going to parties given by the Countess di Frasso. The Countess di Frasso has been switched to Atwater Kent, but it is the same crowd in the same social whirl. They just gave the host the "switcheroo," a trick they do with the same story when making it into another picture . . . I think Martha Vickers is a cutie, even though she insists that she must have freckles to be sexy. For me, sexy can be with or without freckles.

I am of the opinion that Hollywood is like any other town, and that the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made is ordinary, even as you and I. I have seen Merle Oberon in slacks, and with little make-up on, going into a bakery on Shlepp Row (the sign posts call it Beverly Drive) to buy some cake for tonight's dinner.

Ann Sothern will go shopping at Saks, or June Haver might drop into the Knobby (Continued on page 92)



It's a "slack" season for Hollywood wolves

The stage is set—for another screen cliché



There's a "no vacancy" sign in the Casbah

SHERIDAN



Wit and witchery make a pair when Steve Hannagan and Annie get together

Annie, Hollywood's happy philosopher, proves that laughter makes the men come 'round

BY HERB HOWE

LOOKING for a lift out of boredom and atomic despair the world to-day might well turn to the Sheridan way of life.

Miss Ann Sheridan came back to Hollywood from her two years sabbatical a practicing philosopher. Her doctrines should put to flight the dolorists who remind us we will soon be in our coffins and the atom smashers who say we will not even need coffins.

Opulent of eye as the Hope diamond or her own emerald-cut Kohinoor, philosopher Sheridan is still the Sultana of Oomph. But that's not all. Down in Texas where she was born thirty-two years ago she was known as Clara Lou, and though all hands today in Hollywood call her Annie, her own name lingers on. She calls her cow Clara Lou. That cow, they say, is a card. So is Annie.

On the set of "Silver River," a young father passed round the cigars in jubilation for his new bambino. Errol Flynn got one but Miss Sheridan was neglected. Annie was aggrieved. Though she smokes neither stogie nor hookah, the Sultana played football and baseball in her days and says she had the best collection of aggies of any sport in the state or Texas.

Annie is (Continued on page 117)

PREFERRED



The star of "The Unfaithful" outlines the Sheridan way of life. Her creed is—laugh and grow fat



On hand for the occasion and looking radiantly happy were lovely Laraine Day and her husband Leo Durocher

Fine feathers for a fair femme: Gloria De Haven, with husband John Payne, were among those spotlighted at the event



Deborah Kerr, star of the picture, found Hollywood premieres a new experience. With her is husband Tony Bartley, Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier. Rear-viewers are Van and Evie Johnson

First Rate

The red carpet rolls out for Hollywood's
of parties to celebrate the

Many gay parties followed the premiere. At the Chanteclair, where there were more guests than seats, Tony Martin and dainty dancer Cyd Charisse were lucky, relax with a cigarette





First night fever is catching: Bob Cummings and his pretty wife shared in the general excitement, couldn't resist turning around for another look at the glittering panorama

First Night

dress circle, with a gay round

glittering premiere of "Black Narcissus"

Among those cheered by the fans outside the theater was stunningly gowned Ava Gardner. The lovely lady with her came with George Sanders—wouldn't give her name!



Fair exchange: The fans crowding the outside of the theater got wide-eyed attention from Ann Blyth and Peter Thompson

Walter Pidgeon congratulates Deborah Kerr at the Chanteclair party. She had to wait half an hour for a table!



Conversation

Catherine McLeod's corsages made the gossip columns

It's not what they do but how they

do it that keeps these

stars in the topical limelight

CONVERSATION is an art—it requires cultivation and practice as all arts do. But unlike other arts, it may be acquired by all of us. And it always helps to have a convenient peg on which you can hang the conversation when it languishes. We call them “Conversation Pieces.”

A conversation piece can be anything that is interesting, amusing or different. It can be something you wear, something you do, something original in your home; it can be some particular facet of your personality—that particular something that makes you you.

You'll be surprised how often they come in handy.

The most discussed Hollywood conversation piece in recent years is the tiny gold whistle which hangs from Lauren Bacall's charm bracelet, given her by Humphrey Bogart before they were married. If you'll recall, it was inspired by that line of Lauren's in the movie “Casablanca,” “If you want me, just whistle.” That is a superb example of what I mean by “conversation piece”—it's unusual, and it's truly Bacall.

But Lauren's collection of conversation pieces doesn't end with the whistle. She has a second one, also decidedly her own—her blouses. (Continued on page 112)



Piece

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor



Bogart's gift to Lauren Bacall became the talk of the town

Roz Russell's originality takes an atomic trend



Nancy's error became
a Guild trademark

Gay



Perky plaid for pert Ann Blyth. Under the jacket there's a gay green weskit

Suited for the occasion: Beige felt adds style interest to Gail Patrick's brown gabardine suit

SHOPPING around Hollywood and Beverly Hills gets more and more exciting—so many new and lavishly appointed shops keep opening up! And the temptation to buy anything from gadgets to gorgeous gowns, furs and fabulous shoes is terrific. The “small town” atmosphere has just about disappeared from the local shopping scene and as for Beverly Hills—well, the salons in that little center can now compete with those in the world capitals. Beverly boasts a new shoe shop (Joseph) that's one of the most unusual. Has the air of a modern drawing room, complete with an indoor garden and welcoming fireplace. Tea is served every afternoon at four—and the shoes! They “floor” you! Little gold kid slippers, sparkling with tiny mirrors as trimmings; rhinestone-studded black satin evening sandals with matching bags.

As we snoop around, we note that the giant handbags, so popular so long, seem to be giving way to bags of daintier sizes. Yet with cool weather coming on, the gals will be willing to lug more things in bigger purses again no doubt. But there's nothing “tiny” about the beautiful new evening bag (Continued on page 100)



Gadabouts

Catch up with the stars on this
gay safari for fabulous new fashions
and the latest in gadgets

BY EDITH GWYNN
Photoplay's Reporter-about-town

For "after dark" drama: Mar-
guerite Chapman's brown taf-
feta dress, fetchingly frilled



Frosted elegance for early
fall dating — Paule Croset's
smart Australian Possum coat

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS

ANSWERED BY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT



EDITOR'S NOTE: Because of the increasing amount of work entailed in handling the many letters that come each month to Miss Colbert. PHOTOPLAY has assigned her the editorial services of Fredda Dudley, well-known Hollywood correspondent.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am in love with my boy friend, who says he is in love with me.

We would like to be married but due to the fact that he is in college and is receiving only \$65.00 per month, we couldn't get along. I am willing to work, but he simply won't hear of it. He says he has too much pride along that line.

We have decided not to see each other for awhile. We have tried this before and I find it very hard to live without him. When he comes back, he always seems to be more in love with me than ever, but he still can't decide on marriage.

He doesn't seem to think he would be able to devote much time to me because of his studies. I would be willing to overlook that while he is in school. What should I do to persuade him?

Kate Lee I.

If you had discussed this quite frankly with your mother I think she might have come to the same conclusion I have reached: Your beau is undoubtedly very fond of you, but he simply does not want to get married yet.

In any emotional relationship, most boys try to be as kind as well-reared girls. But a girl who tries to cajole a man into marriage is often setting up future work for the divorce court.

In our society, marriage is often regarded as a handicap for a man, but an advantage for a girl. For this reason, most men are not eager to rush into marriage unless they are overwhelmingly in love or convinced that great advantage is offered by the union.

Marriage is becoming more and more an equal partnership. If this boy is really too proud to allow you the right to contribute to the marriage, he might

not be a very good bet as a husband. You should relax and let the boy do the pursuing.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty and have been married for a year to an ex-GI who is attending college under the G.I. Bill.

I work in an office eight hours a day. The work is demanding and very tiresome. My husband goes to school mornings, but has no classes in the afternoon. He spends the time playing ball or hanging out with friends at the drugstore. Many evenings he is not home when I arrive, and the house is a mess.

It would only take an hour of his leisure time to straighten up a bit, but when I discuss this with him he says I am nagging. If I don't "shut up" as he suggests, he says he is going to get a divorce. If I mention how the husbands of my girl friends help with the housework, he slaps me.

I love my husband very much and I want us to be happy. Sometimes I think that if I quit my office job my problems would be solved, but I have to keep on working to support us.

Mrs. J. L. D.

You have said that you love your husband very much—a statement that interests me. Personally, I can't understand how a girl who is working eight hours a day to aid a man through college could continue to love that man if he abused her.

However, love is what the economists and politicians call "an imponderable." There's no predicting it.

If you really want to be happy, the only thing for you to do is to forget the appearance of your house at night. Do what you can in the morning, leave it, and don't even mention it (Continued on page 120)

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 83



Genevieve Joan Moore, II daughter of Mrs. Oliver J. Moore, lives in Lake Forest. She is engaged to Joseph A. Kelly of Akron, Ohio. "Ginny" has legendary Celtic beauty—raven black hair, a complexion white as milk, kept smooth as velvet with Pond's Cold Cream.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!

SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
OF SOCIETY WHO USE POND'S

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
 Mrs. Allan A. Ryan Mrs. John J. Astor
 H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco
 Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle
 Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
 The Lady Moyra Forester



"YOU MUST
Blush-Cleanse
YOUR FACE TONIGHT!"

says lovely Ginny Moore

"I feel I've given my face a wonderful *super* clean-up and smooth-out—when I *blush-cleanse* it," Ginny says. Read how her blush-cleanse beauty care with Pond's can help *your* skin.

Just 4 quick beauty-making steps:

Rouse face with splashes of warm water.

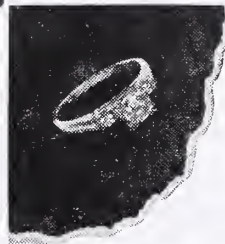
Cream your receptively moist, warm skin thickly with Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl briskly. This blush-cleanse loosens clinging dirt and make-up, softens skin, brings up fresh color. Tissue off.

Re-cream, to blush-rinse away last traces of dirt, make-up. This blush-rinse brings up still more color—makes skin feel super-soft. Tissue off again.

Tingle face with cold water.

RESULT—a softer, rosier, cleaner face than has looked out of your mirror for a long time. The *demulcent action* of Pond's Cold Cream has helped free your skin of dirt. This Pond's blush-cleanse has brought up the circulation that is so good for your skin.

Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. *Every night* do this blush-cleanse and blush-rinse —*every morning* just a quick blush-rinse. Watch your face respond.



HER RING—
a center diamond,
glittering between two
smaller diamonds

She uses Pond's !

Women know

**what Pond's Cream can do
for them**

**That is why far more
women use Pond's Cream
than any other**

(Continued from page 51) remained on a merry-go-round. Ardis (Brenda was christened Ardis Ankerson) caught up with me whenever time or money permitted. When I went into O.C.S. from then on there was barely time for breathing. Like all GIs, I had to count the pennies. Ardis worked for a few months, and then she retired to wait for the birth of Peter Westfield."

SINCE he was singing the reconversion blues, Bill said he might as well tell me how the Holdens reconverted to the housing problem.

When he came home from the army, the house that once had sufficed was beginning to bulge at the corners.

A small breakfast room served as sleeping quarters for Virginia, Ardis's young daughter by a former marriage. Peter Westfield had to have his own nursery, and now they were expecting the young person who turned out to be Scott Porter! With three children, a nurse, and a couple in the kitchen, Bill briefly toyed with the idea of installing a red and green traffic light system.

So they started out to look for a new home. Bill and Brenda had a definite picture in mind; they knew what they wanted and exactly what they could afford to pay. Bill was working at Columbia, co-starring with Glenn Ford in "The Man from Colorado." On his first day off he made a date with his wife and a real-estate man.

The real-estate man tried to tell them about a house that belonged to comedian, Leon Errol, who had lost his wife and now wanted to sell and move into a smaller place.

"I think maybe I must have been listening with half an ear," Bill laughed. "Anyway, the way the house was described to me, I wouldn't even be bothered to go look at it. Then one day we were driving around.

"After looking at several prospects, the real-estate man drove down a winding, flower-bordered street. It had no sidewalks, and its natural unplanned pattern appealed to us instantly. On a corner we saw this beautiful Georgian, flagstone-front house. I pointed it out and kiddingly asked the real-estate man why he couldn't find us something like that."

"That," he announced grimly, "is the house I've been talking about for the last five days!"

They saw it—two stories, four bedrooms and baths, room to think in, space to grow in—and they fell in love with it. But they knew they couldn't afford it. That night

they sat at the dinner table and tried to visualize how it would feel to own such a home. Brenda looked at Bill wistfully. He blinked, gulped and kicked himself under the table. Just then the phone rang. Brenda came back a few minutes later, looking like she had swallowed a couple of tons of stardust.

"It was Leslie Fenton," she said ecstatically. "They are looking for someone to play opposite Alan Ladd in 'Whispering Smith' and he suggested me. The part is mine and I'm going to take it."

They knew when they moved in that it would be a year before they could even afford to buy an ash tray, let alone the extra furniture they would be needing.

Bill came home one evening and Brenda, who had preceded him, was behind the bar whipping up a malted milk for Peter Westfield (they call him "West") on the mixer.

"Oh Ardis," said Bill nonchalantly, "I stopped by Rennick's today. You know those bar benches we looked at? Well, we can have them next week."

"But Bill," cried Brenda. "You said if we ordered them, they wouldn't be delivered for six or eight months."

"No honey," Bill emphasized the words with great masculine patience. "That was our new dining room set I was referring to."

"Dining room set!" shrieked Brenda. "WHAT dining room set? Oh Bill—!"

That's how the Holdens reconverted—

IT'S been so long since Bill Holden last appeared in the movie magazines—that was back in 1942, that was—that perhaps we'd better tell you a little about his background.

His real name is William Beedle, and he was born in O'Fallon, Illinois, the oldest of three brothers. When Bill was four, his father, a chemical analyst, moved the Beedle brood to Pasadena. Despite high hopes held, Bill remained uninspired by scientific research. The analysis of fertilizer he especially found completely lacking in fatal fascination.

In the Beedle world, one somehow just didn't decry, "I want to be an actor." So Bill quietly slipped into the Pasadena Playhouse. He was portraying an old man of seventy when a Paramount talent scout first saw him. Bill tested late in 1938 and signed early in 1939.

Columbia (who still share his contract) borrowed him for "Golden Boy." When Bill wasn't learning to act and talk, he was taking violin lessons, or training to fight like a professional. There were interviews and portrait sittings, wardrobe fit-

tings and endless rehearsals for his numerous picture jobs. Occasionally he managed to sneak a quick visit to his bewildered family in Pasadena.

And then came his marriage to Brenda Marshall, and Pearl Harbor—and the rest you already know.

From here on it's clear sailing for the reconverted Holdens—loving each other, laughing at each other—working and playing, planning their future together.

SUNDAYS are especially special. Usually the kids are commandeered by Bill's parents and whisked over to Pasadena. The servants leave, Brenda gets on the telephone and Bill makes a beeline for their barbecue pit. By very informal invitation, the Ronald Reagans, the Richard Carlsons, the Glenn Fords wander in as the day progresses.

Bill is the organizer and how he loves organizing! He barbecues the steaks and chickens, toasts the garlic bread and bakes the potatoes. It's practically witchcraft but everything comes out piping hot and ready at the same time. Ardis stares at him in wonder and offers up silent little prayers that she'll manage to whip through the salad. Speaking of cooking (and just try and stop him) for Bill it holds a serpent-like fascination.

"It isn't that I eat so much," he quickly clears himself. "But I love all kinds of food, both exotic and simple. Someday I'm going to give my stomach a real, culinary holiday. I'll have fried locusts in India, French snails in France—in fact I'll just quietly eat my way around the world."

Aside from cooking food and eating food, Bill also gets a vicarious thrill out of just reading about it! All of which recalls one of Brenda's favorite stories. They had retired early. Bill was comfortably propped up in bed reading the "Gentlemen's Companion," or—"Round the World with Knife, Fork and Spoon" and "Exotic Drinks and Cooking."

Brenda, who was writing letters, suddenly looked over at her husband.

"So help me," she loves to taunt him, "he was—DROOLING!"

Despite their relaxed life and living, Bill and Brenda still are catching up on things there was never time to discuss before. Periodically they go on talking jags and once to their horror—dawn broke and there they were still yakking! When Bill was making "The Man from Colorado," the company was dismissed at six. At six-fifteen he was back home talking to Brenda.

"You see how simple life can be," he stretched himself out on the couch luxuriously while she mixed them a Martini.

"I've been off the screen so long, no one recognizes me. When I come out the studio gate, those happy little characters with autograph books don't even bother to look in my direction. So I'm home in a few minutes. I tell you—life certainly can be beautiful."

The following Saturday Bill was down at the market buying steaks for their Sunday barbecue. At the end of the counter stood a woman who kept staring. And staring. Bill became so aware of it he began showing his discomfort. Then she came over.

"For just a moment there, you gave me quite a thrill," she giggled. "I thought you were—Alan Ladd. You ought to try and get a job in the studios. You could double for Alan—any time!"

It's our personal opinion that Bill Holden does a whale of a job—just "doubling" for himself.

THE END

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HUMOR

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Do You want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's **TRUE ROMANCE Magazine.**



Joan Caulfield
starring in
Paramount's Picture

"VARIETY GIRL"



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LEVER product



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fresh new Loveliness," says this famous star

Lovely Joan Caulfield tells you how she takes her Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap: "Just smooth Lux Soap's fragrant creamy lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, a dash of cold. As you pat gently to dry, skin is smoother, more appealing."

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. You'll find Joan Caulfield is right when she says "My Lux Soap beauty care will make you lovelier tonight!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

You'll like this 7-Day Prune Cake

says BETTY BLAKE

EVERYBODY knows how good Prunes are for breakfast... but not everybody knows how many good things can be made from them. Here's one, for example:



Easy to make, wonderful to eat... and keeps fresh and moist for a full week!

- 1½ cups uncooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes
- 1½ cups granulated sugar
- ¼ cup shortening
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2¾ cups all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon mace
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1½ teaspoons soda
- ¾ cup boiling coffee

Wash prunes, boil 10 minutes in water to cover, drain, pit, and put through medium food chopper. Cream sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs, mix. Add prunes, mix. Add flour sifted with salt, spices, and ½ tsp. soda, mix well. Add coffee in which remaining soda has been dissolved. Beat well. Pour into 3 well-greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°) for 25 min. Combine layers with butter and sugar icing. This cake gathers moisture and will keep a full week without loss of flavor. Serves 10 to 12.

☆☆☆☆

Try this Quick SUNSWEET Trick! Fill a quart jar with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, add boiling water to cover, and let stand. Good the next day, better the day after... the longer they stand the richer they get.

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California Prune & Apricot Growers Assn.
San Jose, California

SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots and Peaches... also SUNSWEET Prune Juice

Olivia discusses her role in "The Snake Pit" with author Mary Jane Ward



Livvie takes a chance

Win or lose, there was no other course

for the girl who has never "played it safe"



Cover Girl

ONCE you've reached the top it's human nature to sit back and say, "Now I can take it easy, play it safe."

Not so Olivia de Havilland. The day after she had dusted off her mantelpiece with a white silk handkerchief and care-

fully deposited upon it Hollywood's most prized trophy, the Academy Oscar, it was announced that her next picture would be "The Snake Pit," Twentieth Century-Fox's adaptation of the best-selling novel about a girl in a mental hospital.

That is definitely not "playing it safe." If Livvie had looked around deliberately for the most dangerous vehicle she could find, a role that would tax to the utmost her ingenuity as an actress, this was it. But Livvie is a gambler and has always been a mystery to Hollywood. She was either a recluse or an habitue of the night spots. When people asked her why she didn't get married, her answer was bewilderingly direct. "The right man hasn't come along yet. I'm in no hurry!"

When the right man came along she didn't hesitate. She and Marcus Goodrich were married just a few weeks after they met. She didn't need a long engagement. She knew he was the right man and she was in a hurry.

She is full of sentiment. During an

appearance at the Hollywood Bowl one night, a policeman backstage told her that a little old lady who had come by streetcar all the way from Compton (some thirty miles) was at the stage door and wanted to see her. The little lady came in and presented Olivia with a gift, wrapped in a shoe box and covered with silver paper.

In it was a replica of Olivia as *Melanie* in "Gone With the Wind." She was so touched that she broke into tears.

She loves to eat, but has to be careful about food, because of a tendency to gain weight. Before she started work on "The Snake Pit" she went on a diet and lost fourteen pounds. She felt that the character should look wan and gaunt and diet was the only way to get the effect.

She can face a huge audience and give a dramatic portrayal that will put tears into the eyes of every one of her listeners, but she has a dread of being interviewed on the radio. She explains it simply—"When I play a part I'm fine—but the hardest thing for me to do is play myself."

Her greatest thrill? She still isn't quite sure. For years she thought that she could never get a bigger thrill than when she won the junior cup for public speaking at Saratoga (California) High School. Yet the night the Oscar was put into her hands, she could scarcely speak through excitement. That was a great thrill too.

So great a thrill that she's willing to gamble on a repeat for her performance in "The Snake Pit."

THE END

The Best Years of Her Life

(Continued from page 44) her so that she made up her mind to learn to bake the best cakes in California. That's how it came about that she learned to bake superlative cakes before she tackled anything as simple as a poached egg. She has been collecting cookbooks ever since and has "spurts" of frantic cooking activity, sizzling language and all. Just now it is casserole cookery and she tells how Pete, her fourteen-year-old stepson, coming up on her the third day in succession growing rosy cheeked over an earthenware dish, wailed, "Oh, please—not again! Can't we eat out tonight?" Teresa produced a steak for Pete—but Niven eats her concoctions and praises them highly.

They live in a rambling white frame house in the Valley, on a three-and-one-half acre hillside plot boasting a wealth of huge trees and more riches in the lovely vistas of hills and meadows. The house has ambled right up the hillside with the result that no two rooms are on the same level and it is something of an adventure to find your way from one part of the house to another, although it isn't particularly large. Even the garden and the two patios are on different levels but wherever you are, no matter in which direction you look, there is a lovely view.

When I first knew Teresa she was always talking about the "bi-ig" barbecue party they intended to give "some day when we really feel up to it." They finally gave it and were so delighted with the whole thing that they have been giving them more and more frequently ever since. The thing that they emphatically do not do at these parties is play games. "Because," says Teresa, "they interfere with conversation. And what is the use of getting interesting people together if you don't have conversation?"

In spite of the fact that one of Teresa's hobbies is interior decorating and that she fills innumerable scrapbooks with information about color schemes, wallpapers, fabrics and so on, she insists that her own house is "plain hodge podge," since most of the furniture was left over from the days when Niven had a bachelor establishment and she her own small apartment. All the chairs and divans are deep and soft and although there is no "planned period" or even a consistent color scheme, everything harmonizes to give an impression of peace. The only splash of real color in the house is an outburst of huge roses on Teresa's bedroom walls. At the moment she is brooding happily over the "leaf-green and white dining room" she will have some day.

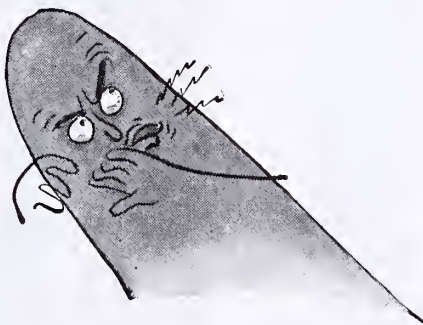
SHE MEETS people socially with ease and an engaging eagerness, but she suffers horrible stage fright when she is about to be introduced to someone whom she admires professionally. When she first arrived in Hollywood a member of the publicity department was taking her to lunch at the studio commissary when she espied Bette Davis. She burst into tears and refused to go in. The press agent, sensing a good story in the meeting of the two women, walked round and round the block with her, imploring, but finally gave in and took her to a drive-in for a sandwich. Yet, when she met Bette later on at a party, she was as cool and poised as a plate of cream. Tears nearly overcame her when Barbara Stanwyck complimented her on her work (Continued on page 75)

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 83



All in favor say... FELS-NAPTHA!



When it's a choice of laundry soap, millions of families vote the straight Fels-Naptha 'ticket'.

For work clothes and play clothes; white shirts, linens and towels; for delicate underthings—and of course for Baby's things that must be *extra clean and soft*—there is nothing like the thorough cleaning action of gentle Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha's blend of good, mild soap and active naptha assures whiter washes with less work. Be sure to mark *your* shopping 'ballot' Fels-Naptha—Bar and Chips.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Raving Beauty

The prize was a trip to screenland and a screen test for the winner of the
Peggy Sage Raving Beauty Contest



Paramount's make-up man readies Edwina for her screen test. Studio executives acted as judges, along with Peggy Sage and Photoplay editors, arranged for test and a thrilling studio tour



Edwina Muehlberger, 18-year-old salesgirl from Stern's New York store, reached Hollywood excited but tired, went straight to Beverly Hills Hotel

Next stop the hairdresser, where Elizabeth Scott gave her some tips on how to wear her hair. Anita Colby advised on the coming test—Edith Head, Paramount designer, okayed her dress.



Van's handshake almost killed her! At preview of his picture she met Norma

Shearer, Janet Leigh and — later on—the Frank Sinatra! "He's nice!"



Lights, camera! Edwina hopes she can stop trembling—more than anything she wants screen test to lead to something!

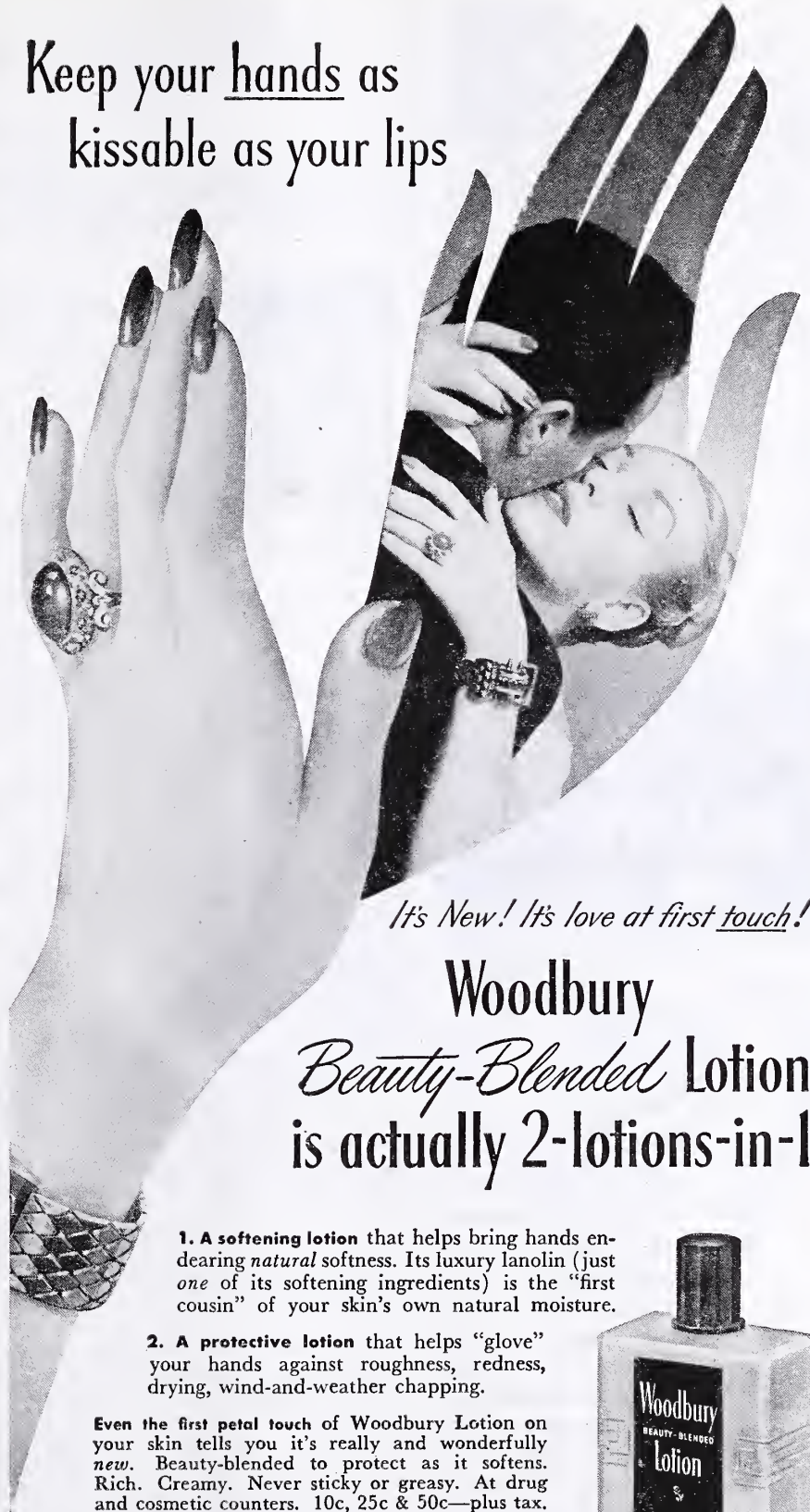


Dinner at the Chanteclair with John and Marie Lund! "The sweetest people in all Hollywood," said a delighted Edwina.



A rhumba with John Lund at Ciro's! Edwina's thrilling six-day stay in starland is almost ended—but, who knows?

Keep your hands as
kissable as your lips



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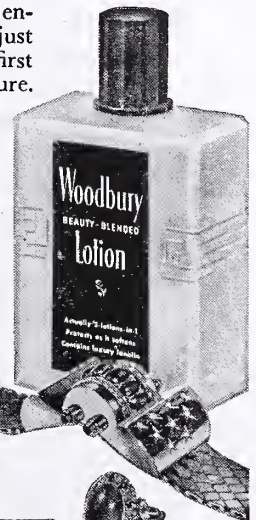
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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Current disk-doings with the spotlight focused on music and musical personalities from the motion-picture world



Laurence Olivier

HENRY V: The brilliant spectacle which helped win Laurence Olivier knighthood now serves as a fine album, recorded in London by the star and beautifully packaged here by Victor. The fine original musical score by William Walton is prominently heard in the background.

NORTHWEST OUTPOST: Columbia has issued an album of tunes from the film with Nelson Eddy's voice in fine manly fettle.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW: Perry Como (Victor), Ray Noble (Columbia) and the sweet singing Dinning Sisters (Capitol) are among those who have taken to the title tune which Mark Stevens sings in the movie. (For the record, let it be stated that Buddy Clark is Stevens's anonymous singing voice.)

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS: This one has a sure-fire hit ballad, "You Do," which Helen Forrest (M-G-M), Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Vic Damone (Mercury) do for the phonographs.

DEAR RUTH: This has a bright theme, "Fine Thing." If you don't remember it, Charlie Spivak (Victor) and Les Brown (Columbia) will help refresh your memory.

BODY AND SOUL: This film took Johnny Green's torcher for its title and now the tune is due for repeated airings. Latest one is by long-absent Lee Wiley and Eric Siday's interesting little group (Victor).

OLD SPANISH TRAIL: Roy Rogers has disked the title tune for Victor, Kay Kyser for Columbia, and Andy Russell for Capitol.

VARIETY GIRL: This one has a novelty click in "Tallahassee" and Dinah Shore and Woody Herman join up for a slick Columbia grooving. Incidentally, Dinah co-stars with Frank Sinatra in a wonderful Columbia platter of "My Romance" and "Tea for Two" with all proceeds from its sale going to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Don't pass it up.

LIFE WITH FATHER: Music chief wisely selected a song from the 19th Century, "Sweet Marie," to serve the film's atmosphere and Jack Smith (Capitol) gives it a fine modern treatment.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has several new Columbia albums worthy of your attention. One is Liszt's satanic Mephisto Waltz. Artur Rodzinski is on the podium for this one. . . . Modernist Igor Stravinsky conducts his own Symphony In Three Movements for sophisticated music-lovers. . . . The orchestra accompanies brilliant violinist Isaac Stern in Wieniawski's Concerto No. 2 in D Minor. The results of all three works are entirely satisfactory. . . . For more violin importance, try Jascha Heifetz's collection of modern violin transcriptions which Victor has just issued. . . . Bach's immortal Suites No. 2 and 3 get a sympathetic rendition by the Boston Symphony with Koussevitzky conducting this important Victor classical contribution. . . . Light operatic melodies of Weill, Youmans and Rodgers are finely sung by Gladys Swarthout in a new Victor album. . . . More top-grade singing is done by tenor Torsten Ralf in a grouping of Wagnerian operatic excerpts elegantly organized by Columbia. . . . Radio's famed First Piano Quartet (Victor) play Variations on a Theme by Paganini and Three Etudes by Chopin. . . . Shostakovich's stirring Ninth, written shortly after World War II and dedicated to his country's victorious armed forces, is thrillingly executed by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. . . . An excellent album is Columbia's collection of famous Russian melodies by Tchaikovsky and Rimski-Korsakov and played by cellist Gregor Piatigorsky.



Helen Forrest

(Continued from page 71) in "Pride of the Yankees," and when she met dancer Vera-Ellen recently she was as breathless as a teen-aged fan, which amazed Vera-Ellen no end—she being the shy type, herself!

Niven has always laughed at her and made her laugh at herself. Often when she is engaged in earnest conversation (discussion, *really* grows intense with her!) she will suddenly catch his eye and will break all out in giggles and lose her place in what she was saying. She goes back to her subject, though.

She likes to garden but came a sad cropper this spring when she attempted a bed of larkspur. She "had at" the hard, adobe soil with a pick-axe—all five feet two inches of her—and tamped the baby plants down, watered them thoroughly and retired to dream of azure loveliness. Next morning the snails had taken every single plant. So-o-o she bought a box of snail poison and began over. Even snails aren't going to defeat her.

She loves to swim and thinks the luxury of a pool is the only one for which she really yearns. She has "made passes" at learning to ride and play tennis but has never had time to be really good at either.

She buys old china and fine old woods from a favorite shop in Beverly Hills. There she dreamily makes deposits on various objects and weeks later someone phones to say, "We're still holding the blue and white milk pitcher. Remember?" Teresa gasps apologetically. Of course she remembers. She hasn't called for it because—oh, well, she knows it's there and that it belongs to her and there doesn't seem to be any particular rush about the actual possession of it. When she finally goes to pick it up she inevitably finds something else to reserve for another exciting day. The blue and white pitcher was followed by a wonderful antique chafing dish (she still owes nineteen dollars on this!) which caused a minor crisis in the Busch household when she attempted to use wood alcohol for fuel. It smelled.

SINCE she has been in pictures she has learned to get up at six and even to like it. Since she has been married to the ebullient Niven, she has learned to eat a tremendous breakfast and to like that, too. She does most of the family marketing and hates doing it . . . she gets her accounts all mixed up and can never remember whether or not she received her change. She is always promising herself to "make lists of things—all kinds of things"—under the apparent impression that if she ever gets round to doing this, life will magically become much simpler than it is now. She writes notes to herself and leaves them all over the house in odd corners but usually she can't decipher them when she comes upon them.

She loves to shop for clothes and feels wicked and delightfully guilty when she orders things without asking the prices. This, she thinks, is a hangover from the days when she could only window-shop at Macy's and pretend she was ordering things. She likes simple dinner frocks and doesn't want any glittery trimming on them. She likes slacks and tweeds—"country-looking clothes"—and thinks she is "the sloppiest woman I know" about her clothes at home. She is puzzled at women who constantly worry and fuss about their hair. Hers is long and straight and won't take a permanent and she wonders, wistfully, sometimes, how she would look if she had it cut short like a little boy's. She enjoys mild bath oils and colognes and what she describes as "indefinite odors."

She hates to pose for stills and perhaps this has something to do with the legend about her disliking "leg art." "I don't care what they have me wearing," she explains. "It's so dull, putting a leg here and an



"Here's the RCA VICTOR RECORD ROUND-UP for September!"

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Includes *Hawaiian War Chant*, *Somewhere a Voice Is Calling* (with Frank Sinatra), *Chicago*, *After You've Gone*, *Boogie Woogie*, *Opus No. 1*, others. P-163, \$3.15.



NEW ALBUM BY THE THREE SUNS

"Three Suns Week" starts Sept. 22nd! Celebrate with their new album, "The Three Suns Present"—*Twilight Time*, *When Day Is Done*, *Deep Purple*, *Dardanella*, *The Breeze and I*, *Sunrise Serenade*, *Hindustan*. P-185, \$3.15.

Hear "Witchery"—Charlie Spivak's newest hit record! It's dedicated to Primrose House "Witchery" Perfume. Vocal by Tommy Mercer. On the other side: *Stardreams*, Charlie's famous theme. Record 20-2373, 60¢.

Eddy Arnold and his Tennessee Playboys: *It's a Sin* and *I Couldn't Believe It Was True*. Record 20-2241, 60¢.

Maurice Chevalier: "Maurice Chevalier Returns." Album includes *Place Pigalle*, *Weeping Willie*, *Quai de Bercy*, *Valentine*, *Vingt Ans*. With Henri René and his Orchestra. S-51, \$3.75.

Bill Johnson and his Musical Notes: *Don't You Think I Oughta Know* (vocal by Gus Gordan and

Quartet) and *Shanty's Got to Go* (vocal by Bill Johnson and Quartet). Record 20-2225, 60¢.

Freddy Martin and his Orchestra: *The Lady from 29 Palms* (vocal by The Martin Men) and *Cumana* (Barclay Allen at the piano). 20-2347, 60¢.

Prices are suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.

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What!—No phonograph?—You're missing hours of fun! Hear the new Victrola radio-phonograph with the "Golden Throat." Victrola—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Radio Corporation of America.

THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON
RCA VICTOR RECORDS



Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHY IS HE WRITING TO ANOTHER WOMAN?

- A.** Her husband's cooling love...his apparent disloyalty...may be largely her fault. She may have become neglectful of proper feminine hygiene.
- Q.** Can such neglect affect married happiness?
- A.** Doctors say many wives kill romance this way...stress that intimate daintiness demands effective douching. For this, you can depend on "Lysol" brand disinfectant.
- Q.** How does "Lysol" rate among other disinfectants?
- A.** Less "Lysol" is more effective than many other, weaker anti-septics. "Lysol," a proved germ and odor killer, is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter.
- Q.** How about homemade solutions—like salt, or soda?
- A.** No weak, makeshift solution can compare with "Lysol" for cleansing effectively.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche. See what a difference complete daintiness makes in renewed charm and married romance.



Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol," in the proper solution, for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol"

is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

**For Feminine
Hygiene—always use**

Lysol
Brand Disinfectant



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, Dept. F-472, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Copr., 1947 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

arm there and then—just sitting. I want to do something!"

Her bland little tricks on the set are fast becoming a Hollywood legend. "She knows," her husband says, "how to accomplish things without getting belligerent—without even raising her voice."

When she is nervously tense, as she is before starting a difficult scene, she hisses through her teeth—"exactly like a Japanese General!" And when she is puzzled—which is rather often—she rubs her little nose until it is as red as a cherry.

Someone asked her what she would like to do if she had a whole week to herself and she spent a long time speculating, finally reaching the decision that she would like a week of New York shows, with dinners and suppers at the exciting places but a little torn because she thought she would also enjoy a week in New England, near a brook. Then she realized suddenly that she actually *had* a whole week to herself recently and that she had spent it rapturously, sewing baby clothes, gardening and trying to learn to like mystery stories because Niven does. But, "I never can quite care who murdered whom, somehow. I guess it's because I didn't *know* him!"

She won't commit herself about her favorite reading anyhow. "There are so many things I haven't *read*," she protests, "and so many things I want to read and I'm sure there are things of which I haven't even heard that I shall read some time."

SHE FEELS that her education is far from complete. She was born in New York City and went to grammar school there, afterward moving to Maplewood, New Jersey, where she attended the Rosehaven School for Girls. Despite the fact that no one in her family had ever been in show business (her father was an insurance salesman) she thinks she started to try to act when she was about eight and was taken to see Baby Rose Marie on the screen. She imitated Rose Marie assiduously and after she had seen Mitzi Green she began to imitate everybody. She still does and people on sets where she works are convulsed at her not-always-too-kind mimicry of various Hollywood glamour gals. The first time she was ever in a real theater was when a teacher took her to see Cornelia Otis Skinner. The first play she ever saw was "Victoria Regina" with Helen Hayes, and she recalls it as the greatest experience of her life, the thing that made her grow up and gave her vague ambitions a sharp reality.

She studied at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown, where Bette Davis had studied, and she had a year or two on the road and along the straw-hat circuit before she got the role in "Life With Father" which was to make her famous. Contrary to what has been written too often, Teresa asserts that she did not walk placidly into Oscar Serlin's office, unannounced, and convince him out of hand that she was the girl for the role. "I went to see him by appointment, just as any other actress would. It was no great feat getting in to see Oscar. When he is casting he sees everyone. He had me read for him several times, just as he had a dozen other actresses do, and then he engaged me. Any other story you hear is nonsense."

If she is in a group which talks "shop," that is, show business, she joins in eagerly. If the conversation is about something unfamiliar she listens avidly, storing away bits of information like a squirrel. In New York she was frequently with a group of

**Turn to Page 83 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color**

people who surrounded Georges Barrère, the noted flautist, and she learned to appreciate Beethoven and was introduced to the charms of chamber music. Out of this has grown her passion for collecting fine recordings.

She likes to go to night clubs if they are fairly large and well ventilated but she detests small, "exclusive" stuffy ones. Often, in these places, people sit down at their table and outline story ideas for Niven. She just looks absent-minded while this goes on. But months later, if the subject arises, she knows the story by heart, almost word for word as it was told to them. What's more, she has definite opinions about it and her husband avers that her judgment is invariably sound.

She used to give away large sums of money quite haphazardly until Niven persuaded her to put her finances into the hands of a manager, who introduced her to that Nemesis—her allowance. It distresses her because she enjoys money and "what is the use of having it if you can't get at it?"

She thinks she hasn't any theories about how to achieve a happy marriage. "If you both work, then it is important that you admire and respect one another's activities. But then, it is even more important that you admire and respect each other. I think it must be important to put your marriage first, before any other concern, and that you try hard to remember all the things, the wise things, you've heard about good humor and optimism. After that . . . you just hope. . . ."

"I seem to live," she concludes, helplessly, "in a state of perpetual confusion!"

Perhaps she does but you must admit—on Teresa it looks pretty!

THE END

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It's *Exciting!*

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The November Photoplay

WHY?

Because it has more beautiful
color pages than ever before . . .

Because it has new features you've
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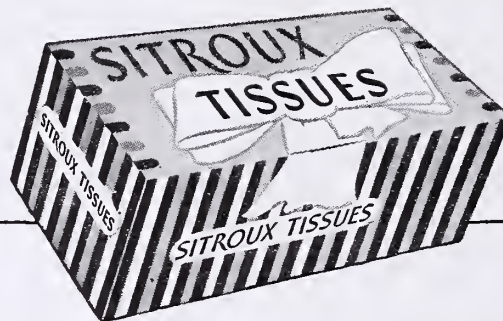


when he catches you "all cream" — don't scream...

to the rescue with SITROUX!
... say SIT-TRUE

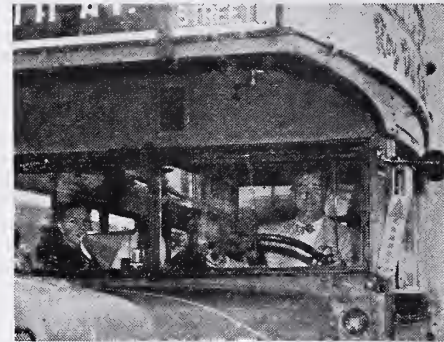
THE BOX WITH THE
BOW ON TOP

© 1947, Sitroux Inc.

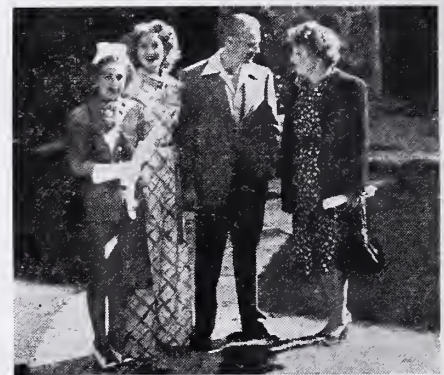


It Happened In Hollywood

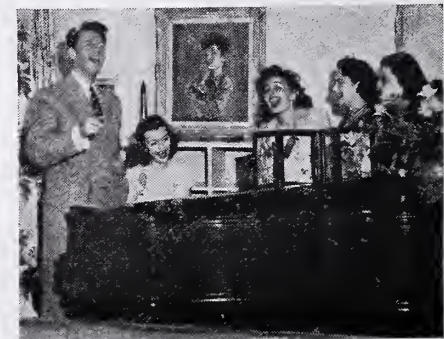
A real tour of stars' homes in
a Fifth Ave. bus, star vehicle
of "It Happened on Fifth Ave."



All aboard! Photoplay's guests are off
to a thrilling start with Rod Cameron as
driver, Gale Storm as "barker"



Guests Hermaine Hunsicker and Tula
Mitchell meet Jeanette MacDonald and
Gene Raymond at their Bel-Air home



In the Aumont-Montez home, Photoplay's
guests do a little harmonizing with Jean
Pierre, Dale Evans and Catherine McLeod

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Here's what millions do for
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need relief, take pleasant, gentle
Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax gets results easily, com-
fortably. It isn't violent or upsetting
like some laxatives are. When you
take Ex-Lax, you hardly know you
have used a laxative, except for the
satisfying relief you get.

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on Ex-Lax for thorough relief. It is
biologically tested for effective action.
Many doctors use Ex-Lax in their
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And remember, Ex-Lax has a deli-
cious chocolate taste. It's a real plea-
sure to take!

So take Ex-Lax and as a precau-
tion use only as directed. Ex-Lax is
America's most widely used laxative
—the favorite of old and young alike.
Still only 10¢. Economy size, 25¢.

When Nature "forgets"... remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Dear Baby

(Continued from page 41) the above mentioned fans, your life has been remarkable already.

It is not usual, my man, to have your cod liver oil with a lion cub in the yard, looking in through glass doors! Her name is Shah. Since she has long teeth and sharp claws you will never know her well. Your mother rescued her from a cage when she was about as big as you are. Now she has found a zoo in San Diego where they will let her roam in a five-acre park. If you are very persuasive you can probably get your Ma to take you down there one day to call on Shah.

Then too, you were offered a part in a picture before you had your eyes properly opened. And what did your mother do? She cried! It happened in the hospital where you and your mother were spending an extra week while your father tore the town apart to furnish two rooms in your new hillside home, and she cried for three days. First because she read in the papers that she wished you had been a girl. And then because they said she wanted you to be in a picture.

"First he'll think I didn't want him—then he'll think I wanted him to go right to work," your mother sobbed. And it is a heart rending sight to see your mother cry.

Anyhow, let's get that straight. Your mother not only wanted you, but she knew you were a boy long before anyone else did. Mothers are never supposed to know for sure what they are going to get. But your mother did! At Christmas, long before you arrived, she gave your father a book on lions, accompanied by a note saying, "and right this minute our son is jumping like mad." So you see?

And she is not even considering making you earn your keep. Your parents can manage very nicely without your help at present. And probably throw in a gold spoon or two if and when they finish buying circular couches for your living room and importing sandy loam from the San Fernando Valley so that your rocky hillside will produce a proper lawn for you to roll on when you reach that stage.

It will interest you to know that your father chaperoned you at your first party. There are treasonous reports circulating that he did some muttering about "me and the other mothers" and "feeling silly." These are unconfirmed and the facts remain. He did take you. Your mother had to do a radio show. And they are both too proud of you to send you alone with a nurse.

Perhaps your mother's pride in his ability to keep you shipshape (a chore he insisted he would never attempt before your actual arrival) influenced him. Or perhaps it was the wiles of your first hostess, one Stephanie Wanger by name. She is the daughter of Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett. The party was to celebrate Stephanie's fourth birthday.

Your mother tried to convince her that you were pretty little to be partying around and might not carry your end socially. "He can't even walk yet," she told Stephanie. "You just let him come," your prospective hostess begged. "He'll walk Thursday."

So your father agreed to take you but you fooled everyone and did not walk.

You were baptized at the age of seven weeks and you behaved extremely well!

You were assisted by the fact that it was kept strictly a family affair. Your mother's twenty-year-old sister Rita became your godmother; your father's sixteen-year-old brother Peter, your godfather; your grandparents were the only witnesses; the same Jesuit priest who married your father and mother baptized you

★Decorates in a jiffy!

In minutes, put a colorful smile on your kitchen and banish that drab, "bare-shelf" look! Royledge is shelving paper and edging all-in-one—place on shelf and fold edge down—presio, beautiful kitchen!

★Long-lasting quality!

This pattern shows Royledge color only—you have to SEE and FEEL actual Royledge to appreciate its enduring, double-thick quality. Patented Royledge embossed double edge is non-will, non-curl!

★Costs only a few pennies!

Less than a penny a day to re-decorate your kitchen monthly with Royledge! Grand too for closets, children's room, etc. See glorious NEW Royledge patterns now at Sord-10's, neighborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

See the wonderful difference Royledge makes...

AND EDGING SHELVING PAPER

"ALL-IN-ONE"

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SHELVING 9 FT.-7¢

Royal Lace Paper Works, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

This is "TOWNTOWN", one of many gorgeous new Royledge patterns.

Cut out this Royledge pattern—try it on YOUR kitchen shelves!





IT'S TRUE! THESE LOVELY
CLOPAY CURTAINS COST
ONLY **39¢**

WOW! LET'S CURTAIN
EVERY WINDOW
FROM ATTIC TO
BASEMENT!

NO WINDOW need be dull or dingy now. For kitchen, bath or bedroom—for basement, hall or attic, CLOPAY Hollywood Style Curtains bring gaiety and charm for just a few pennies.

Five-piece sets of genuine plasticized cellulose in brisk polka dot, gingham or strawberry patterns. Red, blue or green. They're a full 54 inches long and can be shortened just by cutting.

CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS

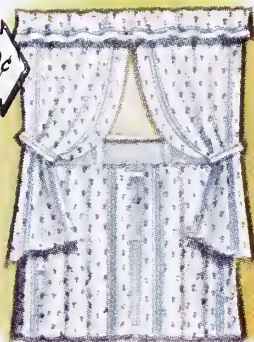
So smart, so fresh—CLOPAY Cottage Sets make any window sing. 7-Piece set includes 2 top panels, 2 sash panels, 2 tie-backs, and an extra width of valance.

ONLY **59¢**

CLOPAY Lintoned DRAPES

Charm and elegance at amazingly low cost. Stunning florals, stripes and plaids. Generous 2½ yards long, with matching tie-backs.

ONLY **98¢**



Free Booklet: "E... Windows at Low Cost." Write to: Clopay Corp., 1246 Clopay Sq., Cincinnati 14, O.

CLOPAY

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Beautiful Windows At Low Cost

Now available at 5 and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores.

in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament where their nuptials were performed.

Still and all, swathed in your unfamiliar silks, bonneted and shod with silk booties, gifts of your mother's mama, you not only behaved yourself but managed a toothless smile when the priest brushed your lips with salt during the ceremony.

You have a good deal to smile over, my young friend. Your mother has given you a start that is not only unusual for a movie star's offspring, it is, unfortunately, all too unusual for most babies of today.

There were no bottles in your life until you were two months old. Your mother fed you as nature intended she should as long as it was possible. She has kept your bassinet by her bed all night every night since she brought you to your new home. The loving care and attention you have had is that which comes only from a mother's overflowing heart.

Your father, too, is catching some of that overflow, usually at about 5:30 in the morning. It is your famous mother who puts you down, warm and full and happy, at 10:30 at night and who dashes sleepily to your rescue at 5:30 when you demand that the day begin. But it is your father who is prodded into wakefulness to keep you warm while she heats your bottle. "I wouldn't really call it a full night's rest," Paul Sr. has been heard muttering sleepily at his coffee cup as he prepares to face his plant, bright and brisk, at 9. "But it is an improvement over having the same performance at 2 a.m."

THEN there are mornings when he is called upon for more active service. If it is cold (and you will discover later that in selecting Southern California for your home you did not evade cold mornings) both you and your mother have been known to go back to sleep while your bottle heated, then boiled, and finally exploded on the kitchen stove. Then father's day begins with mopping down the ceiling.

Of course, there is Clarice on whom your mother claims she can see filmy dark wings. She is your nurse, but she also manages to keep your house clean, do some laundry and whip up a snack for your elders now and then.

At the moment you are the exclusive charge of your parents. And there probably never were two who got more fun and real joy out of a new arrival. But soon your mother will have to go back to her glamorous business.

You can start right now being as proud of her and her work as your father is. Maybe she had you in mind all the time, for there has never been a line, or a look, or anything in one of her pictures that was not just as clean and bright and gay as you are. And now you have a definite part in her career. For you are sending her back to her fans a little lovelier, a little more grown up, with a serenity and pride on her face that were never there before.

Already you seem to have sensed your responsibility. Already you reserve your temper, and they tell us you have a temper, for someone else. She never sees that lower lip roll down until it covers your chin. When she hangs over your lacey basket and teases you about it, calls you her "little tough guy," she gets nothing but smiles and gurgles.

Keep it up, little Paul! You are now a most important member of a working team, a team with a big job and a lot of influence. For with your help, your lovely mother will go on making more people laugh and sing and forget themselves in this sorely troubled world. You may have to learn about that later but not if your mother and the rest of America's mothers can help it; and never, I hope, from your friend,

Elaine St. Johns

The End

Beauty Spots



Ava Gardner, in
"The Hucksters,"
suggests lip-tricks

By
Mary Jane Fulton

A "SECOND LOOK" GAL

Off the screen, AVA GARDNER looks like an attractive college girl. You'd hardly take her for a movie star. But, definitely, you'd notice her. That's because she has a certain something about her that draws admiring glances. . . . You might first notice her light olive skin, as clean and soft as a baby's. Or it could be her reddish-brown hair, becomingly worn in a loose, shoulder-length glamour bob, tempting the wind to touch it playfully. Perhaps you'd notice the unconscious grace with which she walks and wears her clothes. When interviewed here in New York recently, she had on a gray checked suit, a pink sweater and a pink chiffon scarf pulled through an attractive gold scarf ring.

HEP TO BEAUTY TRICKS

AVA believes that one make-up color is not right for wear with every costume. She had on a pinkish shade of lipstick and nail polish which harmonized beautifully with the pink part of her outfit. . . . A movie make-up man told her how to put on lipstick so that it doesn't smear easily. After applying it with a lipstick brush, she blots it by biting on a tissue. Then, to set it, she moistens it with cologne. You might try this trick, to see if it works as well for you. Or you might like using one of the liquid or cream lipsticks, which are claimed to stay on so well. Besides having more indelibility now, nail polishes and cream lipsticks may be made to last even longer by applying one of the new colorless liquid products, made especially for the purpose, over or under them. Ava's tan is fading. As it does, she switches to lighter powder shades. She suggests that you keep mixing a light face powder in with the darker shade you've been using. In this way, as your tan gradually disappears, your powder will match your changing skin tones. Then you can buy one of the luscious new fall face powder shades. . . . After the summer, too, she has a hair-conditioning treatment at the beauty parlor. If your hair needs one, she advises that you either have it given professionally, or get a special treatment cream or oil, and use it according to directions. . . . Brush your hair a lot, Ava urges. This, she thoughtfully points out, is one good way to put glints in your hair, so that when he sees you there'll be a glint in his eyes!



"No one could tell our permanents apart — can you?" asks the Toni twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder my sister says after this we'll be Toni Twins!"

Which Twin has
the Toni?

(and which had her
permanent at a beauty shop?)

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely

Toni Home Permanent for your date tonight

Like the lovely Toni twin, you'll have soft natural-looking curls and deep, smooth waves the day you Toni-wave your hair. Before you try Toni you'll want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just

as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

How much do I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only \$2. . . . with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which is the TONI twin?

Kathleene, at the right, has the Toni.

Ask for Toni today at any leading drug, notions or cosmetic counter.



Intimate
Toni
HOME PERMANENT



THE CREME COLD WAVE



your new
Lashabouts
by
Velvet Step



JOETT
Tailored calfskin
suit-shoe

Do your
shopping, marketing,
all your dashing about in
smooth-looking, smooth-fitting
Velvet Step Shoes... never
conscious of a moment's
foot fatigue. Really, they're
just "like walking
on velvet."

\$6⁹⁵ to \$8⁹⁵



WALLEEN
Cross-draped
front in patent



RAE
Neat town-tie
in supple calfskin

Velvet Step Shoes
"Like Walking on Velvet"

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Gerry Southmayd

Fashion Service Manager

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Fashion Art Director

Ben Studios

Photographers

John Engstead

West Coast Photographer

THE PHOTOPLAY LOOK

On the following pages Photoplay Fashions are proud to present reproductions of suits which Designer Edith Head created for Joan Caulfield to wear in "Dear Ruth" and "Welcome Stranger" and for Lizabeth Scott to wear in "Desert Fury."

Through the courtesy of Edith Head and Paramount Pictures our editors have had these suits copied by leading manufacturers so they are available to you in stores throughout the country—at prices which you will find unbelievably considerate of your clothes budget.

So—dress like a star!

Have The Photoplay Look!



A scene from Paramount's "Dear Ruth" in which Joan Caulfield, shown with William Holden, wears the original suit. Facing, Joan models the reproduction of this suit



THE "DEAR RUTH" SUIT . . . adapted by Donnybrook in Venetian covert, comes in many autumn shades. Sizes 10-18 and 9-17. Under \$40.00. It is a romantic suit—it's Joan Caulfield's wedding suit in the picture—with the corded neckline an important fashion note. For the store in your vicinity see page 103.

Photoplay Fashions



OTHER designers, inspired by the Edith Head suits appearing on these pages, promptly created accessories to be worn with them—and to point up their great chic . . . ★ *A checkboard scarf by Glentex. As new as tomorrow, it will—worn in the neck of your new suit—win you quick double-takes. It is pure silk and costs \$5.00 . . .*

★ *Gold chains, by Coro, to give you that Midas touch. Wear them roped high around your neck or clip three together for that long look—with the medallion pin to hold them together. Each chain \$1.00. Medallion \$2.98 . . .*

★ *A Jean Allen felt hat, styled by Gage, has a brim that is coquettishly lower on one side and a veil over the crown that ends in a swoosh. In all autumn shades for about \$4.50 . . .*

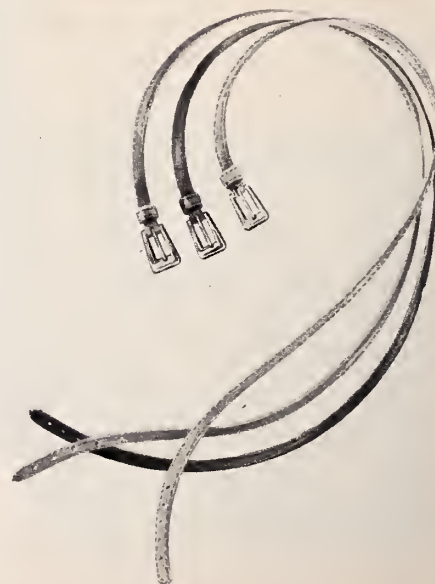
★ *A blouse by Ann Foster, with a wonderful neckline to wear in or out of a suit collar—with or without jewelry on the tabs. In white and pastel colors. Sizes 10-20 and 9-15 at \$5.95 . . .*

★ *Your hands will steal the show when you slip on these gauntlet gloves by Aris. They have a wide flare so you may wear them the latest way—over the cuff of your suit. In many colors. Double woven cotton for strength. At \$2.98 . . .*

★ *Why wear one belt when you can mix colors by wearing two or*

three narrow ones by Criterion? Each belt, leather with brass buckle, costs \$1.00. . .

For the store in your vicinity see page 103



The "Welcome Stranger" Suit

Designer Edith Head calls this a "mad money suit." For in the little sleeve pocket you can carry change for carfare or a bill or two. Below, Joan Caulfield wearing the original suit in a scene from Paramount's "Welcome Stranger," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. Right, Joan models the reproduction



Adapted by Lou Schneider in American Woolen twill. With copper coin buttons. In the new fall colors. Sizes 9-15. Under \$40.00

For the store in your vicinity see page 103

The "Desert Fury" Suit

A simple suit, this, with magic. Because the build of the shoulders, the length of the coat, the placing of seams all combine to create an extraordinarily slimming effect. Below, a scene from the Hal Wallis-Paramount production "Desert Fury" in which Lizabeth Scott, wearing the original suit, is shown with Burt Lancaster. Left, Lizabeth models the reproduction

Adapted by Koret of California in hard surface all wool. In all colors. Sizes 10-18. Under \$20.00.

For the store in your vicinity see page 103





"Jolly Red"



"Coast Guard"



"Gray Sage"



Lizabeth Scott wearing Edith Head suit in Hal Wallis-Paramount production "Desert Fury"

PHOTOPLAY'S *Pattern of the Month*

The Edith Head-Lizababeth Scott "Desert Fury" bolero.
Have it in your wardrobe. Use a Photoplay pattern.

All bolero suits offer a variety of costumes because of the many changes that can be achieved with belts and blouses. The Edith Head-Lizababeth Scott bolero suit offers all this—and is heavenly chic too with its flatteringly curved jacket. If you prefer a solid color we suggest the Duplex suitings in the new autumn colors shown above. Think, too, how attractive this suit would be for evening or cocktail wear made from velvet or satin with a long skirt and your waist wrapped in a wide soft cummerbund.

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Lizabeth Scott-"Desert Fury" suit in size (Circle size you wish)
12 14 16 18 20

My name and address is:

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



You'll want to read this story
about Edith Head who designed
the suits in this fashion section

Edith

who protects the working girl

THERE'S a Hollywood twist on the old refrain which says, "Heaven will protect the working girl." Hollywood says it's Edith Head who does the most heavenly job for those of us who work in factory, shop, office or our own home. She does this good deed by designing suits which can make a girl look simultaneously smart and romantic at a price which won't shatter a pocketbook.

Ten years back this heady Head girl became top designer at Paramount. She was the first woman to break the male monopoly of studio clothes creating. Reality could be Edith Head's middle name; reality and a sense of the good richness of everyday living. "I would rather design suits suited to the average girl than turn out six dozen long span-gled evening gowns or straight glamour clothes," she says.

Her designs are a reproduction of her appearance and her dynamic personality, all three being very smart, smooth and sharp. She has straight black hair, large dark eyes, which she dramatizes with huge spectacles, is five feet two and weighs one hundred ten pounds. "Anything that looks good on me looks a lot better on a tall girl," she says. "I'm a very good guinea pig for my own designs—and sometimes when I want to put across an idea to Joan Caulfield or Lizabeth Scott or Barbara Stanwyck I wear it. They see me and say, 'That's exactly what I want for my next picture,' and on them, of course, it looks good."

On Edith it looks good, too, even if she is too clever to admit it. She is a very clever cookie anyhow and has an A.B. (Continued on page 91)



Edith Head and Lizabeth Scott confer on the original sketch of the "Desert Fury" bolero suit which is our Pattern of the Month

ARE *You* TALL, MEDIUM, SHORT?

This is indeed hosiery as you like it... full-fashioned,

smooth-fitting, smartly styled, long-wearing nylons.

And whatever your requirements as to size or length

there is an "As You Like It" stocking for you.

Ask for them by name when you shop.



HOSIERY *"As You Like It"*

READING, PA.

NEGLIGEE BY TEWI

PHOTOPLAY

There is Nothing Finer



VITA • FLUFF

"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"

by
Dior

AT YOUR BEAUTY SALON

Edith—Who Protects the Working Girl

(Continued from page 88) from the University of California, an M.A. from Stanford and speaks Spanish and French fluently. She was brought up in ghost towns throughout the West, her father being a silver mining engineer who always believed he'd unearth some treasure. Practical Edith dug in her own brains for her treasure—and it turned out to be pure gold.

Notice on the preceding pages, four of her newest suits, modeled by Joan Caulfield and Lizabeth Scott. "I'm so happy that copies of three of these suits are going to be in the stores," Edith says, "and that they are moderately priced; and that the fourth will be a PHOTOPLAY Pattern. These are the kind of clothes that I've always thought should be available to the types of girls who want to be smart but still must be practical. The feature I like most about these three suits is that they are "personalized." So many suits could be worn by a man if you used trousers instead of skirts. That shouldn't be."

Edie's favorite is the suit Joan Caulfield wears in "Welcome Stranger." Its "conversation point" is the sleeve pocket.

It's a real pocket and any man whose soul isn't dead is bound to ask what it's for. And any cute girl will come up with the answer that it's for mad money. And if that doesn't get the talk started, you shouldn't have dated in the first place.

"This is a suit that any girl can wear," Edith says. "It is fitted because I believe a girl should show her figure. It is a rounded, feminine suit and it buttons high—as do the other two suits, so that it can be used effectively as a two-piece dress. I think a suit is the most necessary item of a girl's wardrobe, whether she's already an executive or still climbing."

EDITH is not using rounded shoulders in her suits because she thinks tailored things should be tailored. She is not, however, padding hips, a la Paris, but is using the nipped-in waist and is getting the rounded look about the hips by way of larger pockets. She is keeping skirts at an average of fourteen inches from the floor and does not believe they will go lower.

The "traditional" type of suit here shown on Lizabeth Scott is one which Miss Head feels is the best "background" outfit. In gray flannel with its little white turned-back cuff and turned-down collar, which can be buttoned on, it is capable of many changes through the use of accessories.

Joan Caulfield's "Dear Ruth" suit is on the dressmaker lines, meaning it is designed for more formal occasions—or those days when a girl goes straight from work to a party. Because of the cords that form a bib on the front, it looks like a particularly dashing dress, but if a girl chooses it for some occasion where she's going to remove the coat, Edith advises that a soft blouse—in chiffon or some similar material—be worn with it.

"None of these suits is so 'high-styled' that they will go out of fashion the moment they are purchased," Edith says. "With moderate care any girl can get several seasons from them. I'm happy I repeat, that these will sell at a nominal cost, but I advise, if you must budget, that your biggest investment go into suits and a nominal amount into dresses."

"There's one most exciting fact about the fashions being sold today. They are all, generally speaking, so well designed that any girl can be smart, if she will only use her brains."

Hollywood puts a twist on that, too. Hollywood says any girl can be smart who will use her Head.

THE END



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Girdle

Yes, once again you can buy a girdle that gives you much more than figure-control. Sturdi-flex gives you "figure-reform" the instant you put it on. Makes you look slimmer and trimmer... as it immediately smooths and moulds your figure into long lithe lines of beauty by its controlled stretch.

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And, most wonderful of all, you can whisk your Sturdi-flex girdle through mild suds, pat dry, and put it on... in a few seconds. See what we mean by "petal-fresh"?

Sizes 24-36. About \$2.95 at good stores everywhere.

*** Kleinert's**
STURDI-FLEX

That's Hollywood For You

(Continued from page 57) Knit Shop, and no one will bother them for their autographs. The shop girls don't get excited. These ladies are all citizens of Hollywood. They are expected to roam the streets, to go shopping. In New York or Boston or Washington, Greer Garson would be mobbed if she entered a large department store to make a purchase. But when Greer Garson walks into the Broadway-Hollywood, not an autograph hunter bothers her. In fact, when Miss Garson writes a check, the salesgirl has to take it to the department head to see if the signature is acceptable. This doesn't apply merely to Miss Garson. It goes for any player whose name is in lights.

For although Hollywood may be the glamour city to the other cities of the United States, the celebrities here are accepted. They are not a novelty act. Gene Kelly, if he drives through a red light, gets a ticket the same as—well, the same as Alan Ladd.

I AM aware that Ava Gardner is progressing nicely in pictures ("The Hucksters" with King Gable is nice progress) but I still insist that Ava hasn't been photographed properly, and Ava probably agrees with me. She still looks better off the screen than on . . . If I had a million I'd give it to Jack Benny, because I'm tired of those jokes about cheapness. The worst part of it is that since it succeeds for Benny, other comics have now become cheap skates and the air is loaded with cheapness . . . I know that Charles Boyer is amused by the "Casbah" stuff, for although he did that picture years ago, impersonators haven't allowed him to leave the Casbah . . . I must admit that the oddest sight I ever saw on any set was the day I walked into the jungle of a Tarzan picture and spied Johnny Weissmuller playing gin rummy with the chimpanzee—and the chimpanzee was winning . . . And since I mentioned gin rummy, I must mention Robert Harrari's remark. He said, "I just can't stop playing the game. I don't know what to do. Guess I'll have to join Gin Rummy Anonymous."

I still don't understand those campaigns for pictures which boast that they are giving you a "new" Van Johnson or a "new" Linda Darnell or a "new" Humphrey Bogart. As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing the matter with the Van, Linda or Humphrey who achieved stardom . . . I admire Paulette Goddard for many reasons, but chiefly because of all Charlie (I refuse to call him Charles) Chaplin's ex-leading ladies and ex-wives, Paulette is the only one who went on to make a name and big career for herself . . . I think June Allyson looks cute and dressed up whether she is wearing a gown or slacks. I believe certain girls can look neat in slacks. Sue me! . . . Tom Jenk, who should know about wolves, Hollywood brand, told me about the wolf who made the approach by saying, "Let's sit down and have a man-to-girl talk."

I know that there are certain cliché scenes in pictures which are accepted by you the audience, but if they weren't, the pictures couldn't go on. Audiences are nice people who make themselves believe certain scenes. You are at a movie. The scene is a dreary old house, a million miles from nowhere, and five people have already been murdered by an unseen maniac. The beautiful girl gets a note saying she's next on the list. Do the six people who are still alive guard her through the night? No. Does she call the police? No. Here's what she does: She insists on staying in her own bedroom—alone. She leaves her door unlocked. She goes to the French windows



Carol King

DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"MAGIC HOUR" . . . Contrasting color zips across the yoke and takes off down the side of a junior's smartest trick for fall! Caroletex rayon flannel in junior sizes 9 to 15. Under \$13.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

and opens them. Then she crawls into bed and waits for the maniac, who arrives on schedule.

You are at another movie, accepting another cliché sequence. A hundred outlaws and a hundred ranchers are killing each other off as a big gun battle progresses on the dusty street of a western town. On the ranchers' side, the hero searches this no-cowboy's land for sight of the villain. On the outlaws' side, the villain is doing the same thing. Slowly they walk toward each other, as shots fly wildly all about them. But the outlaws don't shoot at the hero because the villain wants him. And the villain remains unscratched because he's the hero's target. In Hollywood, you must understand, bullets take direction just as well as actors. That's what makes the movies so entertaining!

I couldn't name an actor who has handled his career better than Ronald Colman. He has lasted as long as any and holds a dignified position in the industry. Yet can you imagine Victor Mature trying to handle himself in the same manner? Where would he be? . . . I know I shouldn't let you in on this secret, but I'm going to: Betty Hutton relaxes . . . There are singers and singers and practically all of them have gotten around to "The September Song," but for my money none of the voices sing it with the feeling that Walter Huston does, and he is not a singer . . . I saw Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart standing next to each other at a party, and I couldn't decide whether Cooper or Stewart was the more typical "typical average American" type. Come to think of it, the average American lad isn't that tall, Mr. Capra! . . . Ray Milland, who has an Oscar, in talking about it with me, said, "The Academy Award is a very important thing in Hollywood, especially with headwaiters."

I am often more entertained by the dramatic critics than they are by the plays they review. For example, they praised Ingrid Bergman when she returned to the stage in "Joan of Lorraine," but they gave no credit to Hollywood and the movies. However, let any player return to Broadway and be a flop or appear in a flop play, and immediately Hollywood and the movies are blamed . . . I wish Metro would do better by Ann Sothern than those "Maisie" pictures, and I'll bet Ann Sothern wishes so, too . . . It's getting so that when I go on a movie set and play "Truth or Falsie" while watching the actresses emote, my I.Q. is good enough to place me on "Information Please" . . . I must tell you about the night Claudette Colbert was dancing at Mocambo and saw her cameraman there. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "You should be home getting some sleep. You have to photograph me tomorrow."

And that's Hollywood for you.
The End

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Gene Tierney

on the November cover.

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Eternally Claudette

(Continued from page 46) greatly-talented, very beautiful Right Guy.

Every few years Hollywood produces a First Lady of the American Screen. Ordinarily this monumental actress has specialized in high drama in which she has lived or died in anguish requiring tons of make-up.

No publicist has ever been brash enough to describe Claudette Colbert as a First Lady—she would have laughed into the gentleman's eyes with an intonation saying, "Oh, come now!"—but her unchanging popularity has outlasted the prestige of an imposing series of touted queens.

Not that Claudette is without many well-earned superlatives of her own. She is unchallenged claimant to the title of Actress Who Has Maintained The Same Hair-do For The Longest Time.

When Claudette emerged from her De Mille or "Cleopatra" era, her hair was styled in its celebrated halo bob. She liked it. In her opinion the coiffure had everything: It was becoming, it was timeless, it was easy to keep groomed, it made coiffure testing for each new picture unnecessary.

With the sunny satisfaction of a woman who knows her own mind, Claudette settled on the hair-do and hasn't changed since. In one or two pictures, a side part has been introduced and in the early sequences of "Tomorrow Is Forever" a switch was added in deference to the picture's period. But aside from such minor departures, the Colbert hair-do has become as much her trademark as her pert, tip-tilted nose.

Don't think that this adherence to comfort and convenience has passed without controversy. Fans, by the thousands, have both commended and chided Claudette upon the style and for sticking to it.

Incidentally, Claudette Colbert is the year-in, year-out recipient of more fan mail than is received by any other actress. Even before she undertook the sponsorship of PHOTOLAY's "What Should I Do?" department, Claudette was a Hollywood stamp champ.

AS A CHILD Claudette didn't intend to be an actress at all, but a ballet dancer. She had returned from a dancing lesson one afternoon and was playing ball, when she was struck by a truck. Result: Four months in a hospital with one leg—broken in three places—in traction. This position inhibited almost all activities except talking and singing. So, after a visit from her father who was a music lover, Claudette decided to become an opera singer.

This plan persisted until Claudette went ice skating one winter, caught a cold which turned into laryngitis, and discovered—when she was able to speak for the first time several weeks later—that she couldn't sing a note. But an interesting thing had happened to her speaking voice: It wasn't exactly husky, but it had acquired an edge, an intonation that was unique. For some reason, it made almost anything she said under pressure of emotion seem funny. She developed a pleasant reputation as the school wit, simply by saying "Really?" in that breathless and astonished tone. And with such an advantage, it occurred to Claudette and her family that she should become a comedienne.

In the intervening years, Claudette has gained an enviable Hollywood reputation for her humor, but her off-screen wit does not rely upon quaint delivery alone for its authority. She is an able polisher of the wisecrack.

In "The Egg and I," she had to spend the greater part of two days in the quagmire of the ranch sty while a sequence



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Write for the name of your local shop...Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri

with a pig was filmed. At the end of the second day, she stepped out of the dark brown slush, cold, wet, tired, and begrimed. Catching sight of herself in a mirror she observed, "I always knew it was a lie. No mud bath ever improved anyone."

Don Ameche was once complaining bitterly on the set of "Guest Wife" that Claudette's dressing room was filled with flowers, but that no one ever sent an actor flowers to congratulate him upon the start of a new picture.

Claudette sneaked onto the set next door and found a cracked, nondescript old vase filled with dusty artificial flowers. This she had delivered, by special messenger, to Don's dressing room.

That afternoon a flurried prop man showed up, in search of the vase.

He explained that this particular vase was needed for a picture being shot on the set next door and unless it could be located, the entire sequence would have to be rephotographed, a procedure costing thousands of dollars.

Horried, Claudette hurried to Don's dressing room. The vase was gone. A frenzied phone call to the studio gate supplied the information that Don, on his way home, had told the gateman about the "gift" and had taken it to show his wife.

There was nothing to do except dispatch a messenger (at Claudette's expense) to the Ameche home to reclaim the battered prop. After a lapse of two nervous hours, and the expenditure of large cash, the vase was returned.

The next morning she learned that Don had rigged the whole thing. Nobody gave a hang for the vase. Nobody needed it. Except Don—to rib his co-star. To this day, Claudette is still planning revenge.

WHEN Claudette was working in "Remember the Day," one sequence was taken in a schoolroom in which thirty-five junior extras were working. Claudette wasn't happy with the dialogue in the first place, and she felt that she wasn't enacting the scene sensitively in the second. Seated at one of the front desks was a disdainful child who fastened her gaze upon Claudette and studied her every gesture with critical eyebrows. Claudette began to get jitters, king-size.

When the camera had to be reloaded, Claudette went to her dressing room, found herself too restless and puzzled to remain there, and wandered back to the set. Unnoticed, she came upon the absorbed group of youngsters, who were listening, spell-bound, to the disdainful child imitating Claudette Colbert. The lampoon was deadly and the childish audience giggled in wicked delight.

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a jersey skirt and
velvet vest)

FOR A New Season

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WITHIN YOUR OLD BUDGET

See Photoplay Fashions

NOVEMBER

So did Claudette, tiptoeing away before she was seen. Someone observed, upon hearing this story, "You were a good sport, not to have said anything about the little upstart mimicking you."

Claudette's answer was swift: "Not at all. If I'd been certain that the girl would have understood me, instead of being humiliated, I would have thanked her. You see, she showed me exactly what I was doing that was wrong. When we went back into the scene, I played it in a totally different way—and knew instinctively that I had done it right, at last."

When she and Walter Pidgeon were cast in "The Secret Heart," Mr. Pidgeon—who had never met Claudette—asked casually here and there how she was to work with. Four or five people said, "She's conscientious. She's always on the set on time, and she always knows her lines. She doesn't blow once in a blue moon, and she'll give you the best reaction to your own lines that you've ever had. She's a fine actress and a swell gal. Between scenes she'll talk you into playing charades. She's a whizz at it."

So Mr. Walter Pidgeon met Miss Claudette Colbert, and the two got on famously exchanging wisecracks, playing charades and rehearsing scenes. After several days' shooting, Pidge met one of those whom he had previously questioned. "Well, how are you two getting along?" he was asked.

Pidge grabbed his friend's arm. "Everything you said was right. She's wonderful. But, Great Scott, man, why didn't you tell me she had the best figure in town?"

CLAUDETTE is one of the few actresses who looks, in person, exactly as she does on the screen with the exception that black and white film does not do her coloring justice. Her hair is a dark auburn, her eyes are a flecked brown and her skin is olive with a faint rosy highlight.

Around the house she likes to wear red, pink, or deep rose hostess gowns—garments, usually, that she has worn in a picture, admired, and bought from an indulgent wardrobe department since there are few people tiny enough to make secondary use of her picture clothes.

The home, into which these lush gowns fit beautifully, is one of the handsomest, not only in Hollywood, but in the entire country, and it is furnished in exquisite taste. The general feeling of the white frame, two-story house is traditional, but the huge den in which most of Claudette's informal entertaining is done is entirely modern. The rugs are gray shag, two of the lounges are figured (gray, red and chartreuse), and the other two lounges are cherry red. Two of the lamps consist of converted, antique Chinese tea canisters. The fireplace is faced with black marble, and the broad mantel is of hand-carved, bleached oak. On the mantel stand six antique, hand-carved coral figurines which would represent a prized acquisition to any museum. In this room there is also a concealed projection machine so situated as to allow a thirty-five foot throw onto a huge roll-down screen.

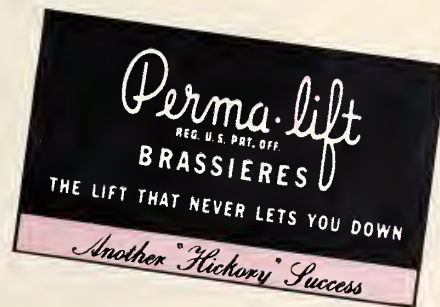
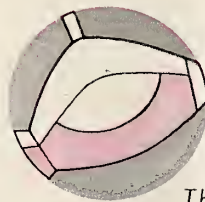
Claudette's marriage (to Dr. Joel Pressman on December 24, 1936), like her career and her home, has received her devoted concentration, her high determination to make it succeed. An easy task, actually, because Dr. Pressman (she calls him Jack) and Claudette are deeply in love, share a keen sense of humor and honestly nourish a deep interest in both the theatrical and the medical professions.

It is well-known that Claudette has won several championship awards for her slalom racing, but it is not so well-known that it was Jack Pressman who started her skiing career. The Pressmans went to Yosemite National Park on their honey-



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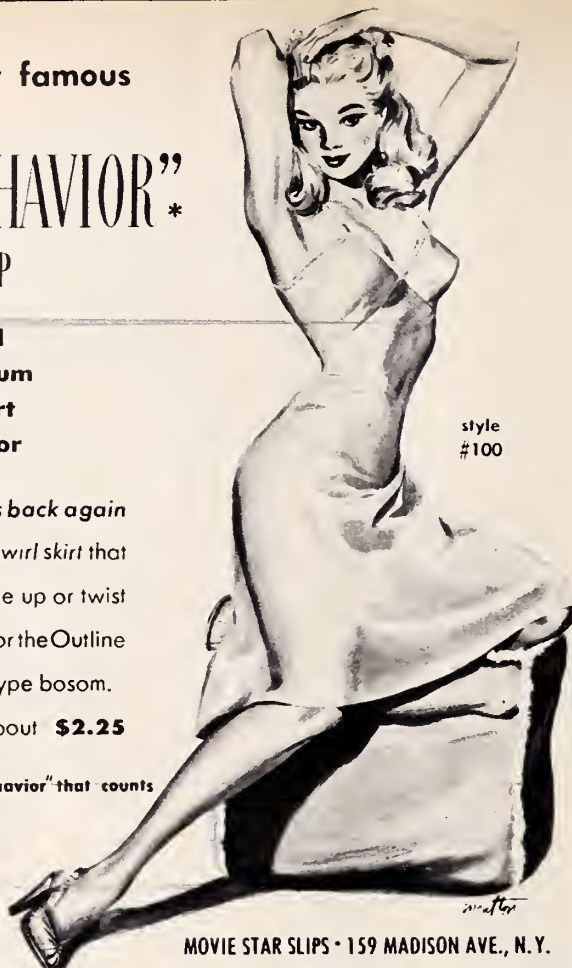
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moon. Because it was in the midst of winter, because there had been a heavy fall of snow, and because Dr. Pressman is a great believer in exercise, he persuaded Claudette to try transportation on wooden rails. She proved to be a terrific pupil.

Not everything in Claudette Colbert's life is at present or has been in the past a neat row of bottled rainbows. For years she has suffered from chronic sinusitis, an ailment which makes up in annoyance and misery what it lacks in danger. A woman who loves children, she has been denied motherhood. She has always assumed the responsibility of a great many people, both relatives and close friends, and during the war an enormous slice of her income was devoted to relatives in France and to general French relief.

All in all, the best one-line description of Claudette Colbert must be credited to a veteran electrician who delivered the bon mot on the set for "Sleep, My Love."

In one sequence the script required Bob Cummings to carry Claudette up a flight of stairs.

"Let's change that," said Claudette. "I'm too heavy for you to carry up that long flight of stairs."

Director Douglas Sirk and Bob howled. Said Bob, "Not only will I be able to carry you up that stairway at full gallop, but I'll be able to stand you on your head when I reach the top."

"You wouldn't dare!" gasped Claudette. "Wait and see," chirped Bob.

Said Mr. Sirk, grinning broadly, "Let's take the picture."

So Bob lifted Claudette high in his arms, ascended the stairway without drawing a labored breath and—when Mr. Sirk yelled "Cut"—held Claudette firmly, and being careful to keep her skirts in place, turned her upside down until her curly head brushed the carpet.

Amid Miss Colbert's anguished demands to be put down, the veteran electrician who has seen the big ones and the little ones come and go for a long time, chuckled, "Right there is the first instance in Claudette Colbert's entire career when she hasn't had her two feet firmly planted on the ground."

THE END

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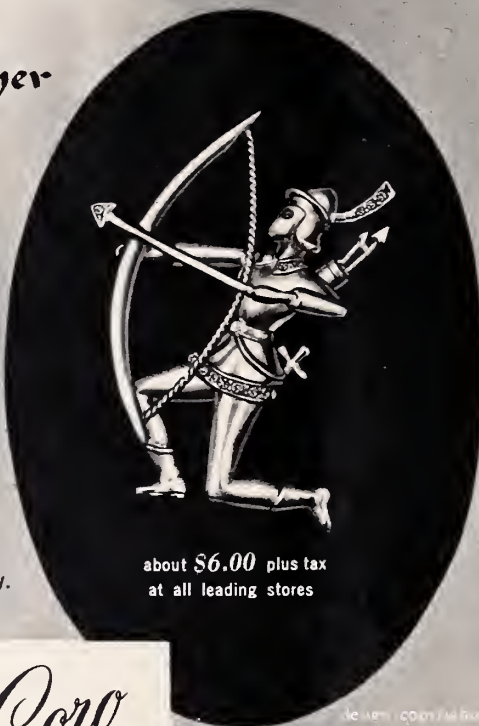
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Gay Gadabouts

(Continued from page 64) that Rene Hubert dug up for Maureen O'Hara to use in "Foxes of Harrow." And she is so crazy about it, she's having it copied for her own private evening use. It's called a "caskette," and is like a miniature trunk of gold kid, trimmed with gold lace and encrusted with imitation jewels. It hangs from the shoulder with a gold-kid strap.

THERE were about two hundred guests at another of those fancy Atwater Kent shindigs—a formal one. But no one wore a lovelier evening gown than Janis Paige, who was with Michael North—for the 'steenth time. But a couple of nights later I saw him at Mocambo with Sonja Henie. Janis's heavy sky-blue crepe was ballet length, very decollete, tiny sleeved, basque-bodied and very full skirted. When people admired it, she broke down and confessed that her stand-in had made it for her! Dotty Lamour was there in simple black, and instead of wearing her diamond clip pinned to her dress, it was clamped to the center of a tiny black velvet bow which tied the narrow black velvet ribbon around her throat. The Alan Ladds, the Sonny Tufts (he played bartender for about two hours), Diana Lynn with Bob Neal, Dane Clark, Joyce Reynolds, were just some of the crowd who dined on the lovely outdoor terrace, overlooking the whole of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air. You can bet Evie Johnson was glad it was cool enough out there to wear that terrific new blonde mink coat that Van just gave her. He said, "That's my suspension present to Evie." Perfectly matched pelts for this coat which is three-quarter length, swing-backed and has enormous balloon sleeves that can be worn wrist-length or pushed up to the elbows to look even more enormous. A knockout!

Marguerite Chapman's off-the-shoulder dark brown taffeta dress that Don Loper designed for her is a thing of charm. The tiny frill of coffee colored lace shows at the bottom of the full skirt and around the neckline of draped brown velvet. With it she wears hand-made matching "shorty" gloves of the same brown velvet.

Before we get out of the "after dark" department there's a floaty new dress of Betty Hutton's that just screams out for description. It's of sea-green chiffon—yards and yards and yards of it. And she looks like a Grecian damsel in it. The bodice, designed with an extremely low back and neckline, drapes artistically over one shoulder and is rather high-waisted. The full skirt is accordion pleated and features a faint design scrolled with iridescent sequins. The whole effect is glowing and so feminine. Betty wears evening sandals of a slightly deeper green satin with this gown and carries a matching pouch-bag of velvet.

The Hollywood blades are raving over the looks of newcomer Paule Croset. But we're raving about a dress that Dede Johnson designed for Paule that's just perfect for early fall days. Soft green wool gabardine—in a shirtmaker style with French cuffs and collar. The dress has a fly front and a full skirt that is belted. But being the color that it is, the dress can sport brown, dark blue or black leather belts. The knockout touch is her coat of Australian Possum—so soft, so furry and yet so absolutely right for day-time wear.

And while on the subject of wools—there are two more worth a note. Gail Patrick's brown gabardine with its very different turn-back collar and yoke, edged in beige felt; and the V-flaps on the pockets. To say nothing of the brown and beige crocheted gloves Gail wears with this out-

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fit. And Ann Blyth liked that plaid wool dress she wore in "Brute Force" so much she bought it from the studio for her own wardrobe. The colors are red, blue and black and the full skirt has an extended high waistband. It also has a fitted jacket with green velvet buttons and collar.

"Dancing in the Dark" is the title Marusia has given the divine sapphire blue dress that Janis Carter is wowing 'em with. It's one of those lavish numbers that proves the slim dresses of the war period are a thing very much of the past. This one boasts an eight-yard skirt embroidered in self-colored beads. With it Janis wears a gold and sapphire necklace from Hobe.

While on things lavish, Betty Avery (and lots of people think she'll be Mrs. Tony Martin one day soon) breezed back from Paris and into Mocambo with Tony, wearing a really exciting dinner dress, designed especially for her. The new shorter length, and Spanish in spirit, it's heavily beaded along its scalloped hemline. It's of black net over white satin topped with an off-shoulder, tulle-shawled bodice. Soooo effective!

GREER GARSON has a new fall evening coat that's just too lovely to take off. And with her flaming tresses, you can imagine the effect. Fashioned of Watteau-gray heavy silk faille it has elbow length balloon sleeves and the season's fullest "skirt" which is peignoir in silhouette. She can wear it, of course, with a gown of just about any shade but beige or brown.

Gray seems to be much in favor right now. It crops forth here again because of the wonderful gray velveteen trousers which are the lower half of a lounging costume that Alexis Smith has. The trousers have a wide waistband and narrow, tapering legs. With it she wears a long-sleeved white silk blouse with a ruffled shirt front, and occasionally a very short purple velveteen bolero jacket. Gold kid harem slippers on her feet.

One of the designers for a new shop has come out with a "miracle" idea for skirts that is made of elastic—and is such a good idea that Zukin, who dreamed it up, is patenting it—and you'll be able to get one no matter where you live. The skirt has an elastic trick top that not only holds the skirt up, but holds the blouse down and flatters the figure into the bargain! The skirts will be on the market in time to round out back-to-school wardrobes—or for just plain shirt'n'skirt addicts.

Two California jewelers (Joseff and Bea Norton) have brought out "wingbacks," fascinating little contraptions which, when attached to your earrings, keep them firmly anchored to your ears—and very comfortable too. A little gimmick comes around under the ear and fits neatly and invisibly behind it.

Someone sent Susan Peters a pair of glamour dice—in fact it was one of the vets at Birmingham Hospital—probably encouraged by the wonderful news that Susan is starring in a picture ("Sign of the Ram") again—even though she plays her entire role from a wheel chair. Anyway, she still finds time to visit these wounded vets and she's so tickled with this particular gift (the dice are tiny ebony ones, with her initials set in in fine gold wire) that she's having the cubes made into earrings.

Susan isn't the only one with a pash for something new in gimmicks. Edgar Bergen's pretty Mrs. has a new charm bracelet made entirely of antique watch fobs—set with tiny precious stones. She's been years collecting the dozen or so she has now. If you like the idea, a little hunting around for simpler unjeweled ones might be rewarding. They make a stunning, "important looking" arm decoration.

THE END

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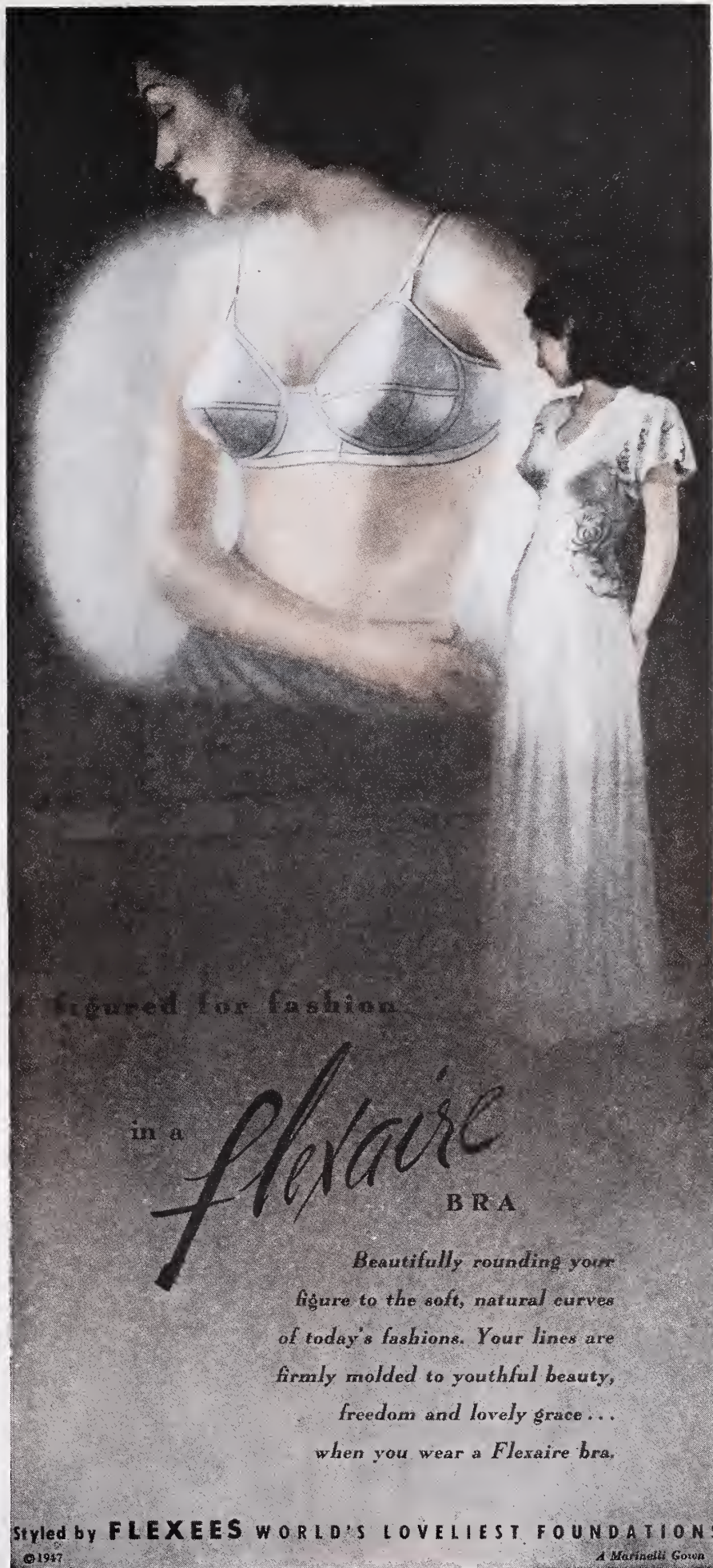
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(Continued from page 33) psychoanalytical sessions.

Annabella, the first star I saw in Paris, sent me lovely red roses upon my arrival and the next day came to see me. She looks younger and prettier and seems gayer than she was in America. It is hard to realize that she is the mother of a sixteen-year-old daughter.

I was curious, naturally, to know if Annabella was divorcing Tyrone Power and when the "Reno-vation" would occur. She laughed at my blunt question and, shrugging her shoulders, replied "I have no idea at this time when I will divorce Tyrone. Or *where!* Or *if!* I would be only too happy to make *him* happy."

During the summer months Annabella was busy making a picture in Paris. Then she planned to do over her little house at St. Cloud. The Germans who occupied it during the war had treated it horribly.

"In October, however," she told me, "I will return to California. I am due then to make a picture for Twentieth Century-Fox. Until that time Millicent Rogers has my house in Brentwood."

This house, you know, was part of Tyrone's munificent settlement upon Annabella. He gave her nearly everything he possessed. Actually he has started over again from the bottom of the ladder although artistically he is at the top.

"Tyrone and I have remained great friends," Annabella reminded me the day we talked. "We will decide what to do and how to do it."

However, it is my impression, gleaned over a period of time and several conversations with Annabella, that she wished to wait to divorce Tyrone and thus determine if he is seriously enough interested in anyone to marry.

Her attitude toward him is maternal. Obviously she considers him quite young and lacking in worldly experience. He had after all, little time to sow wild oats and learn his way about. Almost as soon as he became one of the favorite romantic actors on the screen he and Annabella were married. Then the war came. When he returned, an unsung hero because he hates personal publicity, they went on a second honeymoon to Canada to ski. There they confirmed what they previously had feared, that they had reached the end of the rainbow, that the dream was over.

All this, I am sure, has influenced Annabella to let Tyrone go it alone for a time and do his own thinking. And I am not sure that Tyrone too, so far at least, has not taken a philosophic view of the situation. He writes to Annabella regularly and she to him. In fact the photographs he sent her of many sequences from "Captain from Castile," the picture he made in Mexico, betray an intimacy and understanding that is surprising even in these modern times.

Therefore, to that perpetual question "Are Annabella and Tyrone going to divorce?" I have no definite answer. My guess would be "Not now." However, should Tyrone decide he wishes to be legally free and come to Annabella in Paris with such a request it likely would be granted.

RITA HAYWORTH was in Europe too—until she went over to London to meet David Niven. Rita, whom I have long admired has, I confess, disappointed me. The French still think she is beautiful and a dream girl. But they do not like the idea of announcing in the press that a star will appear at a benefit or charity bazaar, of giving her considerable personal publicity on this score then having her fail to appear. Rita did this more than once. Three



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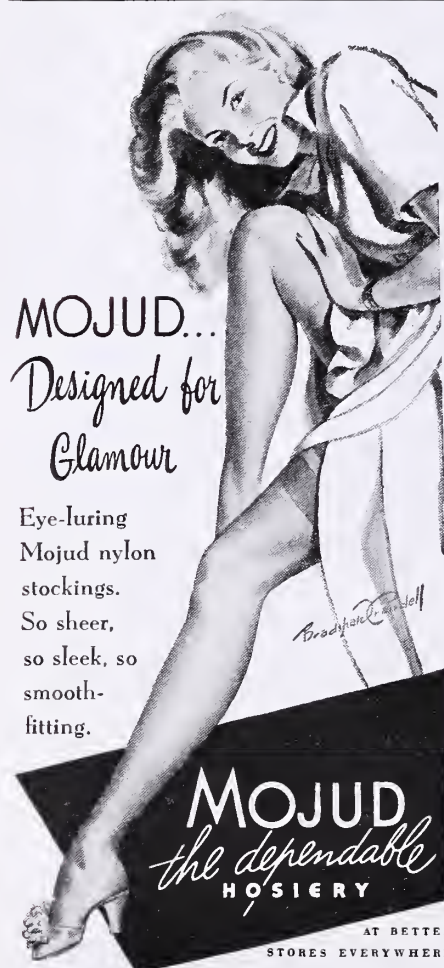
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large charity affairs I attended found her among the missing although she had promised to attend.

Neither did Rita go to the banquet given on the last night of the Film Festival in Brussels by the Regent Prince Charles, brother of King Leopold in exile—or a luncheon the following day given by that wonderful man, Paul Henri Spaak, Prime Minister of Belgium. She had promised to be present on both occasions but instead chose to linger on in Switzerland.

All of this left George McCarthy, Eric Johnston's representative for European films without an American star for the most important festival since the war. Left him in that spot just twenty-four hours before the event. Paulette already had returned to England. Sonja had sailed for the United States. And Linda was being psychoanalyzed in Zurich. Whereupon McCarthy telephoned Marlene Dietrich, who said he might see her at once. He found her in pajamas on the terrace of her hotel enjoying her morning coffee.

Marlene gave him no time to blurt out his trouble. Fixing him with large limpid eyes she said, "So, in the end you always have to come to mama." She had heard, you see, of his dilemma.

Then to end his misery she added quickly, "Of course I shall come. I am an American citizen and this is an American problem. And even if I am asked at the last moment my answer still is yes."

So she packed her best dress and went off to Brussels. The next night she appeared on the right of Prince Charles and made herself so attractive that he went quite wild about her. In fact she was called away from the Prime Minister's luncheon the next day four times. Over and over Prince Charles must telephone to express his undying gratitude for her coming. Furthermore, this autumn Marlene will return to Brussels—to receive the highest decoration that Belgium has to offer. Rita might have had it had she been as gracious and realistic as "the trained horse in the circus," which is Marlene's way of referring to herself.

I rejoice to see our stars working and holidaying in England and on the Continent. Such travel cannot fail to help them keep their perspective—not an easy thing to do when you are as exploited as the stars are. Also, inevitably, it will help them become greater human beings and, by the same token, greater artists.

THE END

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The Larry Parks Puzzle

(Continued from page 31) magnificent interpretation of another man's success story."

"Then you think he is through?" I put in quickly.

"Not through," he replied, "but stymied. Until Parks is given a role in which he can express his own personality, he's in the same spot as any other newcomer who has not yet proved himself."

"But he's a star," I argued, "I get as much mail about Larry as I do about any other star on the screen."

"Yes," he agreed. "He is a star—without a personality he can call his own. That's the frustrating thing about it. He's basking in all the fame and glory Hollywood can bestow on a player but he's got to fight the rest of the way just as hard as if he were in the extra ranks!"

I quote this man's remarks in such detail because it is the opinion of many people in this town who are supposed to know their movie onions.

But it isn't my opinion—and I'll tell you why. I have talked with Larry Parks. And I have talked with the man who holds his contract, Harry Cohn—the producer who made him a star and with whom Larry is now squabbling.

If this dispute between them is a "trade" story (I mean by that, a business argument that is not supposed to interest the fans as much as love and romance stories about Hollywood), then I say it is a trade story with a great big heartache behind it.

Can a boy have everything that Hollywood stands for put before him on a silver tray? And then, before his eager hands can grasp and steady it, have the tray tipped over and be left as hungry for success as he was before? That is personal—not "trade"—tragedy. Better not to have been invited to the laden board than to get there and find the good things are papier-mâché.

I THOUGHT of that all the time I was talking with Larry the day he came to my house and we thrashed out all these things around an umbrella table in my garden.

Yes, there is a change in him since the last time we talked. The first interview we had was just before the release of "The Jolson Story," and this kid had been jumping and jiving. It wasn't Al Jolson's personality he turned on me full force in the first flush of anticipating fame after years of striving. It was Larry's own brand of enthusiasm coming out of him.

Even now, depressed and unsettled as he is, something of that same spark remains. But he is puzzled, bewildered and discouraged. The spark isn't out—but it has been dimmed by the events of the past seven months. There is a look of strain around his boyish mouth and brown eyes.

I asked him what he thought had happened to upset the applegate?

He was twisting a soft drink around in his hands, looking at it, not drinking it much. His voice was soft and unexcited as he answered:

"I think it was a mistake to put me into Rita Hayworth's picture and allow me to sing with my own voice. The impression of 'The Jolson Story' was too fresh, too recent. Many people who do not follow inside stories about picture making, never knew that it was Al's voice on the sound track when I sang. And it came as a shock and a surprise to hear me singing in a totally different way."

"But, Larry," I protested, "you can't go on forever with Al's voice behind you."

"I know that," he replied quickly. "The mistake was having me sing at all!"

"Then from 'Down to Earth' (Rita's picture) I went into 'The Swordsman,' a costume, swashbuckling movie. That isn't my cup of tea, either."

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cases, I asked, "What is your dish of tea?" "Comedy, I think," he said, "polite comedy with a note of brashness."

Still on the firing line, I put in, "Do you know a lot of people are calling you ungrateful because you have said you are thinking of taking your troubles with Columbia to court? Do you know they are saying that you had a chance in twenty or thirty movies before 'The Jolson Story' came along and you were given the opportunity to hit the top?"

"Yes," he replied, slowly. "I know that. But my movie affairs are in the hands of my agent and my lawyer. I'll do what they say. For the sake of my physical and mental health, I must get out of this rut"—he repeated, "I must get out of this rut!"

He had put the drink down on the table now, untouched, and while his voice was even and steady there was a current of emotion running through his words deeper than any lines he spoke in "The Jolson Story."

"You see," he said, simply, "this isn't the first time I've had to fight to keep the thing I want."

There wasn't the slightest iota of self-sympathy, in his voice when he added, "Most things—even good things—have been acquired the hard way with me. With some of us—it's like that always."

"I had to laugh when many of the fans wrote me about my 'overnight' success. Why I have been hammering away, trying to get somewhere in more unimportant stage jobs than you could list in one magazine story. I've played thirty—yes, I mean thirty—movie roles, some of them just bits, it's true. Well, when most fellows overcome these things and get a real break—they are on their way. But I'm almost back where I started from—except for one shot in the spotlight."

"AND before that, Larry," I asked, "were there other things that came the hard way?"

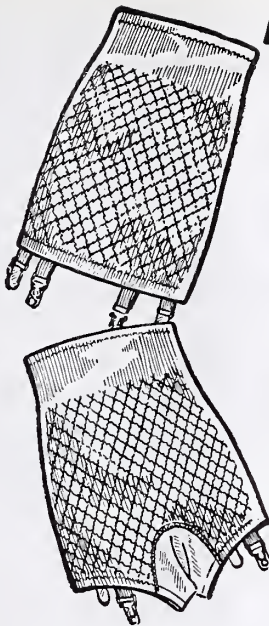
He said, "Almost from the time I can remember. When I was a kid, I came down with rheumatic fever that left me with a weak heart. It left me an easy mark for an illness that paralyzed me and made one of my legs shorter than the other. It made me sick when I thought of myself and then saw other kids playing baseball, football and running around on even legs. And, then my mother instilled in me the will to fight. So, for several years I devoted myself to exercise and corrective treatments so that I might be as strong and normal as other kids."

It was while he was attending the University of Illinois with the intention of becoming a doctor, that he was injected with the acting bug. "I was exposed to it during a campus play," he laughed. "I got great reviews in the college paper. The amateur critic predicted that achieving success on the stage would be easy for me. He should know!"

"Well, Larry," I interposed, "at least your marriage to pretty little Betty Garrett has been a bright mark along your way."

"Our love has been a bright mark," he corrected, "but we have had to fight to keep every bit of happiness we have found. You know, of course, I married Betty just two days before we had to be separated. She had been signed for a wonderful part on Broadway in the Cole Porter show, 'Something for the Boys.' It was the break she had been waiting for for a long time."

"I had just signed a contract out here. We didn't know what to do. Then we talked it all over and decided that, in spite of the separation this meant, we would risk a long-distance marriage. I didn't want to find Betty—just to lose her!"



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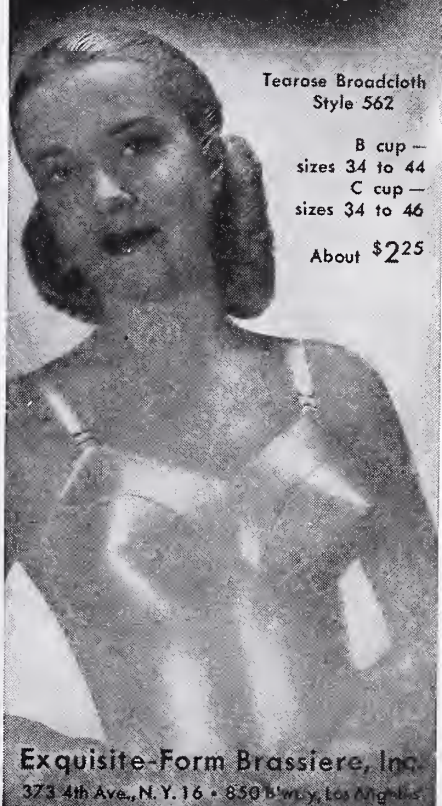
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What a cycle this boy's life has run. Love, marriage and career—a constant fight to hold what he has found!

For two years, Larry and Betty caught only casual glances at one another and then only when she could sneak off from Broadway to spend a day or week-end with him, or he could catch a plane there. As more success came to her in "Call Me Mister," and he clicked in Hollywood, their visits together were less and less frequent. Then, when they were almost miserable with worry over their long separations—Betty was signed on a movie contract and came here to live with him in his small hillside home.

"BUT as bad as that was when you were separated and as much as you had to fight for health as a child—you see those problems had a happy ending," I told him.

"I know," he said quickly with a flash of the old enthusiasm, "that is what gives me heart and courage now, while I am facing the question mark of where I go from here in my career. I have to believe that there is a happy solution ahead—or I haven't the heart for the fight."

Long after he left me that day, I thought about Larry and his worries—so much so that I finally decided to call Harry Cohn, the man who knows better than anyone else what will happen to him because he holds his contract.

He is an old friend of mine and is considered by many people to be a very explosive gentleman. But I have always found him to be fair and above everything else, honest. I told him I wanted him to be honest with me when I asked, "What do you really think is ahead for Larry Parks? Come on and tell me the truth, even if there may be legal trouble with him."

And I hope before Larry takes any step he may regret he will read here what his boss told me—and be guided by it.

Harry Cohn said, "I believe in the boy and want to help him. I know what he is saying and thinking. He claims it was a mistake to put him in a picture where he had to sing with his own voice following 'Jolson.' But we had to attempt to establish his own personality as soon as possible.

"And as you know, he exhibited a great amount of verve and animation in 'Jolson' and we tried to play up this facet of his screen character in 'The Swordsman.' These experiments with the kid have yet to be released—so who knows yet whether they are successful. Because he doesn't think so doesn't prove the point.

"We are going to keep on striving to find just the right thing for Larry Parks because any simpleton would realize it is just as much to our interests as to his, to keep him on top as a star.

"But, in the long run, the answer lies with the public. The people who buy the tickets have been making stars from the beginning of movie history—and they are the final judges. We will do all we can. Speaking for our entire studio—we are for Larry Parks. But the very fans who put him on top are the very ones who hold the answer to his future."

Thanks, Harry. That's straight from the shoulder.

Now, I ask you, and you—WELL?

THE END

An epic story about an epic guy!
Don't miss Louella Parsons's
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in

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Get Me

(Continued from page 39) I'm still on Broadway hours. I manage to get to sleep by three o'clock in the morning and if it's a day when I have to get to the studio by quarter of eight, I feel it and look it. But I relax, and read everything I can get my hands on. If I'm not careful, I'll begin to improve my mind.

I was born in Rochester, New York, the youngest in a family of seven. I left school at the age of fourteen to seek my fame and fortune and I always pretended I was older than I was. Pretty soon I shall reach the point where I'll have to do a switch on that routine. It wasn't until 1939 that I accidentally became an actor and in between I did a bit of everything. For awhile I "was in advertising" as we elegantly call it in the trade and for another stretch I worked at CBS in one of those jobs where you are a combination of stage hand, writer, director, actor, announcer and vice president for \$20 a week.

It was at CBS and for television that Arthur Murray taught me dancing—but not in a hurry. I think he picked on me to demonstrate his magic step because I was the clumsiest human he could imagine. For hour after hour, in front of that television camera, I kept right on having two left feet. Marie, my wife, insists that I dance "quite well" now, but that's her flattery. She's prejudiced.

WE celebrated our fifth wedding anniversary this past August, Marie and I. We met on a blind date and I fell in love after one look—and why not?

I was a kind of a Broadway actor then. I'd drifted into acting because a friend of mine was directing "Waiting for Lefty." He wanted somebody with a loud voice to play a part and wheedled me into it. I was all right during rehearsals but on opening night I drank an entire flask of Martinis before I got up nerve enough to walk on stage and face the audience.

That started me, though, and some good parts came along. Finally "The Hasty Heart" cinched it for me, and I got to Hollywood.

But, I was hanging around with a bunch of other Thespians when I met Marie. I'd gone up to a friend's house and there was this black-haired glamour girl looking at me. After that, I wasn't aware of one thing until at the end of the evening she asked, "Will you come again?"

I said, "I will, if you're going to be here."

That began it, and after two years of going together we got married—and then had a bachelor's honeymoon.

What caused that was the date. It was 1942, and the war years. Marie was posing for Conover in New York. I was writing an Army radio program called "Cheers from the Camps." We got married in Baltimore. That night Marie had to fly back to New York for an engagement and our show was shipping out. We've had many separations ever since.

Marie, in fact, got a chance at pictures long before I did. She was signed by RKO and was in Hollywood for seven months. Then she wiggled out of her contract and rejoined me, I'm pleased and flattered to report. She insists I'm inhibited about everything but her.

I'm embarrassed at showing emotion, which is the Scandinavian in me. But I'll confess here that I cry at movies. I'm moody, and sometimes begin hamming around to myself, carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders and suffering for all humanity.

I'm a poor "mixer." Marie and I stay by ourselves a great deal, possibly too much. But I wouldn't be telling the truth

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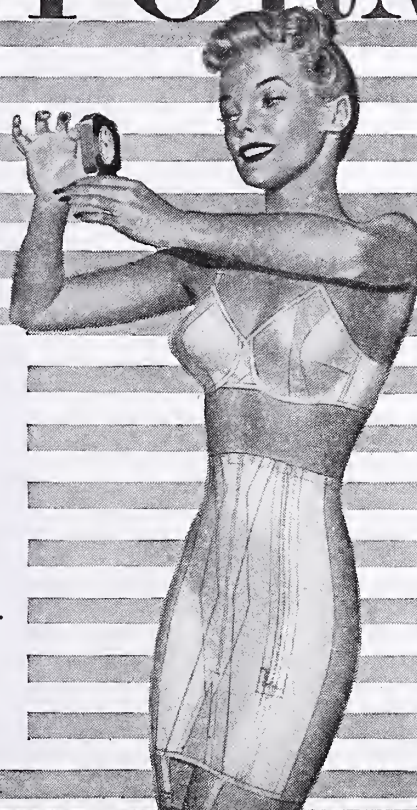
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if I didn't say that I'm keen for California. I may even get around to the point where I'll wear bright shirts. I've got one bright yellow coat. I've had it for months. But I haven't had the courage to take it out of the closet. I always wear solid-color neckties and shirts.

I'm an illiterate eater. I don't like onions or garlic and only Marie's forcing has made me consume any vegetables. Left to myself I would eat nothing but steak and potatoes, washed down with a candy bar, a sauce of soft drinks, plus much coffee with three teaspoons of sugar per cup. As you might surmise from this, I've been known to have trouble, at times, with my stomach.

IDEALLY I'd like to gravitate between the stage and screen, as Freddie March does. That's because I think I am more of a character actor than the great, big hero type. I feel as though I am sailing under false colors. I've gone to the bosses and said, "Can't there be some reason in these pictures why the girl falls for me? I mean, couldn't I have a lot of money or be kind to animals or something?"

Seeing my kisser on screen always reminds me of a story that Roger Pryor used to tell about himself. He was in a play and his entrance was due when the heroine said, "Here he is now. Doesn't he look like a savage god?"

Rog pleaded with her to do something about that line. He's a good looking man, but he knew he was no Adonis, and he felt that once the audience got a look at him, after that crack, he was dead for the evening. So he argued with the star, with the result that on the opening night she said, "Here he is now. Doesn't he look like a savage—God?"

But I might get a screen part where I have some real excuse for being, and you can't tell what that might do to me.

As a matter of fact, Charlie Brackett and Billy Wilder encouraged me to write a few trial scenes for their next picture, "Operation Candy Bar" which stars Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich in the girl section and yours truly opposite. So there's no telling where that might lead. An actor stirring around among the adjectives is an always unpredictable creature.

To sum it up, I guess I'm the kind of bewildered guy who takes the other bewildered guys seriously. But I can't seem to take myself that way. I get spells of being convinced that if I could I'd be Napoleon. But there's one danger there. Let that happen and I'd probably be just as dead as he is.

So I'm letting well enough alone, meanwhile spending my sleepless nights trying to figure out some way to make my eyes look as big on screen as Joan Crawford's.

The End

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See Shirley Temple

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When you cruise the great highways in a deeply-cushioned
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Yes, and at Greyhound's *much lower* rates, you'll save
enough dollars for extra days of pleasure.



GREYHOUND

Conversation Piece

(Continued from page 62) They're the mainstay of her wardrobe, since she wears nothing but suits or slacks. "It doesn't matter whether I tramp around all day on location with Bogie, spend a week end with him on our boat, or go to a fancy party," says she, "I still wear my blouses. And they're really my blouses. I select the materials myself and have them made. They're all long-sleeved, and if I find a particularly fine design I have it copied in several different colors. My pet design is fashioned after a man's shirt, with the starkness softened by quilted cuffs, quilted collar, and quilted bosom fronts. You have no idea how people ask me about those blouses, too!"

Since she has so many more blouses than the average girl, Lauren's method of caring for them is different to most of us. Instead of folding them in bureau drawers, she arranges them on quilted hangers in a long wardrobe, according to color. "The white ones, the printed ones, and the colored ones are all grouped separately," says Lauren, "and because they're on hangers, they're always fresh."

There's an example my gals, of combining both a personality quirk and a conversation piece.

AND HERE'S yet another Hollywood conversation piece—a tip on jewelry. It's also one all of us could adapt to our own personalities, although it's originally due to Nancy Guild's quick thinking. Nancy knows her own type, and dresses accordingly. For instance, she buys plain belts and bags, and then dresses them up with interesting gold or silver crests that match. This way she can interchange the crests and pins on her accessories at will.

"It's true that my belts and bags are conversation pieces wherever I go," says Nancy, "but my biggest conversation piece is the one I thought least about. I have an old locket on a chain that has been in my family for years—I guess everyone has one. Well, instead of wearing it as a lapel pin or around my neck, I wear mine in my hair. I tried it one day by mistake, and I've been doing it ever since on purpose! I pull back my hair as if I were going to clip on a barette, and then I pin the locket in back and wind its gold chain around the bunched hair. Simple as it is, everyone asks me about it wherever I go!" And wherever she goes, it is a sign of Nancy Guild, and only Nancy!

Betty Hutton has a conversation piece that she owes to her husband Ted Briskin. He presented it when Lindsay Diane was born, and everyone notices it the minute Betty enters a room. It's a jewelry piece fitting into the pocket of her suits, shaped exactly like a folded pocket handkerchief—only it's gold, fringed with filmy gold mesh embedded with tiny diamonds. Somewhere in our attic trunks (or a handy hock shop) we might each discover a bit of antique gold mesh that would do as well!

But here's still another idea—this one thanks to Catherine McLeod. Her fiancé is often away on business, so that she has to go to Hollywood parties alone—and minus the lovely floral corsages he always sends her when they're together. "But I've worked that out," says Catherine, "by making my own corsages—out of fresh flowers! One of my most successful was a corsage of Indian paint brush. The flowers have such beautiful coloring and they last much longer than orchids. And, not long ago, I was going to a big splashy party sans beau or a corsage. So I bought four huge double poinsettias. With floral wire and a needle and thread, I sewed them on a black evening jacket, so that one whole

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shoulder and sleeve were almost completely covered. The result was so terrific that one gossip columnist actually wrote up what I had done—let alone the conversation that went on about it!"

Rosalind Russell is another original gal whose doings make conversation pieces by the score. She doesn't hesitate in her home to combine colors that sound atomic and turn out lovely. Take her living room—done in the single shock color of chartreuse with the shades varying a little. Sounds baffling, doesn't it? Well, its wonderful. Also her flowers match the pale green-yellow of the room. "I was trying to achieve a feeling of restfulness," says Rosalind, "and I think I did. Also I achieved plenty for my guests to talk about!"

IT'S WELL worth while thinking of unusual touches for your home—thus giving your imagination some exercise, and providing conversation. I tried something in my bedroom that has Hollywood gabbling a mile a minute. I have a very gay bedroom with gingham skirts on the dressing table and milk-glass lamps. But when the room was finished I felt something was out of key—something seemed to be fighting the gaiety of the atmosphere. Then I saw what it was: The businesslike cord of the telephone on my bedside table! Quick as a flash came an idea: Why not wind a giddy string of artificial flowers on the cord so that every time I picked up the phone a garland of flowers would swing up with the receiver? That's what I did—and the results are everything I wanted, both for the looks of my room and the gab of my guests!

And that's almost the end of the Colby Class! Now that you've had a quick glance at some of Hollywood's conversation pieces, I expect you to rush out pellmell and develop your own! It's quite simple . . . just remember that whether it's a new touch in clothes, jewelry or household decoration, make sure it represents you. For your conversation piece is not supposed to be a bizarre curiosity—it's supposed to be part of your personality. You could try collecting something. Jennifer Jones collects fans—some to carry to dressy parties, others to trim mantels and bare walls. Opera star Gladys Swarthout has her downstairs powder room papered with old opera programs.

Whatever you do, remember that you're developing your own personality and your taste in living. Get a "gab piece" and get going! You'll go far!

THE END



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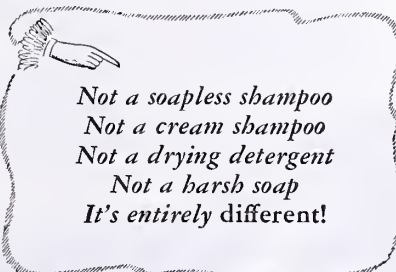
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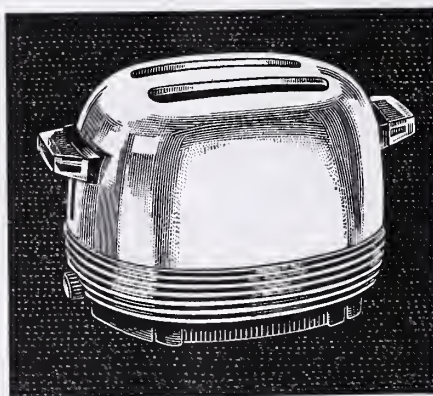
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PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY, PHILA. 40, PA.

"This Time for Keeps"

(Continued from page 37) and I, and Maureen and Will. We'll be married in the Lourellief Inn."

In a way, this was a fairly accurate description of the Grayson-Johnnie Johnston nuptials when they occurred at Carmel-by-the-sea, California, on August 22nd. In another way, Katie was pretty well confounded by Nature, which if it didn't "overdo" things, certainly outdid itself to make this a Technicolor production.

For one thing, you couldn't bring together so naturally handsome a pair as this bride and groom anywhere, and keep it a "plain" occasion. Straight, bright-haired Johnnie in his gray suit, white shirt emphasizing the brown of his face, and slim, blue-eyed Katie, with those fresh pink cheeks her groom is so proud of, wearing lace and orange blossoms, and a gray taffeta dress that stopped, ballet length, just short of her slender ankles. . .

Also, to defeat any wedding in its "plain and simple" determination, we give you a "technical adviser" as spectacularly lovely as Maureen O'Hara. It was Maureen, Kathryn's closest chum, who planned everything from the bride's orange wreath down to her silvery-gray sandals. Will Price, Maureen's husband, was to be best man—Maureen, matron of honor. But the tragic death of Will's brother, Kenneth Price, Jr., on August 20th, naturally necessitated a change of plan.

Last October, when Katie and Johnnie did a Philharmonic concert in Sacramento, they drove back to Los Angeles along the road which follows the ocean. It was then they decided they would some day be married in Carmel, where the beach curves like the golden rim of a saucer around the wide blue of the Pacific. They'd spend such honeymoon as movie stars can count on, on Pebble Beach, where agates can be picked up by the handful for free, and where the wind-flattened cypress and pines stand in somber sentry-like rows in sun and moonlight.

This lovely valley is famous for its Carmelo Mission, erected in 1771 by Padre Junipero Serra. Sacred and changeless as time, its mossy old walls stand in the blue and gold glare of sun, sea and ocean. The imperturbability of yesterday, and the bright promise of today and tomorrow. Unconsciously significant on this wedding day of two young people who both had known previous unhappiness.

RADIO-STAR Johnnie and Katie first met on the M-G-M lot where they were both under contract. There was the immediate and common bond possessed by all those favored individuals who have the power of lifting themselves and their voices into a stratosphere of song where earth-bound voices can't follow. Too, there was the inner loneliness and confusion of a couple of kids who hadn't been quite able to work things out with mates they'd picked "when all of us were too young to know about those things."

Johnnie has two children by his first marriage—Julie, aged five and John Dennis, one-and-a-half years old. They visit Johnnie often. Kathryn has no children.

When Metro sent them both out on a personal appearance tour their friendship had ripened into love.

The tour was an extended one—"And we knew that any romance that could last through the irritations and tribulations of three-and-a-half months of touring must be true love!" says Johnnie.

For a year now, they have been gradually "fixing up" the home they will live in together. The house, one of the loveliest old English manors you've seen, was

purchased by Katie before they met. Originally built by a British family who copied it from their country estate in England, it is timbered and white, vine-hung and spreading. High ceilings inside, with wide expanses of mellowed wood-paneling, and large bright-flowered wallpaper upstairs.

"Katie used her money for buying the house," says her husband, "so I'm using mine for furnishing it. Afterwards, we'll balance up."

Although Kathryn's upstairs wing and the study downstairs are the only rooms in a completed state, the entire house is a steadily growing treasure trove of silver and copper, lamps, glassware and other collector's items they have picked up in their touring. The enormous, high-vaulted living room has lamps made from Victorian vases they acquired in Boston, and two beautiful old organs guaranteed to turn an antique collector green. One of them, tall and ornately carved, was sent to Kathryn by her grandmother in Carolina. Complete with beveled mirror above, and a bellows to help pump out the tunes, its tone is mellow with more than a hundred years of use.

Prize object among the silver services collected for the dining room is an enormous sterling silver "Lazy Susan" which with steaming water placed in its base will keep slowly revolving, offering its food-stuffs to the diners . . .

It is in the kitchen however, that this young husband has really gone to town with outside refrigerator, deep freezer, and eight-burner gas range. Absolutely fascinating to the visitor as well as to its proud owner is a large double sink, gleaming in all its stainless steel beauty amidst the pale yellow canisters and yellow decor. Never, in a thousand years—unless you'd read the ads—would you dream this deco-

rative object was capable of disintegrating garbage so fast this modern kitchen would never have to admit it ever even had any refuse like other kitchens.

The food department and everything pertaining to it is important in this home-making, because Katie and Johnnie love to eat. In fact, their feats at making food disappear, are famous.

"People still talk about the night we ate a whole angel food cake apiece—" says Kathryn. "They looked so good neither one of us wanted to give the other any, so I bought two. I piled whipped cream and strawberries on top, and we ate every crumb."

"Of course, that was after we'd eaten a full chicken dinner first," explains her husband.

They'll drive miles for a Spanish, or fish dinner. And when indulging in another favorite pastime—movies—they take along plenty of popcorn to hold them over until they can get out to eat again.

"Noisy popcorn, too. We're what is known as 'movie pests.'"

The wide rolling grounds around the house also show the effects of the groom's furnishing spree. Garden furniture, the graceful old wrought-iron type, was bought in Missouri and now stands painted a clean white, on the green lawns. Ordered and expected any minute now, are huge wrought-iron gates for the driveway specially designed by Johnnie.

"The design has our initials set into it—a large 'K' on one side and a large 'J' on the other. The 'J' is removable in case she decides to get a new husband some time. I'm still not sure she loves me as much as she loves Throckmorton."

Throckmorton is Kathryn's dog—and loving him is quite a project. A Saint Bernard, he is so large that to have him rub up against you affectionately, is some-

thing like being leaned against by a freight car. Throck is an outright ham, loves to be admired and starts his posing the minute a still cameraman steps on the place. Notable, too, is "The House of Throckmorton," something gigantic in dog houses and with "No Vacancy" painted over the door.

JUST ACROSS the canyon from their back lawn is a fine view of the golf club where Johnnie plays every leisure minute he can find. The right to be a golf addict is one of the inviolable privileges of a husband, he believes, but fortunately here's one fellow who's really proud of his wife's golf game.

"For such a little thing, she has an unbelievable amount of strength in her arms, which gives her a terrific swing. We played with Ruth McCullough, the professional, one day and she was really complimentary about Katie's arm."

Marriage will probably not change the Grayson habit of being late for appointments either, although she admits her husband is working on it.

"I don't know, I just can't seem to be ready and dressed for things on time, and I still don't know whether it helps or hinders to have Johnnie rushing me."

Do they have arguments? "Oh, lovely juicy ones," she says, "on any subject, at any time. And confidentially, they're almost always my fault. Johnnie is the easiest person to get along with I've ever known—I usually have to work at it a while before I get a good verbal bout going."

"I really think that's what she loves about Throckmorton—he never does answer back," says her husband.

Not in the "arguments" but rather in the discussion class at present, are names for those four children they hope to have. Two boys and two girls, the first boy to be

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named John Grayson Johnston. That much is fairly well settled. The girl will be Mary Kathryn, with her mother (when and if she arrives) slightly minded to spell it "Merrie."

"I'm like Cohan. I think M-a-r-y is a grand old name," says the paternal side of the family.

Actually, he'll be satisfied if any feminine offspring they have manages to arrive with one-half as beautiful a complexion as his wife's always fresh-washed looking skin. "I think that school-girl look was what first attracted me to Katie."

Between eating, golfing, and furnishing, Katie and Johnnie like to play double solitaire. They don't care a lot for big parties, but prefer to spend a chummy evening with a small group—the group being almost certain to contain Maureen and husband Will Price. The O'Hara and the Grayson were once neighbors, and they've remained very close girl friends.

"I love that Irish warmth about her," says Kathryn, "and I get such a kick out of those superstitions of hers. She even believes in banshees!"

More than any of their other diversions, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston like to sing together. "We just sit down and try to drown each other out," says Kathryn. This is one case in which it's hard on the neighbors—living out of ear-range. As consolation, however, there's the fact that Kathryn will soon be heard in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Kissing Bandit," with Frank Sinatra as co-star. Johnnie whose picture career is beginning to boom to the same heights as his already established radio status, will hit the screen soon for Eagle-Lion as "The Man From Texas."

Completed and ready for showing, too, is his recent screen job in "This Time For Keeps"—which strikes us as a happy title for these two real-life lovers.

"We haven't any rules for our marriage," says Kathryn seriously. "My one belief is, if a husband and wife will remember to 'live and let live,' they have a big chance for happiness."

Remembering those hushed, happy moments in the lovely inn at Carmel-by-the-Sea, we just repeat the title from the picture of the same name: "This Time For Keeps!"

The End

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Sheridan Preferred

(Continued from page 58) a man's woman in more ways than one.

At the time her feelings were lacerated by the cigars passing her by she was tugging at her corsets. In basque waist and hoop skirt she was attired for General Grant's reception. She said she couldn't breathe. The corsets interfered with chest expansion of which she has considerable, due to playing football no doubt.

"Tomorrow I'll make you wear these, Flynn," she said.

Mr. Flynn demurred. He modestly said he had not the wherewithal to put in them.

"I'll find a couple of things," said Annie.

Mr. Flynn was called into the scene and put down his cigar to join General Grant. It was his business to be overwhelmed on sight of Miss Sheridan as she entered a moment later, a queenly vision. And indeed he was overwhelmed, as was General Grant and guest. The vision made her majestic entrance with Mr. Flynn's cigar atilt in the queenly face.

This "take" will not reach the screen, which seems too bad because it got an ovation from director Raoul Walsh and crew.

Working with Annie is like having old happy days here again, says old-timer director Walsh who knows the business. She makes work play, as it should be, and sparks the spontaneity in everyone.

Half Annie's time is spent in comedy performances for her colleagues. They reciprocate. She observed that her wire bustle looked like a bird cage. Next morning two young parrots were in it.

"Don't think I won't wear them!" cried Annie.

This is another "take" the public will be denied. The things those parrots said behind Annie's behind, though flattering to same, were not according to the Johnston code. The impudent birds must have majored in English at a sailors' boot camp.

MISS SHERIDAN does not confine her efforts to her own set. She's all over the lot. Humphrey Bogart toiled through the last scene of a hard day when his director said: "Just one more take; it will be the last."

"I hope," said Mr. Bogart wearily.

It was a street of dives. Bogart was tailed by a hag making indelicate proposals. In the final take when he turned to rebuff her he was rocked back by a bit of business he wasn't prepared for. The wench lifted her skirt to reveal a superlative leg artistically painted with a butterfly, a fee and "Annie."

"Sheridan, you wench!" whooped Bogart.

Annie had galloped over from her own stage to put on the make-up and substitute for the bit player, all as a gag to refresh old chum Bogie.

The core of Annie's philosophy, like Voltaire's, is laughter. "I live for laughs," says she. The creed: Have fun and get fat.

This is not as simple as it sounds else the world would not be dolorous and Annie underweight.

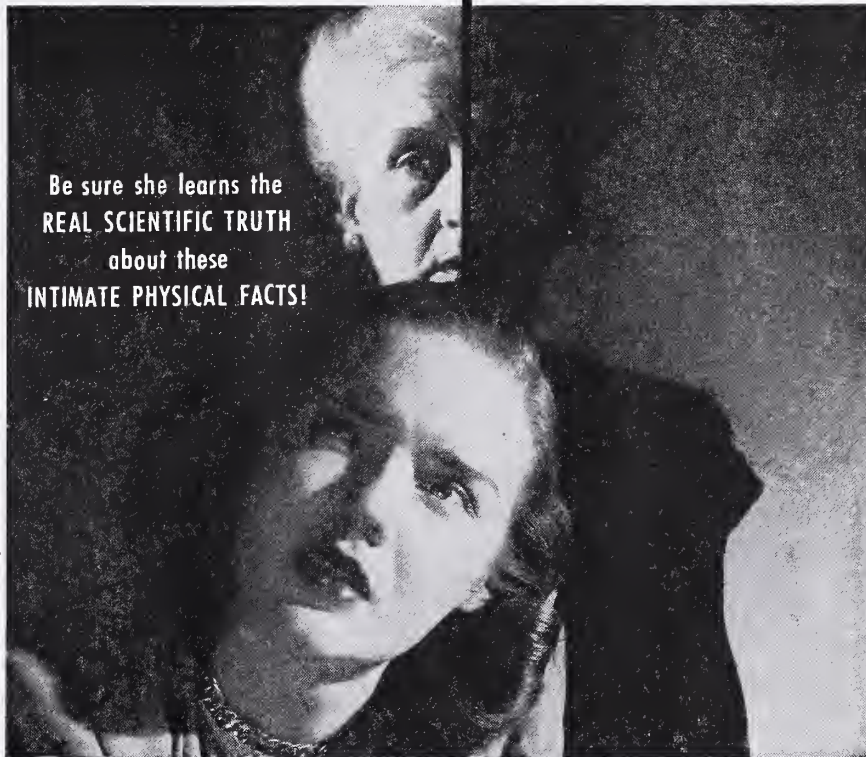
Dazzling as ever in "Nora Prentiss" she was fourteen pounds less than before going AWOL. Male customers let out cries of pain. What they want is more Annie, not less. We can take shortages in many things but not in Sheridan.

Annie was not deliberately selling us short; she was up to no fool diet. The fourteen pounds were war casualty. She lost them on the Burma front to which Uncle Sam, knowing his business, sent her to oompf morale.

Though never feeling better in her virile life, Annie started drinking a glass of beer with a sandwich before going to bed. Then she tried ginger ale mixed with

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cream. During "The Unfaithful," Zachary Scott stoked her with egg-nogs which she despises. He kept adding eggs until all the bobby-sox pullets in San Fernando Valley were cackling "Annie" and laying their best, while back in Massachusetts an old hen fan laid a four-and-a-half pounder.

"Men," says Annie, speaking on a subject she's in position to speak on, "men like women fat; cushioned well, anyhow."

She thinks diet vicious because it tends to make gals irritable and witchy. Annie herself eats with vim, not much at a time but often, staple fodder such as meat and potatoes and pancakes rolled with jelly.

Hollywood is responsible for the slenderizing madness.

"It began with the assumption that the camera adds five pounds to your appearance," says Annie. "I think that a myth. But what if it does?"

Annie couldn't be too voluptuous to please the Sultans.

Annie's best chum is Steve Hannagan, publicity tycoon, and to his Irish influence much of her gaiety might be ascribed were it not for the fact that Annie herself has Irish blood and does not credit it for humor.

"All Irish are not funny. That's another myth," says Annie the myth-smasher. Her second husband, George Brent, was Irish and evidently not funny because Annie divorced him. Her first husband, Eddie Norris, "Oh, he was a mixture of Welsh and something."

Annie thinks it's the Indian in her; she has a Cherokee ancestor.

"Squaws don't laugh," someone said.

"Don't you believe that," said squaw Sheridan. "They laugh behind the white squaws' backs."

Will Rogers, like Annie, boasted Cherokee blood. The world never knew how funny Will was until Sam Goldwyn had him tailed by a stenographer who set down his spontaneous drollery. That was in days of silent pictures and Goldwyn put Will's wit on the screen as subtitles.

Some scenarist should tail Annie. She's a natural for comedy. Enchantresses of history, stage and screen have been ladies loving laughter and capable of provoking it in men. Annie suggests that "Red-Headed Woman" Jean Harlow did, and roles such as Carole Lombard did classic.

ANNIE bolted the screen after making some fifty pictures in twelve years because she wanted to find better stories. She didn't object to a little more money either; she doesn't want the responsibility of her own production unit but, "I could do with a little percentage."

Sheridan has worked like a Trojan from the day she arrived, a beauty contest winner in a carload of thirty in 1933. She's the only one of that cargo on the screen today.

Her manner of life is simple. Her friends are mostly workers she has known from way back; few are on the star lists. Her constant friend is probably Martha Giddings, who also acts as wardrobe woman on her films. A Swedish couple, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bewick, have been her homekeepers for years.

Annie lives in a small farmhouse on three acres in Encino in San Fernando Valley. The population of the estate includes, beside Annie and the Bewicks, Clara Lou the slap-happy cow, Amos and Andy the poodles, Rex the horse.

The favorite room, in consonance with Annie's philosophy, is the playroom. It is also music room and trophy room, prettily adorned with embalmed bull's ears and tails which were dedicated to Annie by the toreros in the arena in Mexico City. Chiquelin, famous matador, also tossed her the capote he wore in the promenade, and



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that cape adorns a wall. Music cabinets are filled with Latin-American records.

Annie favors our Latin neighbors because she finds them more successful at having fun, and hence at living.

"We North Americans make too much of a job of it," says Annie. "Mexicans let down their hair. They make their own fun."

Speaking Spanish, singing and dancing and full of laughs, Annie is no gringa in Mexico. She was made honorary citizen and got a bid to President Aleman's reception.

Her preference is not for the formal society of the Spanish set. She likes the paisanos, the *toreros*, the *mariachi* troubadors. The small village of Nautla presented her with a piece of ground for a home.

"I'd like another five years in pictures with good stories," says Annie. "Then I'd like to loaf."

In "The Unfaithful," Annie gives one of the best performances of the year, Louella says, dramatic and emotional. "It's a new Annie," she adds.

Our laughing philosopher is a versatile gal.

An old boulevardier who can remember the Big Moments of Great Actresses way back to Bernhardt and Bella Fatima, queen of the hoochie coochies, would get a jolt peering into opulent Annie's own bedroom. It's Puritan, furnished in New England antiques. The bed is a mahogany four-poster with white canopy. On retiring Annie takes to bed not a romance but a murder mystery; the more gangster corpses the more peaceful Annie's slumber.

The high point in this austerity is an alarm clock. It stands leering beside the bed. Annie in vexation awakes at four a.m., two hours ahead of her call, in order to leer back and give it a clip before it can sound off. This miserable object is the only thing Annie can't figure for a laugh.

THE END

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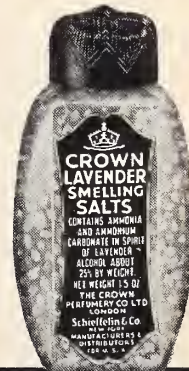
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by
VALDA SHERMAN

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(Advertisement)

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66) when your husband comes home at night.

Both of you need to become mental adults, to recognize that marriage is a partnership and that it doesn't matter who contributes what share to the union as long as both of you are planning together, working together, and "having fun" together.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In 1943 I met an Army Captain and fell in love with him at first sight. I saw him only once, but he asked me to write while he was overseas and sent me his address when he was shipped out. For two years we corresponded regularly.

Those letters were the most wonderful things in all the world. You can imagine my surprise when one of my last letters was returned to me, marked "Returned to U.S.A."

A few weeks later his mother (with whom I had corresponded although I'd never met her) wrote, saying that he had come home on leave, but had been sent out again on a secret mission, so would be unable to write.

Eventually I met another soldier at my sister's home, and after his discharge we saw each other often and he admitted he was in love with me. So, we were married, and he has proved to be a wonderful husband.

However, I am still in love with the Captain.

Do you think I should write to his mother and ask her how to get in touch with him? I don't want to hurt my husband, but I feel I may have missed my destiny if I don't hear from the Captain and perhaps see him just once again.

Helen L.

The important thing to realize is that you aren't in love with the "Captain" of your dreams at all. You are in love with Love. You have built up an ideal—so handsome, debonair, so gallant and so courtly that no mere human being could ever half fulfill it.

If you were to meet the Captain, preferably with a head cold, all your fine illusions would vanish with the first sneeze.

You have admitted that your husband loves you and has proved to be an ideal partner.

If you only knew how much marital unhappiness there is in this world you would get down on your knees and thank heaven for such a husband—and turn your romantic love to him alone.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married at the age of fifteen, and had my first child ten months later, a little girl. A year later we had our second child, a boy, but by that time my husband and I were having so much trouble that we decided to separate. One of the difficulties between us was a boy I had known all my life. Wherever we went, I saw this boy.

I was never in love with him, yet I planned to marry him—after my divorce—had he not died of pneumonia. In excusing myself for something that is totally inexcusable, I might say that I felt sorry for this boy and that after my husband and I had separated, I was wretched and miserable, and lost sight of values. At any rate, the point of this is that my third child, another boy, was born just before my divorce decree became final. His birth certificate bears the same surname as that of the other two children.



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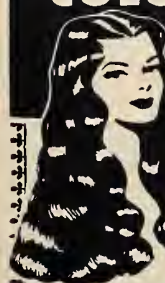
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However, there was a good deal of talk in town at the time.

This boy is now ten. Not long ago, a "friend" of mine told my daughter that her younger brother was not a full brother, but only a half-brother.

I am now married to the finest man on earth. When he asked me to marry him, seven years ago, I told him my entire story and he said, "Not your past, but your future with me is my concern." I asked him if we should tell our youngest boy the truth and he said, "Not until he is old enough and has seen enough of life to understand."

Should I tell this ten-year-old boy, whom I love desperately and whose love I want to keep, the truth?

Mrs. Dennis I.

(Because this problem presented difficulties beyond my depth, I felt, I have asked Dr. Paul Popenoe, renowned domestic relations counselor to supply his judgment in the matter—CC)

Tell him now. The longer you wait, the harder it will be—for you and for him alike.

Remember, he is going to find out, sooner or later. Other people know it and are already talking about it. You can't insulate your son.

There are people in the world who are mean enough, ornery enough, to take delight in giving him the information in the most harmful possible way. Somehow they feel unconsciously they will themselves be just a little bit happier if they can make him miserable—not because they have anything against him, but merely because when someone, anyone, else is miserable they can rejoice, "I'm better off than he is, anyhow."

Your husband wants the boy to be old enough to understand. In one sense, he will never be old enough to understand. No one could understand fully, without going through the whole experience that you went through. But if you face the situation immediately, you will be doing all you can to protect him. He deserves it.

Paul Popenoe

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband left two years ago, not because he didn't love me, but because he couldn't settle down.

During the time he was gone, I took my two children and moved in with my single sister because her apartment was larger than my place and the children's school was nearby. My sister has never been well, and a few months ago her doctor told me that her ailment is incurable. Watching her die slowly, and not being able to do anything for her is getting on my nerves.

Naturally I have been working while my husband has been away. Recently, I met Nat quite by accident and discovered that he is a new man, settled down to one job. I love him more than ever, and he loves me, too. We would like to start all over again, but I can't very well leave my sister. She refuses to go to a hospital because she doesn't think she is sick enough.

I know that if my sister came to live with us, Nat's old restlessness would begin again. He can't endure being near a sick person.

Please help me. I've thought about it so much that I can't make my own decision.

Mrs. N. P. R.

Throughout your letter there is a wordless plea for me to tell you what your own conscience refuses to advise you: To tell your sister the truth about her condition, place her in a hospital, and return to your husband.

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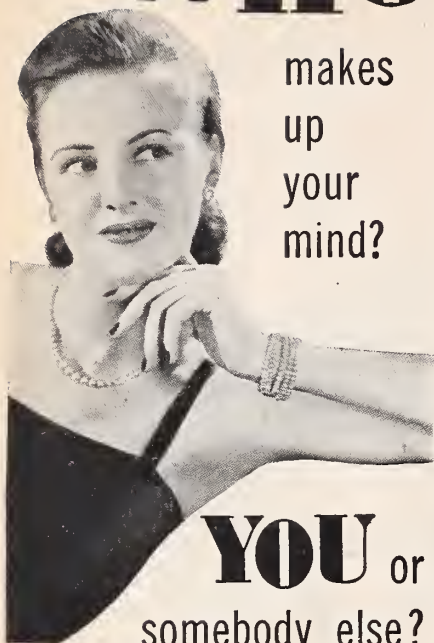
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mind?

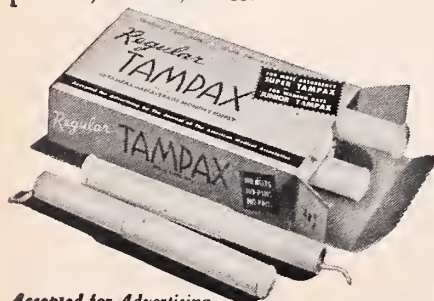
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I wish I could. But there is something more important in this world, I believe, than keeping a marriage together: That is preserving human dignity.

When you were in need, your sister took you in. Now you must stand by her as long as she needs you.

This hard fact may be a blessing in disguise.

Deep in your heart, you don't trust your husband to be equal to the emergency of illness. If he can't endure being near a sick person, what would happen to your family if you fell ill—with two children for whom you are responsible—and he deserted you again?

Don't you think a courting period, during which you stand by your sister, and your husband proves his good intentions by helping you in every way possible, would be a good thing? I do.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My son is a lieutenant in the Air Corps. Last spring he married a girl eighteen; he is twenty-one.

Three months after his wedding he was shipped overseas, and his wife came to live with me. At Christmas time she went to visit her relatives in a southern state for a month. When she came back I discovered that she had met a fellow and had dated him while she was visiting, and that she wrote to him several times, also sent him her picture for which he thanked her.

My close friends want me to tell my son about his wife, but he is a very jealous boy and might do something desperate as he worships her. He sends her money, has bought her lots of nice clothes, a beautiful set of rings and a five-hundred-dollar fur coat.

When she goes out at night with her girl friends, she removes her rings.

She doesn't know that the family knows all of this.

Now my son has sent for her to join him overseas, and she is planning to make the trip. I want him to be happy and I don't like to be a meddlesome in-law, but my friends say I should tip him off before there are children involved.

I will be glad to follow your advice.

A worried mother.

The important issue—as you realize and have implied in your letter—is the happiness of your son.

Before writing a letter that would obviously bring great unhappiness to someone you love, you should ask yourself what really would be accomplished by such a step.

Since your daughter-in-law is joining your son, she would be with him when the letter arrived. I think I am safe in predicting that such a letter would cause her to hate you for the rest of her days. Nor do I think your son would thank you. Naturally, the girl would deny every bit of your story, and your son—who adores her—would believe her and regard you as a trouble-making and a jealous woman.

Now that these young people are going to be together again, why not hold fast to the belief that they will be able to build a fine marriage? Perhaps your son has also made mistakes during his wife's absence.

One more thing: Don't you think that keeping family troubles to yourself, instead of sharing them with neighbors, would simplify family adjustments in the future? Talking over a thing as serious as this with people in your home town, might jeopardize your son's happiness in the future.

Claudette Colbert

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Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married a little over two years and have a year-old baby boy. A few weeks ago we went to a night club to celebrate our second anniversary. I returned to our table after freshening up and found my husband kissing another woman.

When I asked him about it afterward, my husband said he had a mild "crush" on her. This hurt me and it preys on my mind night and day. I've lost my appetite, and my nights are sleepless. My husband has now told me that this woman doesn't mean a thing to him, but I no longer feel safe.

How would you suggest I get over this? I have no parents, so I have no place to go, and both of us are twenty-four years old, which is late in life to try to start all over again.

Vanita B.

Unless you revise your attitude about this minor happening, you will ruin your marriage and perhaps your life.

You should forget this incident and never mention it again. Certainly no sensible woman would consider dissolving a marriage because of one impetuous, meaningless kiss exchanged in the midst of a night club during an anniversary celebration.

A kiss is not that important. When you were in high school you probably kissed a dozen boys good night after dancing parties and neither of you thought much about it later. In motion pictures every actress and actor plays love scenes which are strictly business and in no way alter the artist's devotion to the one he or she loves.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I think the main reason I am writing to

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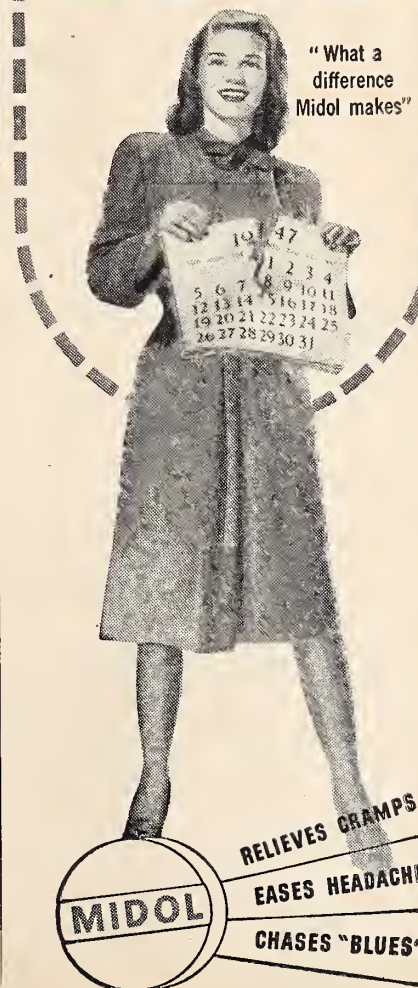


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you is that I am weary of my own self-pity.

I am a male member of the "problem generation." In addition to that I am of Filipino and Danish parenthood, so am considered "different."

Here at school where I am a Junior, sororities and fraternities compose the social world. Because of my nationality—and maybe because of myself—I am excluded from membership. This does not bother me too much as I realize there are certain boundaries which people like me cannot cross.

I tried solving this social problem by seeking friends among my own "kind" but I ran into a stone wall. You see, I am five feet eight—an extreme height for my nationality. For this reason and for many other traits which set me apart, I found myself, again, excluded.

Next year I will be graduated. I now find another problem facing me. If I spend money and time at college, I may again be confronted by the same borderline when the time comes to secure a position.

Should I strive to achieve some success despite my handicap or should I settle down to the menial and monotonous life allowed to a person of my racial extraction?

Emilio Z.

You are right in growing weary of your own self-pity. Such indulgence gets a person nowhere, and is a violation of the most important principles of personal development.

Turning your attention outward for a change, you will soon notice that every person on earth is bound by a borderline of some sort. Right in your own school there are boys and girls who are no different from members of sororities and fraternities, yet they are excluded. In every society there are divisions and subdivisions.

By all means you should plan to attend university for the full four years, educating yourself as extensively as possible. Don't forget this: The more intelligent people are (or the more highly educated) the more readily they see one of the great truths of life: That the earth thrives on difference.

Your letter was so intelligent that I feel you will find rare success in life if you cast aside self-pity. Continue your education and devote yourself to finding others of all nationalities who, like yourself, want to make a contribution to the further civilizing of humankind.

There are two excellent books which you, and almost everyone, should read: "What Life Should Mean To You" by Dr. Alfred Adler, and "Peace of Mind," by Joshua Loth Liebman.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Last term I had an urge to take things around high school that weren't mine. I kept telling myself that it was just "swiping" until one of the girls caught me and told me to my face that I was a thief.

The word was so horrible that it made me sick. I've never taken another thing. I guess the reason I did it in the first place was that my father and I make a home together and we don't have very much. My mother died when I was eleven and things have been very tough for us ever since.

This girl who caught me didn't report me to the faculty, but she did tell some of my best girl friends so that now they won't have anything to do with me.

How can I explain to them that I didn't realize what a dreadful thing I was doing, and how can I win them back?

Celia W.

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the girl who, as you say, caught you. The humiliation you experienced at her hands may well have saved you from prison in later years. She made you see your mistake so clearly that, I am sure, you will never repeat it.

The next thing for you to do is to realize that everyone in the world has made at least one serious mistake in his or her lifetime. To make a mistake is human. Once that mistake is corrected, it should be forgotten and allowed to slip into the past.

Having started on the right road, you will have no trouble in keeping your old friends and making new friends. With your old friends, I feel it would be best for you to explain to them, as you have to me, why you did what you did, and that you are not going to do it again. Ask them if they will continue to be friendly with you since you have realized your mistake.

Finally, may I say that I admire you for having done a fine about-face in the mistaken path you had taken? You have shown real character, and character always wins.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

As soon as my boy friend (now my husband) returned from overseas, he re-enlisted in the regular army. He intends making the Army a permanent career.

I don't say that Army life isn't promising, but it is making my husband a lazy loafer. He puts in a few hours work in the morning, after which he is free to play golf, lie around the house and sleep, or otherwise waste time.

My greatest complaint is his disinterest in getting better quarters for us. We have been living in a room at the home of my relatives for over two years. He seems perfectly content to let this situation go on indefinitely.

When I complained, he made arrangements for us to share a house with another Army couple, which I refused to do on the ground that no roof is wide enough to shelter two families.

His buddies are a major factor in his life. He works with them, shares recreation hours with them, and then expects me to spend most of my evenings with them and their families. If I refuse to accompany him, he goes without me. It isn't that I mind his having lots of friends, but he won't go with me to visit my friends—none of whom are Army people.

Can you tell me how I can get my husband to show some ambition, make a real home for me, and consider my choice of friends as important as his?

Sally W.

Because your husband doesn't exert himself beyond the bounds required by his Army job, you mustn't feel he isn't contributing his share of work to the world. I don't think there are many human beings in the world who, if given a steady job which paid them a living wage for four hours of labor, would insist upon doing eight, ten or twelve for the mere love of it.

You sound like an energetic human being who is inclined to be critical of anyone who lacks your drive.

If you want better living quarters, spend each morning—while your husband is soldiering—trying to find something to your taste. Then you can take off the afternoons to relax with him.

As for the matter of friends, I suspect that your husband is uneasy around your civilian acquaintances. The Army is run on a totally different basis from civilian industry, so your husband may feel lost and unimportant in any discussion of



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SAMPLES
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Birthstone

Only \$1 a week

January—Garnet
Feb—Amethyst
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May—Emerald
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Fine stones, clustered together for dazzling brilliance, set in the full richness of 10-kt Gold. Choice of all birthstone colors.

\$9.95

NO Down Payment

How to
Measure
Ring
Size



Get a ring of right size and put flat on a piece of paper. With a sharp pointed pencil draw a circle inside the ring. Send the paper to us with the coupon.

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GOLDCRAFT, Box 417, Birmingham 1, Ala.

Please send me Birthstone Ring as advertised for month of _____ Size _____

I agree to pay Goldcraft the sum of \$1 weekly until balance is paid in full. M-10

Name _____

Address _____

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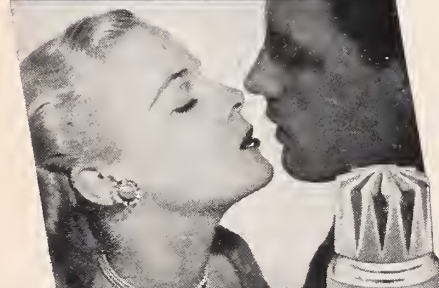
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cosmetic since lipstick!



Lip-Stae keeps your lipstick on you. Before using this magic clear liquid, apply your favorite lipstick as usual. Then brush Lip-Stae lightly over your lips.



Now MAKE THE KISS TEST!
At last, kisses leave no tell-tale mark. What's more, Lip-Stae adds an alluring sheen to your soft, soft lips.



1.00 PLUS TAX
LIP-STAE*
by *Renoir*



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business, stocks and bonds, and such interests.

Perhaps you are making yourself unhappy because you believe your lot to be totally different from that of other young wives. Nearly all married couples have to work out differences of opinion, and most wives finally accept their husband's group of friends as their own.

Unless your husband is completely selfish and unreasonable—it's worth trying.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a physically handicapped young lady in my early twenties, who is a "shut-in" as a result.

It has occurred to me that there are a lot of young men and women who are in the same condition, yet who long to make new friends and to learn something of the great outside world.

I would like to organize a correspondence club so these people could communicate with each other, but I am not sure just how to go about it. I am not doing this for profit—I want to spread a little sunlight.

Do you think such a club could be organized in spite of the opinion of some of my friends that the whole idea is idealistic but impractical?

(Miss) Thomasine Thomas
Route No. 1
Marysville, Washington

Your idea seems to me to be an excellent one.

From my PHOTOPLAY correspondence I know that there are many shut-ins who are eager for this sort of friendship. For this reason I am breaking my hard-and-fast rule of not publishing real names and addresses.

In addition to answering each of the letters yourself, I think you should forward letters from people in, say, Maine, to those in Arizona. In short, introduce people in one part of the country to those at some distance so that each—in writing about the things he knows best—will have a fascinated audience in the other.

Let me know how this works out.

Claudette Colbert

*Have you a problem
which seems to have
no solution?*

*Would you like the thoughtful
advice of*

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Sell CHILTON Christmas Cards
Make BIG MONEY 21 Card "Prize" BOX
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AMAZING LINE all fast sellers. 21-card "Prize" Christmas Cards, Religious, Fine Arts, Humorous, Everyday, Gift Wraps, retail \$1.00. Get "Prize" Christmas assortment on approval. Write today!
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147 ESSEX STREET • BOSTON, MASS.

Write for
Samples

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Nobody today need go through life with the handicap of a badly shaped nose, disfigured features or blemishes. Get your copy of "YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE". See how Plastic Surgery quickly, easily reshapes ugly noses, sets back protruding ears. Learn how SCIENCE "takes years off" the prematurely-aged face, corrects scrawny necks, double chins, excessive wrinkles, etc. "YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE", written by a famous plastic surgeon, will be sent post-paid in a private wrapper, for only 25c. Address:

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Unexcelled for photos, cards, stamps, etc. Neat—easy to use—glued inside for holding prints tight or loose. At photo supply and album counters, or send 10c for pkg. of 100 and free samples to try.
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PROCESS CORP. Tray at 221 St. CHICAGO 23, ILLINOIS
Christmas Cards with Name \$1.25 up

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() Rush Barbecue Ash Tray C.O.D. for \$1.98 on money back guarantee.

\$1.98

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

I Can't Forget

(Continued from page 53) Hollywood was
there—my then dream boy, Gary Cooper
(p.s. He still is!), Cary Grant, Fred As-
taire, Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert.
And Ronald Colman. And I remember this
party more because of Ronnie than because
of the wonderful jewels and gowns and all
the other stars. It was the beginning of
Colman's courtship of Benita Hume! He
met her here for the first time. He took
her home. The next thing, they were going
steady and getting married. . . .

Van Johnson's smile—filling the whole
screen in "Of Human Bondage." I don't
know if Van had made any pictures before
that—he probably had. But this was the
first time he registered with me. I'll always
remember Van as the soldier, smiling in the
train as he went off to war and death. . . .

My first luncheon with Orson Welles—
I hated him! He wasn't married at the
time. And consciously or subconsciously I
always try to be very charming to bach-
elors. (I wasn't married myself then!) But
it was like hitting a rock with a small
stone. Orson never stopped talking, even
to let me ask a question. He was just busy
talking like a genius. Time and Hollywood
have tempered Mr. Welles. Now he's the
one who tries to be charming. I like it
better this way! . . .

MY FIGHT with Constance Bennett—I
still feel warm when I think of it.
Connie was making her last "Topper" pic-
ture. And I'd heard that she was difficult
and when her producer wanted to intro-
duce us, I said, "Well, perhaps not." He
thought I was shy, pushed me forward.
And made the introduction. There was a
ghastly silence for ten seconds. Then Con-
nie, in her loudest, and sweetest voice—
there were about two hundred men, wom-
en, and children on the set—called me
the biggest so and so in Hollywood! At
such moments my brain is usually paralyzed.
But heaven granted me one moment
of clarity—to hiss back, just as sweetly.
"Not the biggest Connie, the second
biggest!" . . .

Errol Flynn—I was on a party with
Errol, just after he separated from Lili
Damita. And I bet him fifty dollars that
he would remarry within five years. Errol
was so sure he wouldn't marry ever again,
I could have made the bet for a thousand
dollars. And the reason the incident stays
in my Hollywood memories—Errol didn't
pay off! . . .

Judy Garland at sixteen—plump and
starry-eyed, inviting me to have tea with
her for a reading of her poems! Judy at
twenty-five—too thin, too nervous, head-
aches, sleepless nights. . . .

Ever since I can remember in Hollywood,
Frank Sinatra has been breaking dates
with me. He always has a legitimate ex-
cuse. The first, second, and third times, it
was urgent business. The fourth time it
was a bad cold. And he usually sends me
red roses as an apology. That's all right
with me, but Frankie, if you make another
date with me and break it—so help me—
well, I guess I'll love you just the same. . . .

One of my more memorable moments in
Hollywood was seeing Paulette Goddard
after she was supposed to have acted badly
at Ciro's with a well-known director. All
the women's clubs of America seemed to
know about it and were threatening to
boycott her movies. It was embarrassing,
but I asked Paulette the question direct.
And she gave it back clear and straight
from the shoulder, ending with, "You know
how ambitious I am. Would I jeopardize
everything I've worked for, for one moment
of silliness?" I believed her. . . .

The Howard Hughes airplane crash in
Beverly Hills! I was the first to put it over

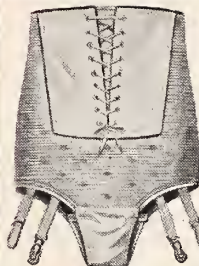
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so comfortable to wear. And
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SLIM-MODE has a built-
in front-laced panel. Ad-
just the laces to your own
greatest comfort. Your
tummy is lifted into shape,
flattened out . . . yet you
feel truly comfortable.

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SLIM-MODE is made of
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You can wear **SLIM-MODE** all day long. Will not bind
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laces. See which you prefer.



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Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a **SLIM-MODE**.
I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) (sizes 34
and over \$4.98) with the understanding that this
payment is only my evidence of good faith and is
not to be considered a final purchase unless I decide
to keep the garment. In 10 days I will either return
SLIM-MODE to you and you will return my money,
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• But it's about the only way I know to bring my real point home. I've got worm troubles, and I need attention.

Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules kill worms fast and leave me feeling like my old self again. They're safe and dependable, too.

Pups, and small dogs weighing less than 10 pounds, get the same sure relief from worms with Sergeant's Puppy Capsules.

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So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

*Pile Ointment and Suppositories.

the air in Hollywood. Just five minutes before I had to broadcast, I was called and given the terrible news. At that time, and for many days after they said Howard would die. I'm glad he made liars of us all.

Listening with William Powell to President Roosevelt's birthday celebrations from Washington. And watching Bill's face when Jean Harlow came on to speak her piece. Before the next birthday came around, Jean had passed away. . . .

Lunch, incognito, with Katharine Hepburn at R.K.O. I had just arrived in Hollywood, and next to Garbo, Katie was the hardest girl to interview. She used to lunch with John Ford, Cliff Reed, Dudley Nichols, and a few other chosen men. I was invited to the table—prearranged—and introduced under a different name. Miss Hepburn's conversation was fascinating, until John Ford whispered something in her ear, and then she yelled at me, "Are you a reporter?" It was an awful moment and I mumbled something about being a writer, and confessed everything! She was a good sport and said, "Write anything you like". . . .

Watching Gene Kelly, take a flying leap in the air—and coming down the wrong way—and spraining his ankle. This is a favorite press agent story, that a star breaks or sprains a leg, and it's usually just a scratch. But this one I saw happen in "Living In A Big Way." And I saw Gene's agonized face as he landed. I also saw Errol Flynn knock out Barton MacLane in "Silver River," when Errol punched too soon, or Barton ducked too late! . . .

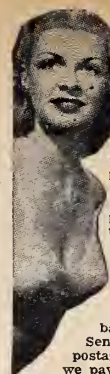
And here's another memory I'll never lose—Gregory Peck at the Academy Awards in the Shrine Auditorium this year. I was sitting next to Greg and everyone in Hollywood expected him to get the award for his terrific performances in "The Yearling" and "Duel In The Sun." Then came the announcement—Frederic March! As I told you I was sitting next to Greg. And this is the truth. The man who led the applause for March, was Mr. Peck! . . .

When I was a little girl, I fell in love with Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms." And one of the first things I did when I came to Hollywood was to hunt him out with the excuse that I wanted to interview him. Dick still looked fine. But he wasn't the Chinese who gave Lillian Gish the little flower pot in "Broken Blossoms!" And that's one thing I've learned, never interview your childhood dreams! . . .

AND THAT brings me to Shirley Temple —when she was the golden-haired girl of the screen. I guess she was eight at the time. Her mother invited me for lunch with Shirley and Rosa Ponselle at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Rosa wanted to sing and have a picture taken with Shirley at the piano. The posing was no problem—Shirley was an experienced picture poser. But when it came to singing the song, she didn't know the words, and when Rosa gave her the words to read, Shirley couldn't read 'em!

I'll always remember my first meeting with Lana Turner. We had lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby. And she was soft and sweet and round. She's still soft and round, and she seems to be getting sweet again, now she's going with Tyrone Power. But for a few years there, Lana was like rock. . . .

And Ty—do you want to know how a new star is born? I saw it happen with Ty. I'll never forget his brief flash in "Girl's Dormitory" with Simone Simone. He had the same electrifying effect as Guy Madison in "Since You Went Away." And I remember saying to Ty after the



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preview, "You're going to be a big star, how does it feel?" Ty wasn't sure, but he jumped overnight from a salary of something like \$200 a week, to \$4,000. Now it's even higher—somewhere around \$6,000 weekly. I was in there at the beginning and saw it happen . . . !

And I also know how it feels to be a star—I was "paired" with Gary Cooper when we went to Texas for the premiere of "The Westerner." The plane trip was very bumpy and I was very ill—until Gary lifted me out of my berth and carried me to the car! Boy, oh boy, oh boy . . . !

I'll never forget my one and only movie role in Hollywood—with Kay Kyser in "That's Right, You're Wrong." I was playing myself, and I had one line to say, "How do you do Mr. Kyser," but I was determined to do it right. I got up at five in the morning for a complete make-up and hair-do at the studio. I think I even lost a few pounds so as to look good on the screen. Then came the big moment. I opened my mouth to say the line. At that point Hedda Hopper stood right in front of me! Well, they saw the brim of my hat anyway—and I do mean, *My hat* . . . !

More unforgettable memories—seeing Jennifer Jones work as the nun in "Song of Bernadette." She actually looked holy! . . . Jack Oakie pushing wife Benita, fully clothed, into their swimming pool. She divorced him soon after! . . . Watching Deanna Durbin marry Vaughn Paul and knowing it wouldn't last. . . . Seeing Laurence Olivier as Henry The Fifth. . . . Hearing someone at David Selznick's studio say about Ingrid Bergman, "She'll never be a star in Hollywood, you can't photograph her face!" . . . Watching Peggy Cummins "take it," when she was fired from "Forever Amber." . . . Lucille Ball calling me from New York and bawling me out for thirty minutes without a break, for something I had aired about her. . . . The nice letter from Robert Taylor, thanking me for something I'd written. Very few do, you know. . . . The impact of James Mason in "Odd Man Out." . . . Cornel Wilde, terribly unhappy, working with Sonja Henie in "Winter Time." . . . Dorothy Lamour, after her divorce from Herbie Kay, crying and saying, "Will I ever get married again?" . . . Mary Astor's dignity during the front page—"Diary Case." . . . Ray Milland's kindness when I burst into tears for no reason when I was interviewing him, too soon after the birth of my son. . . . David Niven's courage when his beloved Primmie died so tragically. . . . Memories . . . Memorable moments in Hollywood.
THE END

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ADVENTURESS, THE**—Eagle-Lion: This Ad-
venture is Deborah Kerr whom you'll see soon with
Clark Gable. In this thriller, she gives you shivers
plus laughs as the little Irish rebel who's just deter-
mined to get mixed up in some spy business. Trevor
Howard helps her along. (July)

✓✓ **BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER,**
THE—RKO: The whoops of laughter keep rolling
along with Cary Grant handling a comedy that has
Shirley Temple a teen-ager pretending to be a model
and landing with Cary in Judge Myrna Loy's court.
Brace yourself for real mirth. (Aug.)

✓ **BLAZE OF NOON**—Paramount: Four big pop-
ular guys, Bill Holden, Bill Bendix, Sonny Tufts and
Sterling Hayden, fly the mail hack in the days when
the pilots used to like frightening chickens. Anne
Baxter's the girl who gets mixed up in their high-
tension lives. Good people; good film. (July)

✓ **BOB, SON OF BATTLE**—20th Century-Fox: A
loved children's classic gives Lon McCallister and
Peggy Ann Garner a chance to try out their Scotch
accents. Everybody in the family can go along to
watch shepherds' dogs being worked and Edmund
Gwenn as a fine Scot in a film that's a little too drawn
out to deliver any special goods. (Sept.)

BORN TO KILL—RKO: A don't-waste-your-time
bit about Lawrence Tierney who kills off people and
is supposed to be irresistible to women. Claire
Trevor proves that point while Walter Slezak and
Elisha Cook Jr. carry on fairly convincingly. (July)

✓✓ **BRUTE FORCE**—Universal: A straight right
from Hollywood with a strong brutal plot about a
prison break and some just as strong and brutal por-
trayals by Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn and Charles
Bickford. You'll mop your brow when it's over.
(Sept.)

✓ **CARNEGIE HALL**—Federal-UA: The list of
guest artists in this, from Walter Damrosch to Harry
James, reads like a benefit performance. You can ex-
pect—and get—beautiful music with Pons, Piatigors-
ky, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Stokowski; mean-
while you can forget the little plot. (July)

✓ **CHILDREN ON TRIAL**—English Films: Eng-
land shares her juvenile-delinquency problems with
America in a documentary about two children re-
formed through "approved schools." Court proce-
dure and the children's actual training are shown
realistically enough to give punch. (July)

CHRISTMAS EVE—Bogaus-UA: Why was this
ever produced? It has a confused plot about old lady
Ann Harding who gathers her adopted sons George
Raft, George Brent and Randolph Scott about her at
Christmas Eve. Where they come from and what
they've been doing is so incredible you may walk
right out. (July)

COPACABANA—Coslow-UA: If you're entertained
by Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda, you may en-
joy this picture set against New York's famous night
club. There's a glimpse of some "Copa Girls," of
night-life figures Louis Sobol, Ahel Green and Earl
Wilson and a "grown-up" Gloria Jean. (July)

✓ **CYNTHIA**—M-G-M: Elizabeth Taylor is *Cynthia*
in a family story that starts off slow but ends up with
everyone having a fine time in a pleasant atmosphere.
James Lydon is A-1; Scotty Beckett gets a big laugh
rating. There's George Murphy and Mary Astor, too,
along with veterans S. Z. Sakall, Gene Lockhart
and Spring Byington. (Aug.)

✓✓ **DEAR RUTH**—Paramount: A picture to lift
your spirits is this comedy about little Mona Free-
man who writes letters to soldier William Holden,
using sister Joan Caulfield's name and photograph.
Edward Arnold and Billy De Wolfe take part in this
fast and funny Hollywood version of the Broadway
hit. (Aug.)

DEEP VALLEY—Warners: On-the-dreary-side film
about a broken-down family with Ida Lupino in be-
tween feuding mama Fay Bainter and Henry Hull,
and Wayne Morris being unexcitingly good and hon-
est. Convict Dane Clark snaps Ida out of her
depression, then comes the posse, then comes the
beginning of boredom. Weak at the knees. (Sept.)

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DESERT FURY—Paramount: Disregard this "Fury"—it's nothing but a cryptically told tale about a lot of unpleasant people out in the desert. Burt Lancaster is miscast, as is Mary Astor; Lisabeth Scott and John Hodiak make an unconvincing romantic team. Big tries at big heroics degenerate into a laughing stock. (Aug.)

DISHONORED LADY—Chertok-Stromberg-UA: Nothing real about this whole business except Hedy Lamarr's beauty. She still manages to look imperious even when she's a neurotic. John Loder tries to be a wolf and poor Dennis O'Keefe just doesn't know what to make of the whole thing. (July)

DOWN TO EARTH—Columbia: Rita Hayworth comes down to earth as the Muse Terpsichore to play the lead in Larry Parks's musical. She sticks a celestial finger in the pie and almost spoils everything until Mr. Jordan sets her straight. Lots of songs and dances in Technicolor. (July)

EGG AND I, THE—Universal: The rough-and-riotous best seller had everyone laughing but the film turned into a rather scrambled egg with Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert looking chic in a chic setting. There's a blonde millionairess down the road; and one of the *Kettles* is clean! Marjorie Main helps some but not enough. (July)

FIESTA—M-G-M: Lively Technicolor happenings down in Mexico including gay bullfights and symphony concerts, centering around Esther Williams and her twin brother newcomer Ricardo Montalban. There's Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova and Akim Tamiroff to help carry off this successful little summer starer. (Sept.)

GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, THE—20th Century-Fox: A different and diverting piece about ghost Rex Harrison who doesn't like the idea of Mrs. Gene Tierney Muir coming to live in his former home. He haunts her; they get romantic; George Sanders gets delightfully wolfish, Edna Best and Vanessa Brown are there, along with bright comedy touches. (Aug.)

GHOST GOES WILD, THE—Republic: Everybody else goes wild in this, too. James Ellison and his huttler Edward Everett Horton walk around in sheets while Anne Gwynne registers horror. Ruth Donnelly isn't scared; you won't be either. (July)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—Universal-International: You won't be disappointed for a single minute by this English film based on the Dickens novel. A "young man of great expectations" falls heir to a fortune, leads a life of romance and mystery. It has everything needed for a laurel-winner plus John Mills and Valerie Hobson. (July)

GREEN FOR DANGER—Eagle-Lion: Alastair Sim as *Inspector Cockrill* straightens out a murderous mix-up with white-clad doctors Trevor Howard and Leo Genn making good suspects. Rosamund John and Sally Gray are the nurses; the British plot's good enough to give you shivers if you're a mystery-lover. (Aug.)

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS—Nebenzel-UA: Bob Cummings sprouts some invisible wings and comes down to earth as the *Archangel Michael* to straighten out the life of bad man Brian Donlevy. Despite the wings this is just another Western with Jorja Curt-right looking exotically out of place in her calico skirts. (Sept.)

HIT PARADE OF 1947—Republic: Headliners of the entertainment world; Joan Edwards, Eddie Albert, Constance Moore and Gil Lamh turn in another musical about show business that's not hard to take. Woody Herman and his orchestra swing in; Roy Rogers has a guest spot. (Aug.)

HOMESTEADERS OF PARADISE VALLEY—Republic: Allan Lane as *Red Ryder* has to clean up a lot of trouble in a Western valley with the help of *Little Beaver* and Ann Todd. (July)

HOMESTRETCH, THE—20th Century-Fox: Cornel Wilde is called upon to act like a hare-brained wastrel in a film about horses and race tracks. The races are fairly exciting, the romantic problems of Wilde and Maureen O'Hara less so. (July)

HONEYMOON—RKO: An attempt at some fun with Shirley Temple trying to catch up with soldier Guy Madison in Mexico City in order to marry him, and Franchot Tone trying to catch up with her zany doings. It has colorful shots of flowers and scrapes but the comedy doesn't quite come off. (July)

HUCKSTERS, THE—M-G-M: Quick and to the satirical point is this remake of the best-seller with Clark Gable as the advertising "Huckster" and English Deborah Kerr the lady who can resist a sales talk. Sidney Greenstreet, Ava Gardner and Adolphe Menjou help get the laughs and the whole business will sell itself to you with ease. (Sept.)

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW—20th Century-Fox: Well-turned as a Gay Nineties leg is this Technicolor musical about the life of composer Joe E. Howard. Mark Stevens, June Haver, Lenore Aubert and Martha Stewart dress it up; the songs and Reginald Gardiner's clowning add the finishing touches, and there you have a dandy musical. (Sept.)

IVY—20th Century-Fox: "Ivy," despite Joan Fontaine's deft manipulations, doesn't give you as many chills as she should. A lady who's bent on getting somewhere by using men and is a murderess

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to boot should have you feeling more than lukewarm pity. Despite nice performances by Herbert Marshall, Richard Ney and Patric Knowles you'll still just go along with it—and mildly at that. (Sept.)

LIKELY STORY, A—RKO: Contrived nonsense about Bill Williams and Barbara Hale with some fake-insurance-policy business, silly gangster scenes and a lot of confusion. If the story had been likelier everyone might have had a better chance. (Aug.)

✓LIVING IN A BIG WAY—M-G-M: The be-all of this fairly chuckly little story about veterans' housing is dancer Gene Kelly who does some pretty footwork all the way through. Marie McDonald and Phyllis Thaxter are the gals, but Gene and his dancing are the stars. (Sept.)

✓LONG NIGHT, THE—RKO: You'll keep rather dreary vigil with Henry Fonda in the room he refuses to leave after he's committed murder. Barbara Bel Geddes and Ann Dvorak try and convince him he better face the police but before he does you'll hear the whole and rather depressing story of why he killed off slimy Vincent Price. (Sept.)

LURED—Stromberg-UA: This is supposed to have some deep dark secrets in its reels, but it's all fairly handsome hokum conducted by Lucille Ball, George Sanders and Boris Karloff. "The Yard" is in the hackground trying to clear up some murders, but when all's dramatically said and done it's still just a *papier maché* mystery. (Sept.)

✓✓MIRACLE ON 34th ST.—20th Century-Fox: A hit takes over with Edmund Gwenn making a magnificent Santa Claus in a film that shouldn't be missed. John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood and Macy's and Gimbel's are all in there pitching fast; there's plenty of comedy to keep you chuckling and send you home cheering. (Aug.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Charles Chaplin presents a picture that's aroused more curiosity than a dozen thrillers. It's brilliant in spots with touches of the old Chaplin genius, but the theme of excusing murder on economic grounds is questionable. You may not like the film, but you'll love scene-stealer Martha Raye. (Aug.)

✓MOSS ROSE—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature looks tall, dark and enigmatic in this murder mystery that has Peggy Cummins, Vincent Price and Ethel Barrymore to spice it up. Plot and people are fairly credible; there are some chills from the murders, lots of thrills from Mature. (Aug.)

✓NORTHWEST OUTPOST—Republic: Fancy costumes, fancy doings in a Russian outpost in old California, and Nelson Eddy's voice make this into a pleasant operetta, Elsa Lanchester and Ilona Massey are the females; Eddy looks fine, sings better. (Aug.)

OREGON TRAIL SCOUTS—Republic: Allan Lane as Red Ryder gets mixed up in the usual sort of crooked business with Roy Barcroft as the villain this time. It's a small-fry special. (Aug.)

✓OTHER LOVE, THE—Enterprise UA: Barbara Stanwyck's the woman patient at a tubercular sanitarium run by doctor David Niven. She should stay and recover but instead she runs away to the Riviera gay life with handsome Richard Conte. (July)

PATIENT VANISHES, THE—Film Classics: James Mason in his old English role of detective *Nick Cardby* plays around at sleuthing in a weak mystery. If you just can't do without Mason you may like a look at him in his younger days, otherwise, don't bother. (Aug.)

✓✓PERILS OF PAULINE—Paramount: The old serial heroine *Pauline* is back again with Betty Hutton as Pearl White to give you some of the best fun you've ever had. Billy De Wolfe, John Lund, William Demarest and Constance Collier give you a perfect picture of the old-time movie days. (July)

✓✓POSSESSED—Warners: Scaled to adult size, this is the grim study of the approach of insanity in Joan Crawford's mind. Van Heflin and Raymond Massey help put over strongly a picture that is more psychological study than entertainment. Crawford turns in a stirring performance. (Aug.)

✓REPEAT PERFORMANCE—Eagle-Lion: Rather a different little idea in this: i.e., that a girl has the chance to live over one year of her life again. Seeing as how Joan Leslie shot husband Louis Hayward the first time, you may be interested in seeing how she fares on her second run. It's good enough, but you won't call for any encores. (Sept.)

✓ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE, THE—M-G-M: Van Johnson gets mixed up in the feud that went on down in the Ozarks after the Civil War. There's real music in that hill-billy accent, plus O. A. Whitehead, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle and Janet Leigh to keep the uncommon little story running easily along. (Sept.)

✓✓ROOSEVELT STORY, THE—Tola Productions: A series of newsreel clips takes on the feeling of a narrative film to recount the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt from the time of his marriage. Whether you're a Roosevelt man or no, you'll be intensely moved. (Sept.)

SADDLE PALMS—Republic: Another Autry episode with Gene and the Cass County Boys fighting a rent rise and taming spoiled young lady Lynne Roberts. (Sept.)

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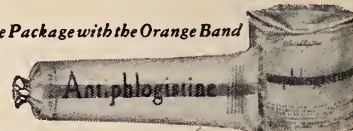
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SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK, THE—California-UA: Harold Lloyd comes back to make a silly picture about one *Harold Diddlebock* who goes off his routine track and ends up with a circus. Lots of nonsense that's fun if you're in the mood. (July)

SPOILERS OF THE NORTH—Republic: Trouble, trouble in this one about salmon-fishing up in Alaska. Paul Kelly's a crooked operator; James A. Millican is his good and honest brother who wins out in the end. Evelyn Ankers is a cool and calm city gal, but everyone's talents are wasted. (Aug.)

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME—RKO: You can sit with the jury while the accused, Robert Young, tells of his treatment of wife Rita Johnson, his conniving with bad girl Susan Hayward and philandering with Jane Greer. After you've been interested by his story, you can decide the verdict. (Aug.)

✓TROUBLE WITH WOMEN, THE—Paramount: Teresa Wright and Ray Milland lend their talents to a film that's just a time-passer. It has to do with a psychology professor who thinks women should be pushed around and a girl reporter who pushes him around instead. Brian Donlevy helps things. (July)

✓UNFAITHFUL, THE—Warners: Hard-hitting and suspenseful, this has Ann Sheridan doing a good job as the week-old bride whose husband Zachary Scott goes overseas for three years. Unfaithfulness leads to a murder charge with Lew Ayres as the lawyer. Thoughtful movie-goers will like it. (Aug.)

✓VARIETY GIRL—Paramount: The history of the Variety Club, "heart of show business," is the novel idea behind this. Everyone in Paramount makes a bow at some time or other, with Crosby and Hope leading the parade. Mary Hatcher and Olga San Juan center the theme adequately; it's a real Variety Show that's a different kind of fun. (Sept.)

✓WEB, THE—Universal-International: A fast-moving film with fast dialogue bantered by lawyer Edmond O'Brien, suave crookster Vincent Price, smart secretary Ella Raines and that sure-fire character Bill Bendix. It's the old frame-up with lots of novel twists; go right on into that "Web." (Sept.)

WINTER WONDERLAND—Republic: There's a ski ballet starring Lynne Roberts and Charles Drake, a daring rescue from a cavern and some fancy skating in this innocuous tale about life in a winter resort. If you're a winter-sports enthusiast, you may mildly enjoy the mild goings-on. (Aug.)

WOMAN ON THE BEACH, THE—RKO: Joan Bennett slinks along a deserted beach with Robert Ryan who has a bad case of war nerves. They're made worse when he meets Joan's blind husband Charles Bickford and gets mixed up in their morbid lives. (July)

WYOMING—Republic: Big rancher Bill Elliott fights the Homestead Act, but daughter Vera Ralston and John Carroll think the law's right. This runs along inconspicuously on the tried-and-true Western trail with Albert Dekker, Mme. Ouspenskaya. (Aug.)

YANKEE FAKIR—Republic: You see only the back of the villain's head until the end of the picture, but you know all along who murdered Joan Woodbury's father. Too bad traveling pitchman Douglas Fowley couldn't have guessed too. (July)

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Casts of Current Pictures

ADVENTURE ISLAND — Pine-Thomas-Paramount: Mr. Herrick, Rory Calhoun; *Faith Wishart*, Rhonda Fleming; *Capt. Donald Lochlin*, Paul Kelly; Mr. Huish, John Abbott; Mr. Attwater, Alan Napier.

BLACK GOLD — Allied Artists: *Charley Eagle*, Anthony Quinn; *Sarah Eagle*, Katherine DeMille; *Ruth Frazer*, Elyse Knox; *Stanley Lowell*, Kane Richmond; *Davey*, Ducky Louie; *Bucky*, Raymond Hutton; *Col. Caldwell*, Thurston Hall; *Jonas*, Alan Bridge; *Dan Toland*, Moroni Olsen; *Davey's Father*, H. T. Tsiang; *Judge Wilson*, Charles Trowbridge; *Monty*, Jack Norman.

BLACK NARCISSUS — Rank-Universal: *Sister Clodagh*, Deborah Kerr; *Sister Philippa*, Flora Robson; *Sister Honey*, Jenny Laird; *Sister Briony*, Judith Furse; *Sister Ruth*, Kathleen Byron; *The Old General*, Esmond Knight; *The Young General*, Sabu; Mr. Dean, David Farrar; *Kanchi*, Jean Simmons; *Angu Ayah*, May Hallatt; *Joseph Anthony*, Eddie Whaley Jr.; *Con*, Shaun Noble; *Mother Dorothea*, Nancy Roberts; *Phuba*, Ley On.

CROSSFIRE—RKO: *Finlay*, Robert Young; *Keeley*, Robert Mitchum; *Montgomery*, Robert Ryan; *Gunny*, Gloria Grahame; *The Man*, Paul Kelly; *Samuels*, Sam Levene; *Mary Mitchell*, Jacqueline White; *Floyd*, Steve Brodie; *Mitchell*, George Cooper; *Bill*, Richard Benedict; *Detective*, Richard Powers; *Leroy*, William Phipps; *Harry*, Lex Barker; *Miss Lewis*, Marlo Dwyer.

DARK PASSAGE, THE—Warners: *Vincent Parry*, Humphrey Bogart; *Irene Jansen*, Lauren Bacall; *Madge Raff*, Agnes Moorehead; *Bob*, Bruce Bennett; *Sam (Cabby)*, Tom D'Andrea; *Baker*, Clifton Young; *Detective*, Douglas Kennedy; *Geo. Fellsinger*, Rory Mallinson; *Dr. W. Coley*, Houseley Stevenson.

GOLDEN EARRINGS — Paramount: *Col. Ralph Denistoun*, Ray Milland; *Lydia*, Marlene Dietrich; *Zoltan*, Murvyn Vye; *Byrd*, Bruce Lester; *Hoff*, Dennis Hoey; *Quentin Reynolds*, Himself; *Professor Krosnik*, Reinhold Schunzel; *Major Reimann*, Ivan Triesault.

HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS — Columbia: *Margaret Weldon*, Lucille Ball; *William Weldon*, Franchot Tone; *J. B. Cruikshank*, Edward Everett Horton; *Professor Glinka*, Mikhail Rasumny; *Peter Winterbottom*, Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Winterbottom*, Nana Bryant; *Governor Fox*, Jonathan Hale; *Dr. Frazee*, Paul Stanton; *Mrs. Jospier*, Mabel Paige; *Vice-President Starrett*, Frank Mayo; *Vice-President Beittler*, Pierre Watkin; *Vice-President Brady*, Carl Leviness; *Vice-President Nicholson*, Dick Gordon; *Tappel*, Douglas Wood; *Slocum*, Jack Rice; *Window Washer*, Clancy Cooper; *Police Captain*, Charles C. Wilson; *Brewster*, Charles Trowbridge; *Judge*, Selmer Jackson; *District Attorney*, Arthur Space.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES — M-G-M: *Merton Gill*, Red Skelton; *Phyllis Montague*, Virginia O'Brien; *Beulah Baxter*, Gloria Grahame; *Lawrence Rupert*, Leon Ames; *Frank Mulvaney*, Alan Mowbray; *Jeff Baird*, Charles D. Brown; *Von Strutt*, Hugo Haas; *Mr. Gashwiler*, Harry Hayden; *Marty*, Tom Trout; *Phil*, Douglas Fowley; *Chick*, Dick Wessell.

RED STALLION, THE—Eagle-Lion: *Andy McBride*, Robert Paige; *Ellen Reynolds*, Noreen Nash; *Joel Curtis*, Ted Donaldson; *Mrs. Curtis*, Jane Darwell; *Barton*, Ray Collins; *Dr. Thompson*, Guy Kibbee; *Jackson*, Willie Best; *Ho-Na*, Robert Bice; *Richard Moresby*, Pierre Watkin; *Johnny Stevens*, Bill Cartledge; *Big Red*, Himself; *Daisy*, Herself.

SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, THE—Goldwyn: *Walter Mitty*, Danny Kaye; *Rosalind van Hoorn*, Virginia Mayo; *Dr. Hollingshead*, Boris Karloff; *Mrs. Mitty*, Fay Bainter; *Gertrude Griswold*, Ann Rutherford; *Bruce Pierce*, Thurston Hall; *Tubby Wadsworth*, Gordon Jones; *Mrs. Griswold*, Florence Bates; *Peter van Hoorn*, Konstantin Shayne; *Colonel*, Reginald Denny; *Hendrick*, Henry Corden; *Mrs. Follinsbee*, Doris Lloyd; *Anatole*, Fritz Feld; *Maasdam*, Frank Reicher; *Butler*, Milton Parsons; and *The Goldwyn Girls*.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND—Universal-International: *Mary Collins*, Deanna Durbin; *Charlie Read*, Donald O'Connor; *Donald Read*, John Dall; *Uncle Chester*, Charles Winninger; *Clarissa Prentice*, Helena Carter; *Grandma Read*, Margaret Wycherly; *Tony*, Jan Peerce; *Aunt Mary Collins*, Jean Adair; *Singing Quartette*, The Four Williams Bros.; *Saleslady*, Jacqueline de Wit; *M. C.*, William Ching; *Model*, Patricia Alphin; *Beamis*, Chester Clute; *Masterson*, Frank Wilcox.

WILD HARVEST—Paramount: *Joe Madigan*, Alan Ladd; *Fay Rankin*, Dorothy Lamour; *Jim Davis*, Robert Preston; *Kink*, Lloyd Nolan; *Mark Lewis*, Dick Erdman; *Higgins*, Allen Jenkins; *Mike Alperson*, Will Wright; *Rankin*, Griff Barnett; *Pete*, Anthony Caruso; *Long*, Walter Sande; *Nick*, Frank Sully; *Drury*, William Meader; *Sam*, Bob Kortman.

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CUPID: Maybe you should make like those stars, Sugar. They're practically cuddling your moon-man. But, of course, they *sparkle*.

GIRL: I get it. All but one teeny-weeny point—just how do I put sparkle in this 5-watt smile of mine, Mr. Smarty-Pantless?

CUPID: I'll tell you, glum one. But first . . . see any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

GIRL: Uh-huh, and blue skies and red sails in the sunset and . . . what's my tooth brush's color scheme got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Only just about everything, Miss Ignorance of 1947. That "pink" is a sign to *see your dentist*. Quick.

Let him decide what's the matter. May be simply a case of today's soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

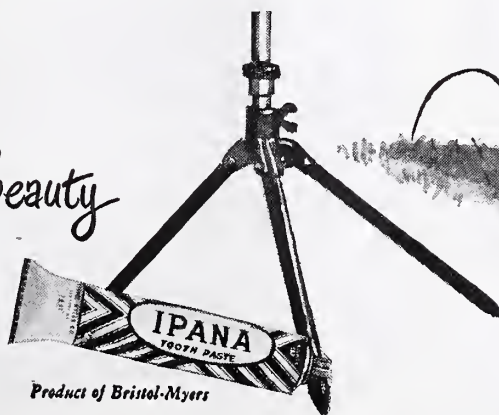
GIRL: *Smile* . . . remember, urchin? . . . it was my smile we were yappity-yapping about. Where'd it go?

CUPID: This way: A sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. So-o-o, if your dentist advises massage—that's for you. 9 out of 10 dentists do recommend gum massage . . . regularly or in special cases, according to a recent nationwide survey. And this same survey shows they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

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Very good. The title is "The Unfinished Dance." The producer is Joseph Pasternak. The director is Henry Koster.

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The star is Margaret O'Brien—the biggest little star on the screen. (Adjectives again!)



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Now you know the facts. But what you don't know is this:

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Her heart makes her do it.

—her love makes her do it. But did she commit a crime? Did she end the career of a person she would later grow to love?

What a great part does Conscience—the inner thing—play in this adjective-worthy film.

One could go on. But 'tis better p'raps to leave the column "unfinished"...

For you will surely see "The Unfinished Dance."

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Gene Tierney, star of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir"
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**TREMENDOUS
SPECTACULAR
MAGNIFICENT**

as its Earthquake!

as its Tidal Wave!

as its Love Affair!



**GREEN
DOLPHIN
STREET**

Lana
TURNER
VAN DONNA RICHARD
HEFLIN · REED · HART

Frank MORGAN • Edmund GWENN • Dame May WHITTY
Reginald OWEN • Gladys COOPER

Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Goudge • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Carey Wilson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT!

From the pulsating pages of M-G-M's Prize Novel—enjoyed by 20 million readers—comes the thrilling story of a fiery girl who dares the dangers of the sea and a savage land... to fight for the love of a bold adventurer.

What Should I Do?



Claudette Colbert, star
of "Sleep, My Love"

YOUR PROBLEMS

ANSWERED BY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am a college freshman of seventeen. Although I have been told that I am attractive, neat, modern, and have a fairly good personality, I do not seem to appeal to the opposite sex.

Boys are friendly and respectful, but that is as far as it goes. I meet boys in classes, on the campus, and at church, but it seems to do me no social good at all.

Please give me some advice as to correcting this situation.

Hildreth Ann T.

Psychologists have come to the conclusion that popularity is based upon accomplishment. Usually the most popular men in school are the athletes, or those who are working on the school paper, debating on school teams, etc. The ability to do something well is the keynote to admiration.

You should study your capabilities well, then select one particular talent and capitalize on it. Perhaps you like tennis—then become an expert. If you like bridge, become a whiz.

The greatest defeating factor is laziness. To do anything well requires determination, long hours of practice, and a willingness to perform when your technique has reached its peak.

So, get busy. Discover your talent and develop it and you will have more friends than you will have time for.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I've been going with a girl for five years, thirty-six months of which I spent in the Army. When I was discharged (January, 1946) I presented this girl with a diamond engagement ring. I'm twenty-three and she is twenty.

I went to work and with my first pay check I established a joint bank account in her name and mine. I bought her some pretty clothes and trinkets—simply because I loved her. She always told me that she loved me, too.

One day last month we had an argument, sort of a silly thing, and I didn't see her for about three days. When I did go to see her, she handed me the ring and told me that she didn't want to be engaged, and that she didn't intend to marry because no fellow was worth being miserable about.

Since then I have been to see her three or four times, and I even wrote to her, but she won't see me and she hasn't answered my letter.

All of this comes, I feel, from her

starting work. Before she got a job she stayed at home, kept house, cooked, sewed and was a real woman.

Please help me by explaining what might have been behind her actions.

Dan M.

Subconsciously you know what has caused the change in your ex-fiancee's attitude, although you hedge about it in your letter. Since she has taken a job, she probably has met someone in whom she could become interested.

There is nothing you can do except wait to see whether she is going to return to you, newly appreciative of your loving kindness.

One thing you should do at once: Close your joint account with her. Social usage has always frowned for valid reasons upon financial sharing until a man and a girl are married.

There is little as embittering to a man as to lose his girl and his savings at the same time. You should protect yourself even though you trust this girl.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I met a nice guy about a year ago. He was in the Army Air Force and was sent to Tokyo two months after we met. I wrote to him while he was overseas and we made plans to be married as soon as he was discharged.

All went well until he was actually out of uniform, then he told me that we were through. He didn't give any reasons or find fault with me; he simply said that he had changed his mind.

I love him and I would do anything to get him back.

I hope you can suggest some sure-fire way to interest him in me again so that we could go on with our original plans. Since we broke up I have no desire to go out with other boys.

Ora C.

There can be no doubt that your letter is of universal interest. No mail is delivered in the Photoplay offices which does not include at least a dozen letters, from both men and girls, asking how one should go about regaining a lost love.

I have talked to a good many authorities on human relations in regard to this subject without acquiring particularly good advice.

Trying to recapture a vanished emotion, or one that has changed, is futile. It is living in the past in the most useless sense.

Having lost a boy friend or a girl friend, a husband or a wife, the intelligent human being must regard the incident as part and parcel of the past and must turn a resolute face toward the future, secure in the knowledge that the future will provide even greater advantages—if one seeks them—than have been provided by the past.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have done some modeling and a certain amount of professional dancing, and I have always been lucky enough to have a date with a fairly attractive boy whenever there was a party or some event I wanted to attend. I am no raving beauty, but I like people, make friends easily and seem to get along well with men.

Already three different boys have asked me to marry them.

My ambition is to become an attorney. I still have one year of high school to finish, then I'll start my college course.

Personally, I don't want to get married for at least ten years. But—and here's my problem—once a girl has refused to marry a man, or even to go steady, he won't accept her career ambitions as a reason and concludes that the girl doesn't like him. That ends his telephone calls asking for dates.

Can you tell me how I can go on being popular and having a gay time without letting the boys get serious?

Mary Frances L.

I have a witty friend who says, with conviction, that it is much more difficult to remain single, popular and nice, than it is to give up and get married!

My friend, like you, is pursuing a career in which she is absorbed.

She manages the situation in this way: As soon as possible, after she has met a new (Continued on page 6)

On the screen in Technicolor
for all America's millions
the play all America
loves best!

*All that red hair
is in Technicolor now!*



**WARNER
BROS.**
Present
Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

starring **WILLIAM
POWELL**
**IRENE
DUNNE**

with **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**

EDMUND GWENN • ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in
history (8 straight years!) is a Warner
Picture now! Heed the happy word of
all who've already seen it and head for
Warners' finest the first moment you can!



Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER

(Continued from page 4) man she describes her intense interest in her career and adds that she has no intention of marrying for at least five years. Since she has already stated her views, no man can be hurt when she reminds him of them if he begins to grow serious.

However, there is this danger: A career girl, having stated her non-matrimonial intentions, is likely to become "good old Joe" to a series of ambitious young men who will depend upon her friendship, take advantage of her hospitality and talk at length about their mangled feelings because of some other girl's indifference.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My sister is just a year younger than I am, but we are in the same grade at school because I lost a year due to illness.

I get better grades in school, partly because I am older but my sister tells our friends that I cheat and that she does my homework for me. She says it in sort of a kidding way, but some people believe it.

She also says that I steal. There was fifteen dollars missing at our music school one day, and she intimated that I had taken it. When I was asked, naturally I emptied my pockets and my purse and all I had was thirty-seven cents.

In our family we were brought up not to fight, so I haven't said anything to our parents about this, but I am beginning to get sick and tired of it.

What do you think I should do?

Andrea N.

Someday, when your sister is away, I think you should sit down quietly with your mother and tell her the full story. This may be the beginning of serious trouble between you and your sister and between your sister and the outside world,

unless something is done at once.

It may be that your sister is jealous of you. Perhaps, during your illness your sister felt neglected because your parents were so worried about you and gave you so much attention. When you recovered, you represented further competition because you were in her class at school. I think the trouble might be cleared up if everyone in the family would reassure your sister that she is loved and cherished quite as much as you are.

But it may be that she is doing some of the things of which she accuses you. If this is the case, your sister needs the aid of a good psychiatrist. Luckily you live in a large city where it will be a simple matter for your mother to secure the name of a competent psychiatrist.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and engaged to be married—or I was—to a boy twenty-one.

Our trouble began when he said that Prince, my police dog, could not come to live with us after we were married. My fiancé hates and despises dogs because his mother died as the result of a dog biting her. Prince has grown up with me and I am devoted to him.

I haven't the slightest intention of giving up my dog, yet I want to marry my fiancé. How can I keep my boy friend and my dog, too?

Dana S.

Your fiancé has had a horrible experience and one that, inevitably, will influence the rest of his life. If you regarded marriage as a partnership in which adjustments must be made, you would understand his viewpoint and accede to his request.

Your insistence upon keeping your dog

in the face of his quite understandable reluctance indicates to me that you are still very much an immature youngster.

In your case the important consideration is not whether you are to relinquish your dog. Rather, it is whether you are ready for marriage, or have any concept of the meaning of marriage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My childhood was very unhappy because of my mother's greed, selfishness and bad temper. My older sister ran away from home when she was nineteen and took work as a domestic. She was wonderful to me. She bought my clothes and saw to it that I was able to finish school.

Six years ago my mother died, and shortly afterward my sister and I both married. When war was declared our husbands were both drafted.

My sister, whose health had failed by that time, could not work, and my father—who is a World War I veteran—wasn't able to contribute to our support either. I supported the three of us out of my husband's monthly allotment.

When he came home, he was furious with me. Now he wants me to establish a home away from my father and sister, because he says I can't be a proper wife and mother if my time is taken up with my father's and my sister's problems.

I love my husband and I take good care of my baby, but I do think I owe my family a great deal, don't you?

Helen B. R.

There are things about your letter which I don't understand.

If your father is a veteran and ailing as a result of his service, why hasn't he applied to his local Veterans' Administration Office. He may be entitled to a pension or medical (Continued on page 8)

delicious!





delightful!



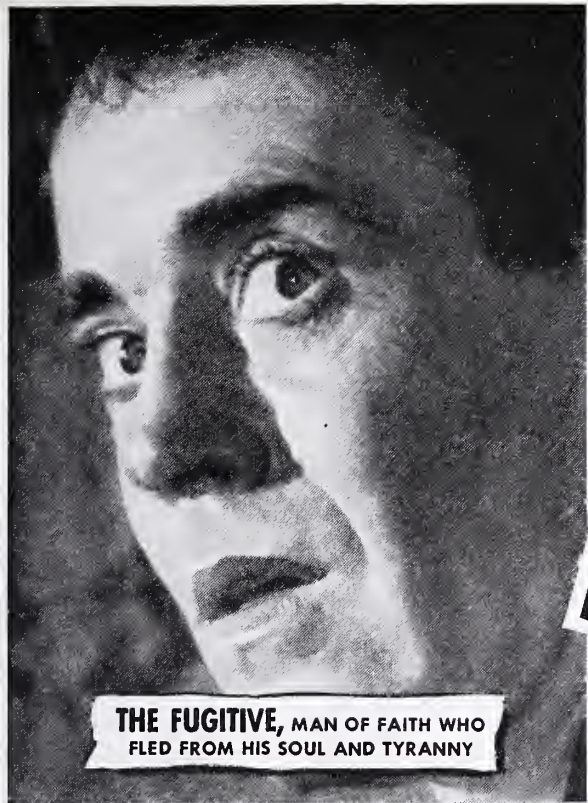
Want More Flavor? ASK FOR FLEER'S

ALSO MAKERS OF FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM • FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • PHILA. • PA.

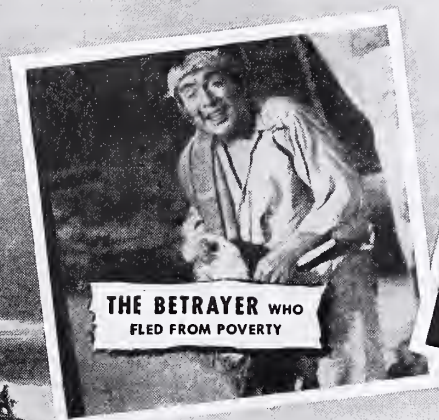
Fugitives All!



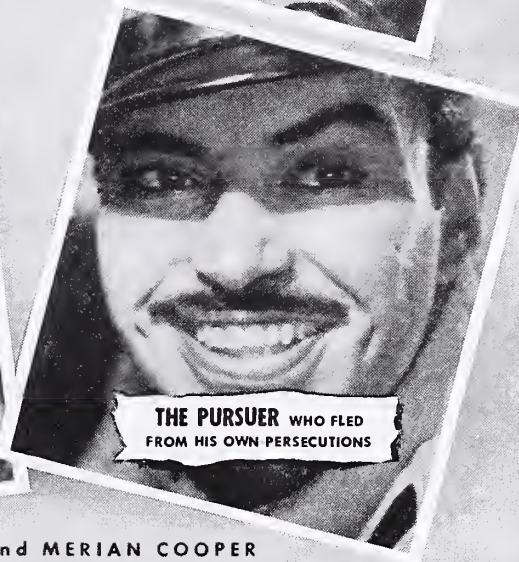
THE MAGDALENE WHO
FLED FROM HER SINS



THE FUGITIVE, MAN OF FAITH WHO
FLED FROM HIS SOUL AND TYRANNY

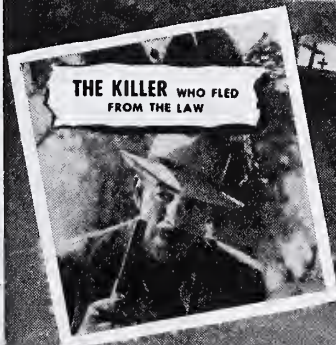


THE BETRAYER WHO
FLED FROM POVERTY



THE PURSUER WHO FLED
FROM HIS OWN PERSECUTIONS

JOHN FORD and MERIAN COOPER
present
ARGOSY PICTURES'



THE KILLER WHO FLED
FROM THE LAW

THE FUGITIVE

co-starring

HENRY FONDA

DOLORES DEL RIO

PEDRO ARMENDARIZ

with J. CARROL NAISH • LEO CARRILLO • WARD BOND

ROBERT ARMSTRONG • JOHN QUALEN

Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS

Directed by **JOHN FORD** Released through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

*You'll Remember These
JOHN FORD Directed Hits*

- ★ THE INFORMER
- ★ THE HURRICANE
- ★ STAGECOACH
- ★ GRAPES OF WRATH
- ★ THE LONG VOYAGE HOME
- ★ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
- ★ THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
- ★ ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

Get this
straight...



(Continued from page 6) aid. And why didn't your sister's husband make her an allotment? Since you gave no indication that the marriage had been dissolved, I think that she is the responsibility of her husband. You have done your share.

Certainly you must be concerned with your father's problem, but you should see that he investigates his status with the V.A.

Finally, here is a truth that you must face: Unless the comfort of your husband and your child is your chief concern, you will surely lose your husband.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Each year I repair and dress all the dolls I can get—old ones of every kind.

At Christmas time I secure the names of little girls who are living in orphanages. The day before Christmas, each girl receives a doll and wardrobe, gift-wrapped with a card bearing the little girl's name. Last year I delivered fifty-four dolls.

I'm doing this entirely on my own; it is a charity for which I do not receive one penny. Those in this city who know my work have helped me collect battered dolls and have supplied odd bits of material, but it seems that I could always use more.

Do you suppose that your readers would be willing to package their children's cast-off dolls and odd bits of fabric and mail them to me so that, instead of making fifty-four little girls happy this Christmas, I might be able to double that number?

Your aid will be deeply appreciated.

(Mrs.) Vaughn E. Seid
3535 Delgany
Denver, Colorado

Now I believe in Mrs. Santa Claus!

It gives me great pleasure to publish your letter, and I am certain that you will be astonished at the number of dolls you receive from PHOTOPLAY readers.

Best of luck—and may I wish you the glorious Christmas which you deserve!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Can you please tell me what the requirements of a script girl are? Also to whom one would send an application in order to be in line for such a position.

I know that most girls dream of going to Hollywood to become actresses, but I dream only of becoming a script girl.
Cora M.

Last week in Hollywood, there were forty-seven pictures in production. Every cast was employing a great number of actresses but only one script girl. This will give you some idea of the competition for the script girl jobs in each studio.

Basic requirements for a script girl are possession of an acute power of observation, an excellent memory and a knowledge of shorthand and typing. Most script girls have worked up to their jobs by starting as utility (Continued on page 10)

A story after your own heart!

"LIFE WITH MY FATHER"

by William Powell Jr.

who gives the lowdown

on his father,

WILLIAM POWELL SR.—

In December Photoplay



**"RC
tastes best!"**

says

JOAN LESLIE

See her in Eagle Lion's

"NORTHWEST STAMPEDE"

"The taste-test proved it!"

says Joan. "When I tried leading colas in paper cups, I found Royal Crown Cola tastes best by far!" Try it! Say "R C for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test! You get two full glasses.



JOAN TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST



**TORRENTS OF EXCITEMENT
ROARING OUT OF THIS
VALLEY OF VIOLENCE!!**

A kiss from a stranger
led to strange dangers!
Here's adventure to thrill
---and love to enthrall!

IDA LUPINO

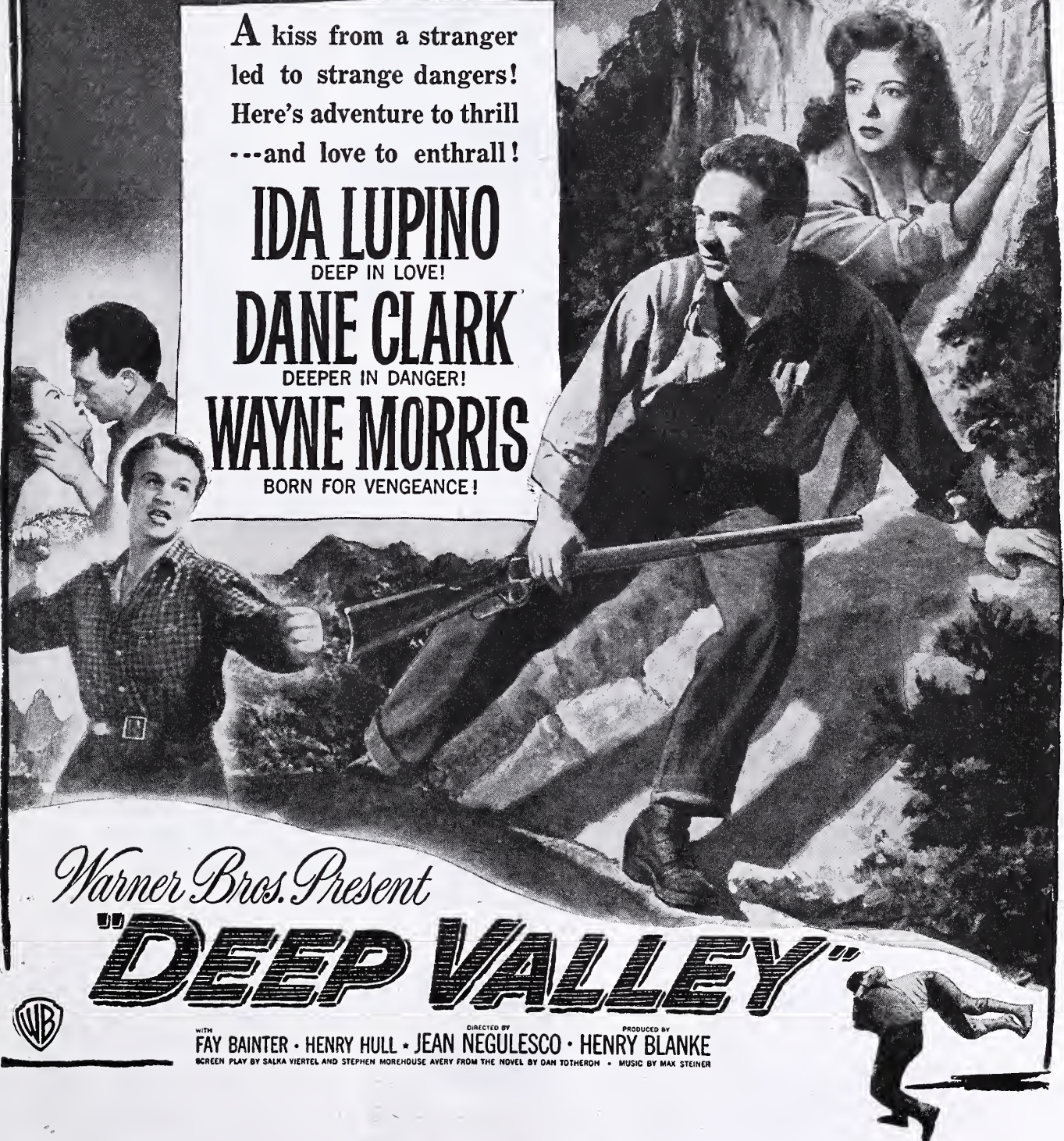
DEEP IN LOVE!

DANE CLARK

DEEPER IN DANGER!

WAYNE MORRIS

BORN FOR VENGEANCE!



Warner Bros. Present

"DEEP VALLEY"

WITH **FAY Bainter • Henry Hull • Jean Negulesco • Henry Blanke**
DIRECTED BY **JEAN NEGULESCO** PRODUCED BY **HENRY BLANKE**
SCREEN PLAY BY **SALMA VIETTEL AND STEPHEN MOREHOUSE** AVERY FROM THE NOVEL BY **DAN TOTHERON** • MUSIC BY **MAX STEINER**

(Continued from page 8) secretaries, then being assigned to one particular producer's staff, then the script job.

Most of the script girls are mature women who have the respect and admiration of everyone on a set. Because of the job's prestige as well as its pay, a girl attains it only after years of studio work.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and have spent the summer working in a restaurant in my home town.

Recently a man named James Sanders, who says he lives in St. Joe, Missouri, and is a technical director for Warner Brothers, came to town looking for girls to play in a movie to be made in Oklahoma. He offered me \$4,000 for sixty days.

One night I was supposed to meet him, but my boy friend came to the restaurant and we decided to see a movie. The next night Mr. Sanders came in the restaurant and was provoked at me. He said he had spent two hundred dollars for a pretty wardrobe for me, for a trailer dressing room, and for a make-up man and hair-dresser, and that if I refused to go to Oklahoma, he would report me to the studio and I'd have to repay the money.

Some of my friends think that this man may not be honest. He writes to me when he is away on business, but he types his letters and doesn't sign any name.

Could you tell me if this man is really employed by Warner Brothers?

Elsine T.

I telephoned the Warner Brothers' legal department as soon as your letter was received, and was assured that **THERE IS NO MAN NAMED JAMES SANDERS ON THEIR TALENT SCOUT LIST.** Of course if there is a real "James Sanders" in St. Joe, Missouri, who is not the person referred to, no reflection upon him is intended.

Here is a solemn warning for every girl: Whenever you are approached by a man who represents himself as an employee of a studio, simply telegraph the studio legal department, asking if such a man is employed as a talent scout.

Unfortunately this country is full of evil men who masquerade behind the name of Hollywood, giving its legitimate citizens a bad name. To catch such men, the intelligent thing to do is to check on their credentials first, then report them to the police if they have misrepresented themselves. This man's attempt to frighten you into going to Oklahoma to avoid legal entanglements is shocking. You owe him nothing. That is not the way studios operate at all.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



IT'S LYNN FONTANNE... IN O MISTRESS MINE.

You've noticed how an actress acts with her whole self—especially her hands. They are her second most important medium of expression. Naturally, she spares no trouble to keep them looking lovely. Nor should you. Lovely hands are important to every woman's "act."

*"You cream your face to keep it smooth and lovely...well, **CREAM YOUR HANDS** too!"*

advises **LYNN FONTANNE**

Your hands look wonderful...and Pacquins scent is so well bred.

Try a 12-second massage with Pacquins every morning and again at night. And don't be surprised if women say, "Darling! What are you using on your hands?" And men say simply, "Darling!"

GLENYA WESTBROOK, REGISTERED NURSE,



adds: "Pacquins action on the skin of the hands is wonderful. We nurses—and doctors—scrub our hands 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream was made for us. I use it faithfully." (Pacquins Hand Cream was originally made for nurses and doctors.)

PACQUINS is the hand cream she uses...this beautifully groomed aristocrat of the theatre.

"Doesn't it make sense that the skin of your hands needs cream just as the skin of your face? It does to me," says Lynn Fontanne; "that's why I choose wonderful Pacquins!"

Yes, "wonderful" is the word for Pacquins.

When you massage it onto your hands it feels wonderful, without being sticky or greasy.

for "dream" hands—cream your hands

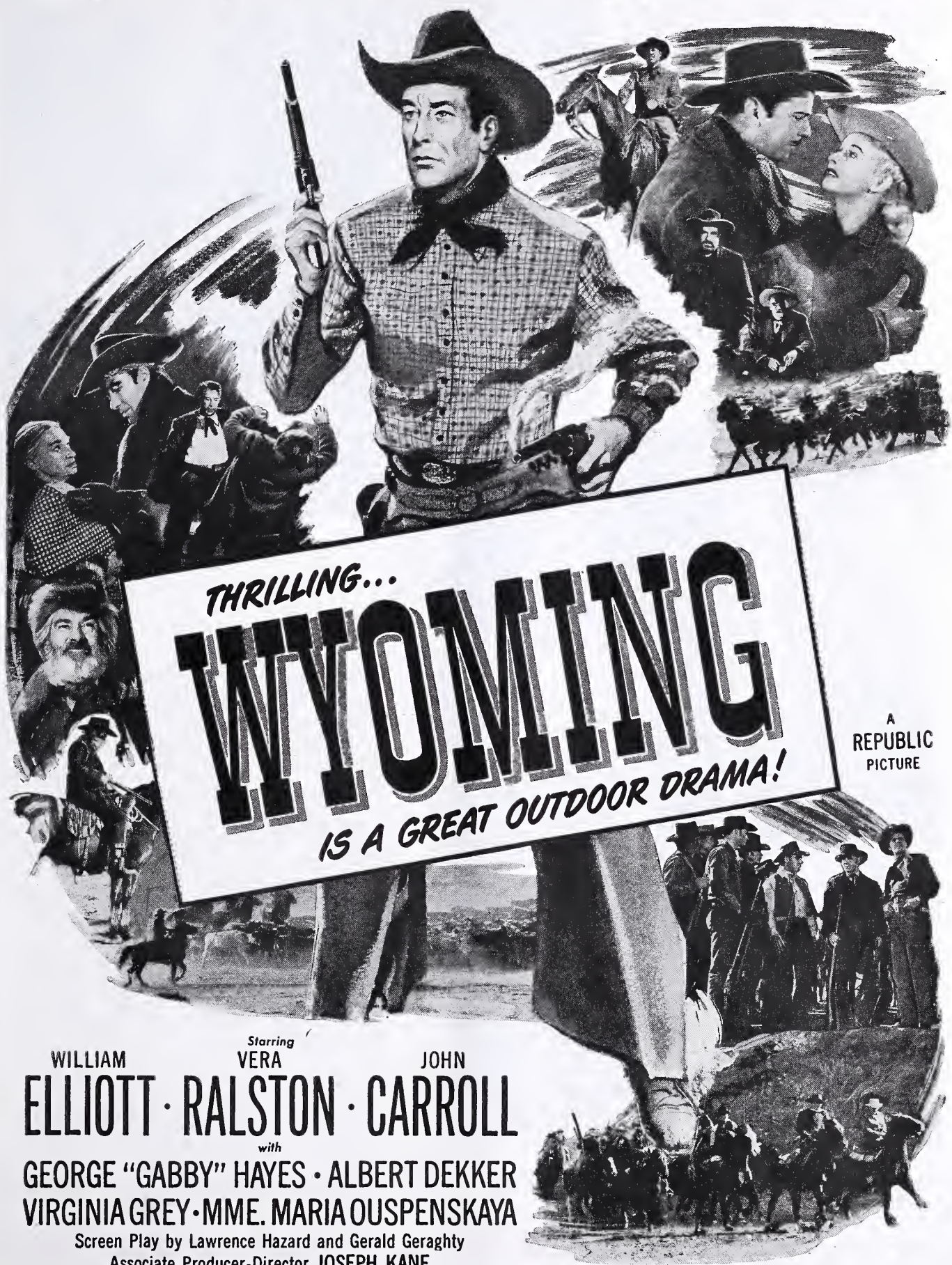
with **Pacquins** HAND CREAM



Never Sticky or Greasy!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

BIG!..ROUGH!..ROARING!



THRILLING...

WYOMING

IS A GREAT OUTDOOR DRAMA!

A
REPUBLIC
PICTURE

WILLIAM
ELLIOTT · RALSTON · CARROLL

Starring
VERA

JOHN

with

GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES · ALBERT DEKKER
VIRGINIA GREY · MME. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard and Gerald Geraghty
Associate Producer-Director JOSEPH KANE

INSIDE STUFF



The Errol Flynns in party mood. Errol recently hosted an Hawaiian party in a shirt that would make even Crosby swoon!



The Mickey Rooneys at Ciro's, following their recent reconciliation. Something new has been added—to Mickey!

Heart Interest: Clark Gable and his favorite girl friend, Iris Bynum, had a sudden lapse of romance when their friends began taking the courtship too seriously; always a signal to retreat for the actor. Meantime Mrs. Dolly O'Brien, the Palm Beach matron who interrupted her romance with Clark to marry Jose Dorelis whom she is now divorcing, is back in Hollywood at the moment. At a Santa Barbara party together, Mr. Gable was dancing constant attendance on the fair Dolly. Handsome director Freddy de Cordova, however, finds Iris the dream girl of the moment and seems to be rapidly extinguishing any torch the personable Bynum may be toting . . . A romance for the kids to approve is that reported between Roy Rogers and his leading lady, Dale Evans. And don't take it up with Cal, kids. After all it's Roy's prerogative to fall in love off the screen, isn't it? . . . Director Bruce Humberstone, who stood by Helen Walker through her serious traffic accident and ensuing troubles, now claims the actress has become too career minded for marriage. So their romance, as of now, seems over. Helen has a good role with Tyrone Power in "Nightmare Alley" . . . Dinner at The Tropics with Turhan Bey convinced Cal the actor is deeply in love with actress Linda Christians and is even contemplating matrimony. Both are continentals, sophisticates and accomplished linguists. Linda, in fact, speaks seven languages including Turkish and Arabic . . . Charlene Wrightsman, daughter of millionaire Charles Wrightsman, arrived in town



Favorite pastime with favorite escort:
The plays the thing for Ingrid Bergman
and husband Doctor Peter Lindstrom

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photographs by Fink and Smith

from Europe and is seen everywhere with attentive Helmut Dantine. Her sister Irene seems to have captured Bob Stack's heart completely . . . Diana Lynn has decided against marriage with Bob Neal which has a lot of fellows forming a line to the right. Don't blame 'em. Diana is a mighty cute girl.

* * *

A Line or Two: Saturday nights, big party time in Hollywood, usually find Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor in an M-G-M projection room looking at movies. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, another pair of non-party-goers, also spend many evenings in projection rooms. If more newcomers would do likewise, they might become better performers . . . George Brent, who makes more farewell appearances than Harry Lauder, swears "Luxury Liner" will be his last. Then it's the South Sea Islands and the rest of the world forgotten for Georgie . . . Jeanette MacDonald, with her red hair atop her head, looking every bit a happy actress, songstress, and wife of Gene Raymond, contented to live in Hollywood between concert tours.

* * *

The Creepy Set: They warned us before we entered the sound stage where Olivia de Havilland is making "The Snake Pit," that this was far from a cheery set. They understated. The gloom and almost clammy atmosphere of the slate-gray walls and iron-barred windows are enough to bring on melancholy. Not a smile on any face did



Taking a tip from A. C. Lyles, press agent, right on her cute little nose, is Martha Vickers, snapped on a Mocambo date

INSIDE STUFF



Janet Leigh looks amazed at Jimmy Durante's nutburger (hamburgers with nuts—the house specialty) technique at opening of Bisbee's new drive-in at Beverly Hills



Putt—and take: Keanu Wynn and his motorcycle club roared in for the opening and joined Jane Powell in a toast to the new roadside spot

we see. Even volatile Beulah Bondi in her outlandish riggings looked almost as if she expected someone to leap out and boo at her.

In a small cell-like room, Olivia was emoting, while nearby a real nurse mingled with actresses playing nurses. Livvie had developed a cold and needed care on the set.

Grimly, director Anatole Litvak put Olivia through paces that ranged from mental fogginess to screaming insanity. And after twenty-six takes we wondered how she maintained her reason, or why, in a world of so much misery, a film of this depressing quality needed making in the first place. And to come out again into the warm sunshine of the studio

lot! What a pleasure!

* * *

Men of Interest: So far the town doesn't seem aware of George Sanders's intention to quit it cold either for Mexico or Uruguay, South America. At least at this moment those are his plans, but despite his protests over living in Hollywood, he made quite sure he got his return visa. After his years of semi-seclusion, it seems odd to see George stalking about at all the parties and local bistros. A most contradictory and ambiguous gentleman, Mr. Sanders.

William Powell, a real veteran of the screen, has come into his own again with his brilliant playing of

"Father" in "Life With Father." Another almost-recluse, in Hollywood at least, Bill likes best his home life in town and in Palm Springs. "Mousie," his tiny wife, seems quite happy with the arrangement. Those who see Bill these days marvel at the pleasure he gets from his make-up in "The Senator Was Indiscreet." Nice if Bill won that coveted Oscar after all these years for that "Father" role.

George Murphy, a gentleman-actor, seems to have come out short on dancing roles lately, and wants to get back to tapping. George and his wife Julie have more or less given Hollywood the go-by for the less publicized but strictly social set of



Keeping an eagle eye on the proceedings! Ted Donaldson, star of "Red Stallion," poses at premiere with eagles which appeared in the film



Peggy Ann Garner had to sign—on the autograph line—when she arrived for this Eagle Lion opening

Los Angeles, which is why one doesn't read much about them. A happy father and husband, we'd like to see George a happier actor in roles commensurate with his talent.

* * *

Gentleman's Chores: The cast on the "Gentleman's Agreement" set was amused at Gregory Peck's daily chores on the sound-stage telephone. The Pecks, who moved into their new Pacific Palisades home were, like so many others, without a telephone so every morning Mrs. Peck handed her husband a list of calls to make.

Between takes before the camera, Gregory would call the grocer and butcher on the phone and order the



Nancy Guild and husband Charles Russell shared audience interest in premiere which also hosted many famous animal stars!

But He Cuts No Ice With Her!

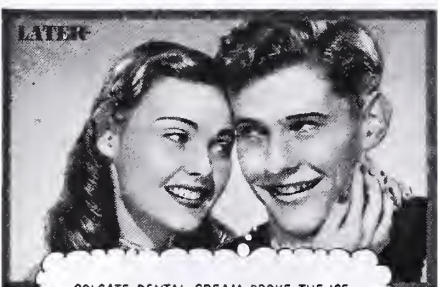


WELL! SEEMS YOUR SISTER DOESN'T GO FOR MY ACT—OR FOR ME! HOW COME, CHUM? WHAT'S HER REASON?

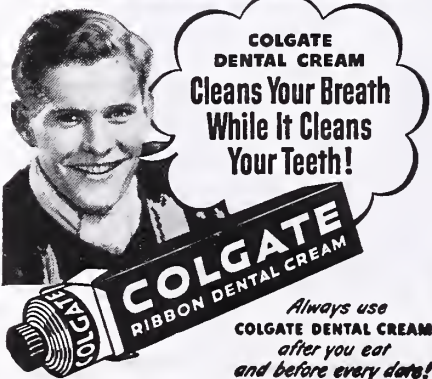
SIS THINKS BAD BREATH IS A DARN GOOD REASON, PAL! SO, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HER, BETTER HEAD FOR YOUR DENTISTS, DICK!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BROKE THE ICE AND NOW SHE THINKS I'M PRETTY NICE!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!



Cornered at Ciro's: The rumor birds are flying around Mark Stevens and Hedy Lamarr, chatting with handsome Tony Martin

INSIDE STUFF

daily supplies. "No, TWO cans of coffee," he'd order or maybe it would be the furniture dealer he'd consult.

It was heartening and somehow comforting to see a star of Greg's magnitude busily engaged in sharing home chores.

Incidentally, the guests who carelessly left open the garden gate which resulted in Greg's small son almost drowning himself in the pool, felt something of the anger of this family man. Greg now keeps the gate keys in his possession.

* * *

News—All Kinds: Good news that Judy Garland, back again in Hollywood, may go to work soon . . . Bad news that Johnny Coy and his cute wife Babs separated despite their new baby . . . Wonderful news that John Payne and Gloria De Haven have not only made a go of their reconciliation, but are reported to be expecting the stork . . . Pleasing news that both Anne Baxter and husband John Hodiak will work together in the Gable picture, "Homecoming" . . . Interesting news that after a year's absence from the screen, Jeanne Crain returns to "The Flapper Age" with Glenn Langan as her leading man . . . Reassuring news that Van Johnson and Evie are not quarreling as reported . . . Fine news that Bing Crosby and Claudette Colbert refuse to make British films while the 75 per cent tax is on . . . Depressing news the large number of studio workers who have lost jobs due to the tax . . . Cheering news that Betty Hutton will retire from the screen for a year to have another child . . . Amazing news that June Haver and Jimmy Zito are said to have reconciled in the face of June's statement, and I quote, "We couldn't even part as friends." . . . Oh well, this is Hollywood where yesterday's news can be reversed in tomorrow's headlines.

* * *

Hedy and Mark: "You can say what you want about Hedy and me," Mark

Stevens said to Cal as we sat together at dinner at Romanoff's recently. "In two days I'm meeting her at the airport when she returns from Lake Tahoe, and if you want to say we're in love, go ahead." A neat pile of pictures snapped of the two at Tahoe lay beside us on the table, and between entree and dessert, we looked them over.

The night of our date, Mark was late. A bit of tardiness usually means nothing in Hollywood, but Mark is the soul of punctuality—often arriving before the stated time. So we knew something was very wrong.

"I'm visiting my son," he telephoned, "and I'll be along soon." But it was an hour or more before he arrived and knowing him as we do, we instantly sensed frustration and unhappiness.

The story broke next day that despite Mark's request for an immediate divorce, Annelle had agreed only to separate maintenance. Whether this be true or not, Cal can not testify. But unhappiness does exist for Mark; he's mixed up and in the midst of his love for Hedy, somehow depressed. With three husbands behind Hedy Lamarr and a career still ahead for Mark, Cal hopes he'll walk slowly into the future.

A few days before, Cal had lunched with Annelle Stevens, Mark's estranged wife, and had been impressed with her new-found assurance and radiant beauty, enhanced by her spirit of freedom. A charming, natural and honest girl, Annelle is determined to make a life of her own.

* * *

It's Looks That Help: Recently at Romanoff's, Cal noticed that Humphrey Bogart's hair, which fell out in chunks due to a nervous ailment, has grown back in and curly yet. As if to complement her husband, Lauren Bacall now wears her hair in soft waves and curls and the result is most gratifying. Now if only someone would apply a curling iron to that long straight hair-do of Lizabeth Scott's, we'd be happier.

Frank Sinatra (Continued on page 21)

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRESENTS

PRELL The New Radiant-Creme Shampoo in a Tube!



PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!
LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* **CLEAN** *Radiantly* **SMOOTH**



Here's What the Rileys Say About Prell

RILEY: Dandruff's a mess on your coat or your dress, So we Rileys shampoo with Prell.

MOM: And "Prell'd" hair shines so—it just seems to glow, and arranges so smoothly and well.

Enjoy "The Life of Riley" Every Saturday Night—NBC

JUNIOR: No jar that will slip or bottle to drip—That Prell tube is sure on the beam.

BABS: It's so economical, the lather's astronomical—That's Prell, the new Radiant-Creme!

New! New wonderful PRELL! This marvelous, emerald-clear, Radiant-Creme shampoo leaves your hair more radiantly gleaming than any soap or soap shampoo . . . and leaves it free of horrid, unsightly dandruff too. Doctors' examinations proved that Prell removes embarrassing dandruff in as little as 3 minutes—and showed also, that regular Prell shampoos actually control this dandruff. What a joy! A Prell shampoo—then **hair that shines** with glamorous radiance . . . soft, smooth, easy to manage!

That handy tube makes Prell an extra pleasure to use, too—no messy jars or slippery bottles to break! Get Prell today—everyone in the family will be thrilled with this new, different Radiant-Creme shampoo that leaves your hair so radiantly lovely.



*He's helpless in your hands
with the New HINDS!*

Hands soothed with Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream are lovelier—*instantly!* Hinds is enriched with beautifying lanolin... protects longer... never feels "sticky." If you want him "helpless in your hands," try the New Hinds today—it's now in a handsome larger "Beauty Bottle"... giving you an average of $\frac{1}{3}$ more lotion for your money. Four convenient sizes, 10¢ to \$1.

FASTER! **SOOTHING! LANOLIN-ENRICHED!**

*Now in the new
Beauty Bottle*



Dancing dynamo: June Havoc of "Intrigue"

Beauty Spots

By *Frankly Enchanting*

MARY
JANE
FULTON

Eat—if you can—while lunching with JUNE HAVOC. The gal has such a dynamic personality that food's usually forgotten as you listen to her enthusiastic chatter. She'll tell you anything you wish to know about her and does so frankly and charmingly. That's what you like best about June. She's got beauty and brains, makes good use of both and works hard—harder, if necessary.

Her Feet Held Out

During a lean winter she worked on radio, in cabarets, understudied a leading Broadway role and won three dance marathons. One ran 2200 hours. Result—June's feet were practically ruined. However, during rest periods she bravely submerged them in cracked ice up to her knees for two minutes, then lay down for fifteen minutes with her feet elevated. This enabled her to go on dancing, and win the money prize! She doesn't recommend this for the average woman. It's too strenuous for anyone but a marathoner. Instead, she advises, stick your aching tootsies alternately in hot and cold water. Stock up on all the foot comfort aids you need and use 'em all the year 'round. Another trick learned during her dance marathon days was how to soften foot calluses by rubbing olive oil on them.

False, But Truly Lovely

In "Intrigue," JUNE wears six different coiffures, several glamorized with false braids. Ever since then she often wears false additions to her blonde locks. She suggests you might like buying a false hair piece or two. You may have braids, curls, or chignons matched to your hair color. For a smooth look use hair lacquer. It's a new styling trick of which she approves.

The Feminine Touch

Once, when a part she played called for her to carry a tiny lace hanky, she received stacks of fan mail on it. Men adore little feminine touches like this added to your costume. JUNE passes the tip along to you, so you can make good use of it.



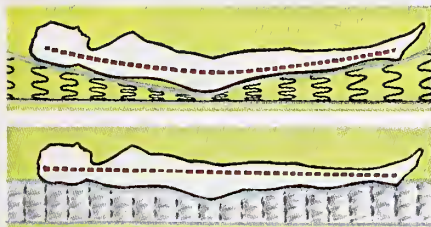
AHHH....CAN'T YOU JUST FEEL THAT
BEAUTYREST "LUXURY COMFORT"!

{ YOURS ONLY IN
BEAUTYREST }

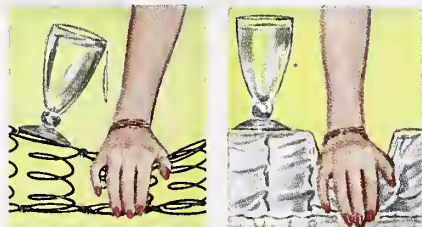


1. Wouldn't you like to own a mattress that gives you something no other mattress can give you? *You can!* Only the Beautyrest gives you that famous "luxury comfort" which blissfully *relaxes* every tired bone in your body!

Here's why: Inside Beautyrest are 837 *individually pocketed* coil springs, 837 of them—and each spring acts on its own, *moulding itself* to every curve of your body! That's how Beautyrest offers you more *buoyant*, more *natural* support! (See diagram above).



2. Compare! Above, see how an *ordinary* inner-spring mattress can sag beneath you, rob you of rest. But, below, see how Beautyrest "*gives*" only in the *right places*—offers you *firmer*, more *natural* support!



3. "Water glass test" tells why! Left, see how wired-together springs in *ordinary* mattresses *sag* under pressure—form a *hollow*. Right, see how Beautyrest's 837 *individually pocketed* springs *act on their own!*

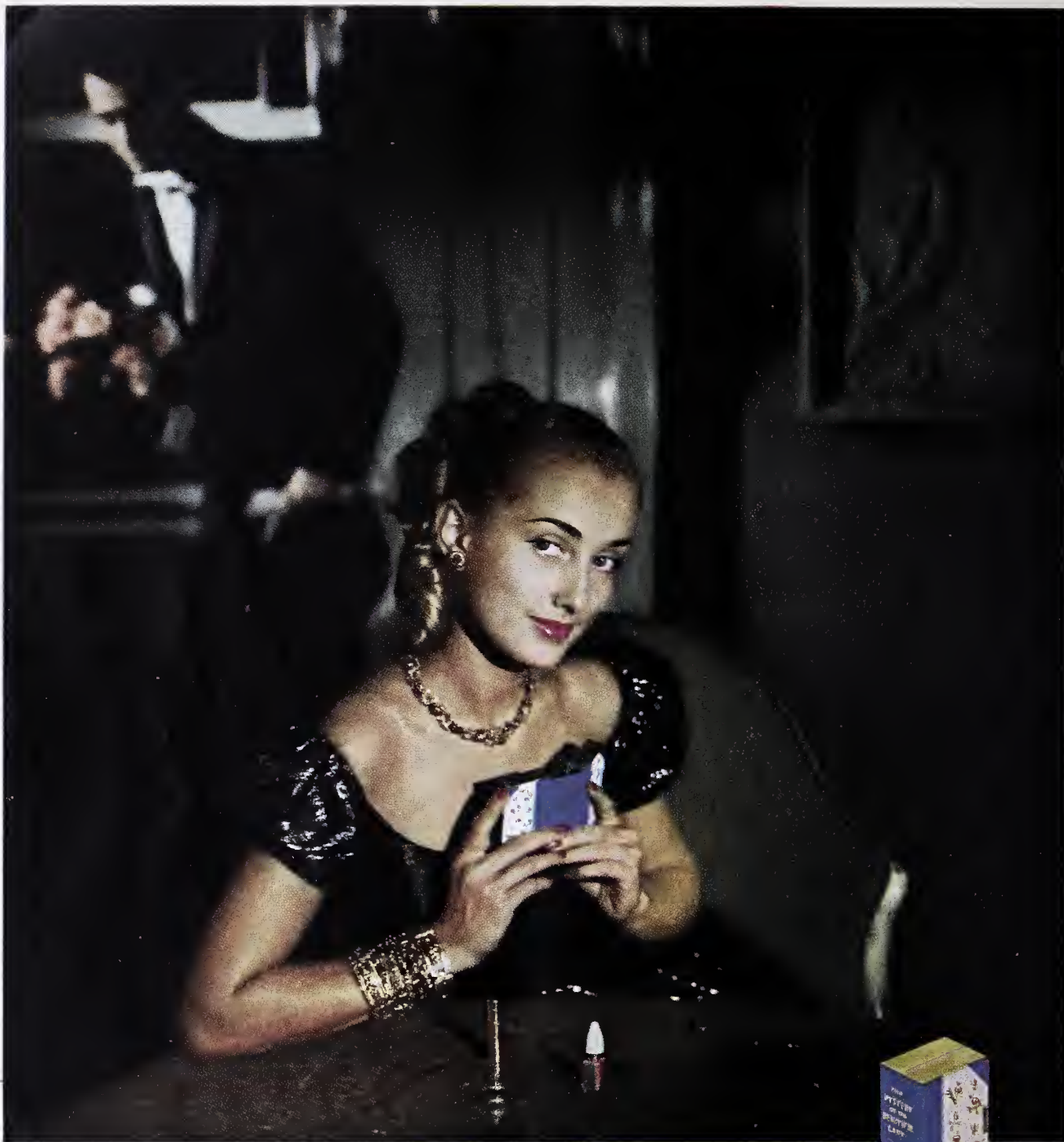


Prewar quality! In "torture tests" made in United States Testing Co., Inc. laboratory, Beautyrest lasted *far longer* than any other mattress tested. Guaranteed for ten years. Beautyrest costs you *little more than 1¢ a night*.



Shopping hint: Get a new Beautyrest Box Spring when you get your new Beautyrest Mattress—and enjoy the *most comfortable* sleeping combination in the world! See your dealer today!

Only **SIMMONS** makes **BEAUTYREST***



Dress—Pattullo Original by Jo Copeland • Jewels—A La Vieille Russie



... the Mystery of the Beautiful Lady

Hers is a disturbing beauty... Like Mona Lisa, she will tell you nothing. For she has discovered something new and wondrously different... a new kind of nail polish that wears longer, dries faster than any she has ever known. And a new kind of lipstick that shimmers beautifully, that stays on and on and on. She has found too, in Miss Sage's unique genius for color, a new and boldly original concept of fashion accent. Her secret is, of course, Peggy Sage's Nail Polish, 60¢* and Peggy Sage's new Shimmer Lipstick, \$1*.

How to solve her mystery: Buy the book in her hands. It's Peggy Sage's new "Mystery" package. Turn the page that holds the lipstick and find the surprise ending, the hidden extra value, all for \$1.00.*



PEGGY SAGE

Salons—New York: 50 East 57th Street • London: 130 New Bond Street • Paris: 7, Place Vendôme

*Plus Fed. Tax
Copr. 1947, by Peggy Sage, Inc.



A little lipstick goes a long way, so Johnnie Johnston removes guest-marks on Kathryn Grayson at Carmel reception

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) is another happy actor now that his receding hair line has responded to treatment.

Linda Darnell will be glad when a final okay is given "Forever Amber" and she can resort to her natural dark color. Linda is fearful of injury to her hair.

And Marie McDonald has gone from blonde to brunette in the hope it will change her luck.

The town is amazed at Anne Baxter's new figure now that she's shed twenty pounds; a feat that won her the role of Clark Gable's wife in "Homecoming." And back to her former beautiful figure is Lana Turner, who plays Clark's sweetheart.

On the other hand, the added weight put on by Rosalind Russell, who came by a complete nervous breakdown through lack of proper eating, is most becoming.

* * *

Chuckles: We sat beside four-year-old Cheryl Crane and her mother Lana Turner at the Hollywood Bowl and marveled at the little girl's interest albeit she kept tugging at her clothes. Finally, leaning over, she confided in a whisper, "These panties are driving me crazy." Cal fell under the chair and all but stayed there.

Fans surrounding Bob Hutton and his wife Cleatus Caldwell asking autographs, mistook Cleatus for Joan Caulfield and asked her to sign. Cleatus without batting an eye wrote "Joan—" and then turning to Cal innocently said, "How do you spell Caulfield?" The look of amazement on the fan's face at a star not being able to spell her own name was too much for Bob and Cal. Of course the fan joined in too when he learned of his mistake.

* * *

People Are Talking About: Fred Astaire's return to the screen as the dancing (but must he sing?) lead in Joan Crawford's next starring musical and how glad they'll be to have him



Today's girls are
choosing these



Let's get rid of that old, old notion that all silverplate is alike, shall we?

It just isn't so!

For instance, there are the ordinary kinds of silverplate... the extra-plated kind, the kind that's reinforced.

THEN... there is Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid silverplate, the *really finer, truly different* silverplate.

You see, Holmes & Edwards is Sterling Inlaid to stay lovely longer. *Here's show:*

Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly INLAID at backs of bowls and handles of your most used spoons and forks. Like this.



Furthermore, our prices have not gone up like so many other things. They're down... way down! Quite an achievement in these times when you consider the extra quality of Holmes & Edwards.



Lovely Lady Donish Princess Youth

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE



HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

WHICH PATTERN? Three to choose from: Lovely Lady, Donish Princess and Youth, all made in U. S. A.

HOW MUCH? Only \$68.50 for 52 pieces, service for 8, with chest (No Federal Tax).

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores.

WHAT ABOUT DELIVERY? More and more sets are being delivered, so your chances of prompt delivery are excellent.

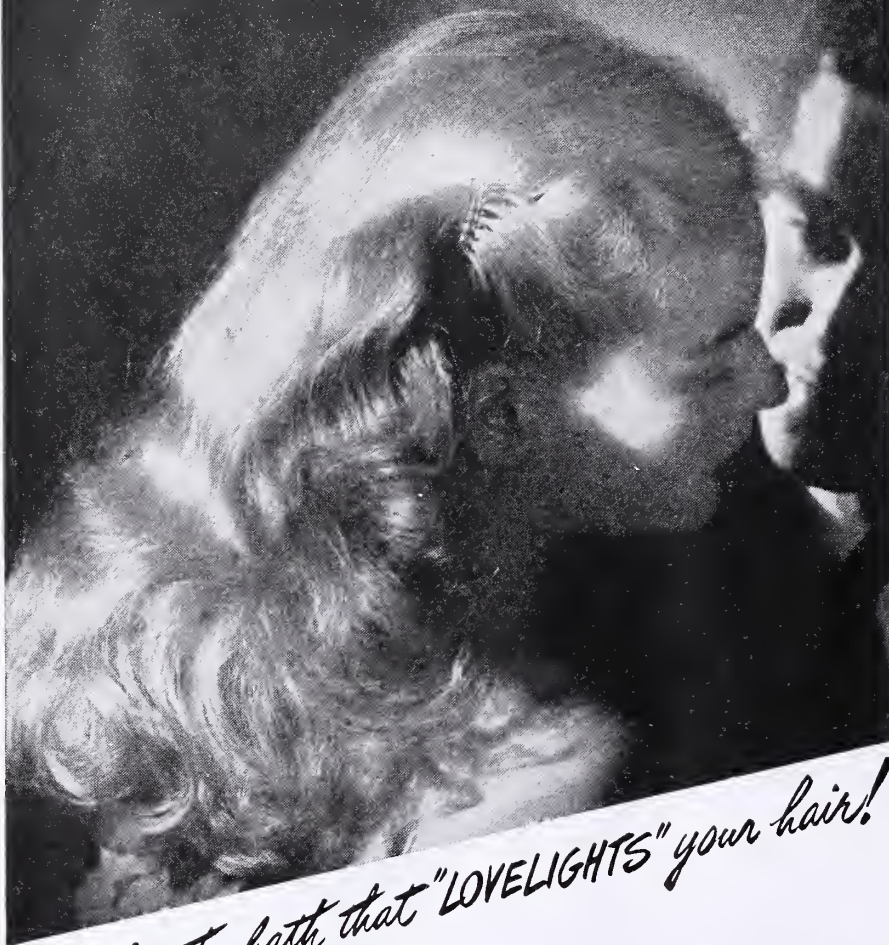


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For hair
so BRIGHT,
so RIGHT
-TONIGHT

A new kind of Hair Beauty
for you from a world-famous
Cosmetic House

Richard Hudnut EGG CREME SHAMPOO



The beauty bath that "LOVELIGHTS" your hair!

THIS MAY EASILY BE YOU. Your hair can look like this, tonight—so radiantly alive, so impeccably groomed. Discover, now, the shampoo created by the beauty experts of Richard Hudnut's famed Fifth Avenue Salon.

SPECIAL FORMULA with *real egg*. This is one shampoo that makes the most of an ageless beauty secret. It is enriched with egg, real egg, to bring out shimmering "lovelights" in your hair—*naturally*.

NOT A SOAP or drying chemical shampoo. Instead, Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo is a lavish, liquid creme. From roots to ends, your hair glistens with new life. And the very first shampoo leaves it so soft and manageable, so easy to groom.

TRY IT TODAY and tonight step out proudly aware of the new-found loveliness of your hair!

P.S.

Special offer!
A trial kit of the new Richard Hudnut Hair Beauty Ritual is yours for only \$1.00 (plus tax). Contains generous-size bottles of Egg Creme Shampoo, Creme Rinse, Dandruff Treatment and Creme Hair Dressing.

At your drug or department store, \$1.00 for the big family size.



INSIDE STUFF



In the Mocambo spotlight: Lizabeth Scott and director Otto Preminger

back . . . Orson Welles's miraculous feat in bringing in "Macbeth" in exactly twenty-one days and how it may revise shooting schedules . . . Larry Parks's suit against Columbia Studios in which it is said Larry claims he had to sign a certain contract in order to get "The Jolson Story." Now he wants to be free of it . . . The slow pace of Gable in "The Hucksters" which is so unlike his usual sledge-hammer qualities. And how Clark himself yearns for the old one-two in his former stories . . . The rapid rise of Lana Turner in the dramatic field with two dramas behind her, "Green Dolphin Street" and "Cass Timberlane," and the co-starring role with Gable in "Homecoming" ahead of her. And how Louis B. Mayer predicts she'll be tops in 1948 . . . The ever-rising upward push of actor Nick Conte who is becoming the newest heir to the punch and sex qualities once Gable's. And how every feminine star in town wishes she had him sewed up for her films.

* * *

Parties: Cocktails with John Mills, the Englishman who charmed us all as "Pip" in "Great Expectations," and his talented playwright wife. Enthusiastic and friendly, Mills won everyone's heart. At the same gathering we bid goodbye to Rex Harrison, who with his wife Lilli Palmer and the Millses has gone back to England. The Harrisons expect to return soon unless, as rumored, the English government keeps English performers at home.

Errol Flynn was so pleased with the co-operation of his leading lady, Ann Sheridan, in their last picture, "Silver River," he invited a few close friends to a Hawaiian party in Ann's honor. An Hawaiian orchestra, roast piglet, real carnation leis and Errol's floral shirt, that outdid any of Crosby's, made it a real party. Shy and reticent before more than three people, Ann sat quietly on the sidelines listening to the Mexican troubadours who alternated with the Island music. She did tell Cal, however, how happy she was to achieve her dream of playing opposite Gary Cooper in "Good Sam" with Leo McCarey directing.



EVELYN KEYES

star of
Columbia Pictures'

"THE MATING OF MILLIE"

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness," says this famous star

"You'll be delighted with the way Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Evelyn Keyes speaking to you at her dressing table.

"Smooth the fragrant Active lather well in," she tells you. "Then rinse with warm water, splash on cold. As you pat gently

with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. The gentle beauty care Evelyn Keyes recommends will make *you* lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.



Another
fine LEVER
product

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are Lovelier!



Artistry set to music: Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker in scene from "Song of Love"

✓✓ Song of Love (M-G-M)

THIS is Schumann's song—his life as portrayed by Paul Henreid, a fascinating interest-rouser of those fabulous days when the great courts of Europe resounded to the music of Liszt and Brahms. That adjective "sensitive" has been overworked so far as Henreid goes, but it must be used again in this instance where he takes over the poor, hard-working musician marked for great happiness in his love for Clara Wieck and great tragedy in his career.

Katharine Hepburn is Mrs. Schumann; it's unfortunate that she takes her artistic role too much to her artistic heart. The result is an overplayed performance with Hepburn pumping that emotional pedal too hard. She is as tragic over the dismissal of a maid as she is over her husband's death; she races breathlessly through her stint with a self-sacrificial bustle that leaves her audience way behind. Unfortunately Robert Walker is just too much the young American to be the young Brahms, but Henry Daniell as the brilliant erratic showman Liszt takes his encores with finesse. Biographies differ about what really happened in the Brahms-Schumann affair; the film is the result of reading all the facts. And there's always the music—rolling beautifully through a picture that's going to keep you looking and listening all the way through.

Your Reviewer Says: A song to sing.

**A reliable guide to recent pictures.
One check means good; two checks,
very good; three checks, outstanding**

The SHADOW



Picture with a moral punch: John Garfield and Lilli Palmer in prize-fight exposé, "Body and Soul"

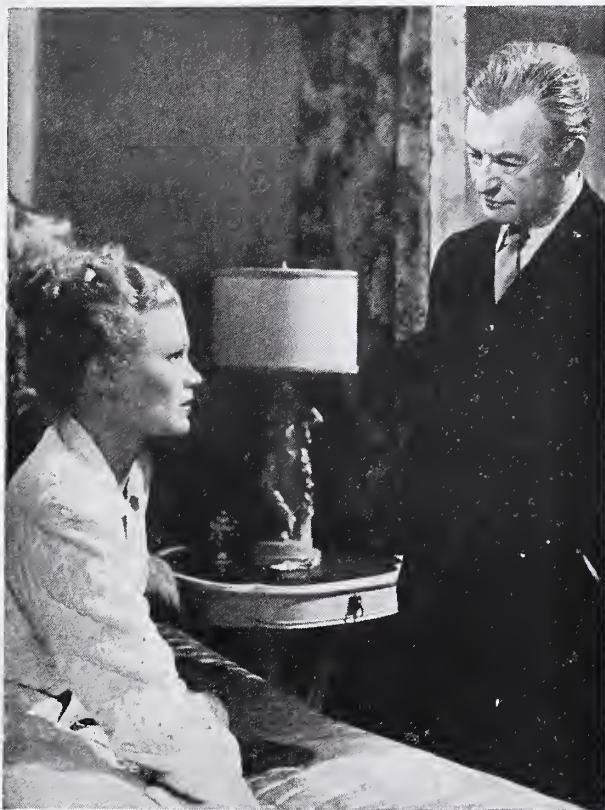
✓ Body and Soul (Enterprise-U. A.)

MOOD music and mood treatment change this into something other than just a prize-fight story. Using his fists to get what he wants—anything with a dollar sign on it—John Garfield takes his role and shakes everything right out of it. How he slides down the moral ladder makes a film that has a lot of body blows about it; if you're up to some good fisticuffs scenes you'll find one of the best fights ever staged in this one.

The prettier side of the picture is Lilli Palmer as the gal who knows John's all wrong. Just as pretty but not so perfect is one Hazel Brooks, a sultry-looking newcomer who doesn't do more than look in most of her scenes but makes a fair enough bow. In the background is Mother Anne Revere, looking the strong and silent type and some racketeers of the prize-fight business who will give you a nasty turn two or three times.

It's no hearts-and-flowers story; but on the other hand it's not just a picture of punches. Besides, there's Canada Lee, an actor whom you won't want to miss seeing. Garfield and Palmer make good showings in their respective corners and the pugilistic proceedings have been handled with more than ordinary imagination.

Your Reviewer Says: Fight it out.



On the murder trail: Claude Rains and Joan Caulfield star in mystery mix-up, "The Unsuspected"

✓ The Unsuspected (Warners)

DON'T let the title fool you—you'll suspect all along who's the guilty one in this minor thriller starring that old hand Claude Rains. It is his performance that takes this along in the right direction; without him it might have subsided without a whimper into another pale-faced mystery. Joan Caulfield is Mr. Rains's niece, a gal with lots of money and lots of looks. Young Michael North comes along and tells her she's married to him; she doesn't think she is; neither does Mr. Rains. Things are complicated by Audrey Totter, who's snapped off Hurd Hatfield, beloved of Joan; things are still more complicated by murders to the right and left of you with that unsuspected one closing right in.

Joan behaves perfectly, giving no star performance but not stepping out of line. The rest of the workers, including Constance Bennett, follow suit, with the exception of that brutal-faced Jack Lambert, who looks just too ape-like to be real. The climax is supposed to come in with a thundering roar, but it's all so hopped up right at the end that you may even find yourself chuckling instead of clutching your seat. However, you'll get your money's worth. Forget all the drawbacks, don't look for perfection and you'll find a good enough movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess who did it?



Small town invasion: Jane Wyman's opinion upsets Jimmy Stewart's calculations in picture "Magic Town"

✓ Magic Town (RKO)

SEEING as how that long lanky Jimmy Stewart comes along in this everyone will go to see it. Depending on how much you like Stewart acting the patented Stewart role and how much you'll swallow about what may happen in a small town, you may or may not applaud the picture. It's a lot of business about a public-opinion expert who invades the perfect small town for professional reasons, ends up by wanting to stay there for romantic ones, gets Jane Wyman first against him, then with him and turns this American "Utopia" upside down.

It's unusual enough to rate a cheer; it's unrealistic enough to rate a brush-off. Wyman is a good actress; her quiet handling of the role of small-town *Mary Peterman* is apt sometimes to put the mannered Stewart at a disadvantage. The other small-townners are in the groove—Kent Smith, Wallace Ford, Regis Toomey, Ann Shoemaker. Touches of comedy come here and there from Ned Sparks and Donald Meek and the boys' basketball team might have been plucked from any town you'd point out on the map. But the goings-on are something else again, a bit too implausible to convince an adult audience, a bit too childish to be fantasy about Small Town, U.S.A. Mr. Stewart has something, so does the picture; but we wish both had used them a little differently to come up with a real winner.

Your Reviewer Says: It all depends.

For Best Pictures and Best Performances See Page 33

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 34

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 37

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHY ARE HIS KISSES JUST "PECKS"... NOW?

- A.** This wife may be losing romance from her marriage because of faulty feminine hygiene habits.
- Q.** Faulty feminine hygiene? Can this affect married happiness?
- A.** Yes—because the charm of complete feminine daintiness is assured only by effective douching. For this, many doctors recommend efficient, dependable "Lysol" brand disinfectant.
- Q.** How does "Lysol" compare with other disinfectants for dependability?
- A.** Unlike some other, weaker antiseptics, "Lysol" is a proved germ and odor killer which remains effective in the presence of organic matter.
- Q.** What about salt, soda . . . other homemade douching solutions on which some women rely?
- A.** These weak cleansing makeshifts are neither antiseptic nor germicidal—can never compare with reliable "Lysol."

MAKE "LYSOL" your safeguard of intimate daintiness and charm—so important to married happiness. Always use "Lysol" in the douche.



Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is gentle, non-injurious to

delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic aroma quickly disappears. Highly concentrated, "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

For Feminine
Hygiene—always use

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, Dept. P.-4711, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N.J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Product of Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

✓✓ The Unfinished Dance (M-G-M)

STAND up on your tiptoes to look at Margaret O'Brien floating around on her tiptoes as the prettiest little ballerina of them all. Straight out of a Technicolor storybook she comes, bowing gracefully in a graceful finished story about one small girl whose devotion brings her to the edge of tragedy.

Dancing around her are Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth, Cyd as the ballerina-idol of the small *Meg*, Karin as the strange pretender to the idol's prima-donna throne. The behind-the-scenes life of the ballet has a fairytale touch, so light that it brings the picture close to perfection. Charisse dances deftly, Karin Booth is somebody to watch, while the wistful Miss O'Brien can start stringing more hearts on her belt. The little-girl touch of these small would-be ballerinas in wisps of skirts is carried competently by Mary Eleanor Donahue and Connie Cornell; Danny Thomas is *Mr. Paneros* whose specialty is a love of rare things and real people.

You won't want "The Unfinished Dance" to have an end; it's just right as it is.

Your Reviewer Soys: Classic specialty.

✓✓ Frieda (Universal-International)

HERE comes that man Rank again with another picture on a subject Hollywood could well have snapped up. It's the everyday picture of a soldier with a foreign bride who must adjust to a new country—only Mr. Rank's angle has a bit of dynamite in it. David Farrar is the Englishman who brings home to an English country village his German bride *Frieda*, Mai Zetterling. The characters that revolve about this situation are the usual ones—widowed sister-in-law, shocked mother, baffled younger brother, brilliant sister whose political career is jeopardized by the union. What they have to say is not usual—it is through Farrar, Flora Robson, Glynis Johns and their cohorts that this dangerous problem is threshed out.

The audience listens with an ear to some strong statements and an eye to some smooth and even scenes of English family life. Underneath is the tragedy of the German *Frieda*, caught in the midst of a people who can't make up their minds as to whether she, the individual, is guilty of Germany's crime.

The love story is handled softly; there is a harsh portrayal of the German who will wear the swastika forever by Albert Lieven; and there's enough to think about to keep your mind doing exercises for many a day.

Your Reviewer Soys: Go and decide about "Frieda."

✓✓ Life with Father (Warners)

FOR ABOUT six years people have come from all over the United States to take a look at *Father* who's had Broadway in hysterics. Now *Father*, thanks to Warners, is going out to give the U.S. a look at him. It's a wonderful look because he's William Powell, who stamps his foot, twirls his mustache and gets handled by innocent-looking mother Irene Dunne as prettily as you please.

Powell is a wonderful father in a wonderful family-album background of an old New York brownstone and his doings plus those of his family will keep you as hilarious as any collection of ancient snapshots. There's Jimmy Lydon as *Clarence Jr.*, Derek (Continued on page 28)



Will it ever come to this?

Will the law ever require women who are careless about their breath to wear bells warning others of their approach? It's not a bad idea. You can understand why if you ever came face-to-face with a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

This all too common offense is likely to stamp any woman, or man, as an objectionable person to be avoided.

Don't take your breath for granted. Don't assume it's O. K. when it may be quite the opposite. You yourself may not know when you're guilty. Let Listerine Antiseptic help to put you on the polite side. Use it before any date. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes your breath sweeter, fresher . . . less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ANY DATE...
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
FOR ORAL HYGIENE

How Powers Models MAKE EACH TINY STRAND OF HAIR RADIATE NATURAL DAZZLING Beauty



Miss Rosemary Colligan, beautiful Powers brunette, says, "I always use Kreml Shampoo because it leaves my hair sparkling like diamonds—so bright and glossy for days."

Give Your Hair This 10-Minute 'Glamour-Bath' Helps Hair Hold A Wave and Set Better, Too!

Lovely Powers Models were quick to discover this is one shampoo that can always be relied on to uncover *all* the natural brilliant highlights that lie concealed in *your* and *every* girl's hair.

And the beauty about using Kreml Shampoo is that it *never dries the hair*. In fact, it's very beneficial in that it has a 'built-in' oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry.

Notice the rich, thick consistency of Kreml Shampoo compared to any other shampoo you've used! You know you're *really* getting your money's worth.

Removes Dandruff Flakes First Time You Use It

Kreml Shampoo whips up a luxuriant *active* foam even in the hardest water. It actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair from top to bottom so

that it reflects all its natural silken sheen beauty and highlights.

And when all these *millions* of bright sparkling hairs are combed and brushed into a coiffure—no wonder your hair becomes a vision of shining radiance, a vision which will lure men's hearts away.

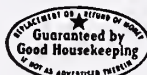
Complete directions on how to 'glamour-bathe' hair come with every bottle. All drug, dept. or 10¢ stores.

**Not a cream shampoo
Not a harsh soap
Not a soapless shampoo
Not a drying detergent—
It's Entirely different!**

Kreml SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



(Continued from page 26) Scott as Harlan, Johnny Calkins as Whitney and Martin Milner as John, cutting up as fast as they can to keep Father's blood pressure rising; there's Elizabeth Taylor to inject some young-romance touches, looking as pretty as a tintype and shepherded by the diverting Zazu Pitts. Edmund Gwenn as the minister has his run-ins with black-sheep Father; the succession of maids scurry out of his way; and all the while, taking Father for a merry buggyride is wife Vinnie, played perfectly by Irene Dunne.

Your Reviewer Says: Clever comedy on the don't-miss file.

✓✓ Kiss of Death (20th Century-Fox)

HERE's a movie that has all you'll ask for in the way of mature entertainment. If you knew Victor Mature before the war, forget that "playboy" judgment you passed on him and see him as the realistic "squealer" in this new-type gangster film. Made in New York City, it is filled with the new-and-different, among them two people—one Richard Widmark, who's going to have you crawling under the seat as a moronic killer, and a fair-faced Coleen Gray, who has that breath-of-spring touch that will send her breezing along the Hollywood path.

Brian Donlevy's solid shoulder is right there supporting Mature and Widmark who between them carry off a film that will carry you off. Two nice little girls help motivate the plot as Mature's children, but if you think you're going to get an overdose of "daddy" sentimentality you're all wrong. The action is as simple as that of your own fireside and therefore has an impact you won't forget. Two things can be said about "Kiss of Death"—first, it's not an ordinary film; second, see it and start giving thanks that Hollywood has started giving you the kind of film you want.

Your Reviewer Says: It has something you'll want.

✓ Mother Wore Tights (20th Century-Fox)

ABOUT the cutest little mama around is Betty Grable, gracing as she does this light-hearted musical of the days when vaudeville was played before an asbestos curtain. Dan Dailey is the blustering papa who two-steps with her. This family act is seen through the eyes of little daughters Mona Freeman and Connie Marshall who slide along unaffectedly through the film, which is one big song-and-dance act with little ruffles of story about it.

The music you'll like, the dancing you'll relish. The Christmas incident where the two little girls of a show family are entertained by the troupe, including one clever specialty act by Senor Wences, steps into the story spotlight, as does the sojourn of the four Burts in the Berkshires. *Mama* may have shocked her era by going on the stage, but she'll give this generation a nice look at the good old days.

Your Reviewer Says: Snug fit.

✓ Out of the Blue (Eagle-Lion)

HERE comes a pretty surprise right out of the blue—a jovial comedy in which George Brent, by acting in deadpan George Brent fashion, gets more laughs than he ever got sighs as a big lover. Turhan Bey is just the ro- (Continued on page 33)

Helen Neushaefer announces

An Amazing New Lipstick



HELEN
NEUSHAEFER

With the new
wonder ingredient

LASTEEN

and a new case
with the stunning
"Color Teller Tip"



39¢
plus
tax

Created by Popular Demand
for a lipstick as fine as her nail polish

Women all over America have asked Helen Neushaefer to create a lipstick as lastingly lovely as her nail polish . . . one that really stays on . . . not too moist . . . not too dry, but *just right!* From her cosmetic chemists has come this amazing, new lipstick . . . containing

LASTEEN, to give her lipstick what the miracle ingredient PLASTEEN gives her nail polish. Now available at chain store cosmetic counters . . . in five beautiful shades that harmonize with Helen Neushaefer nail polish.



10¢ plus
LUX
with PLASTEEN

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., 80 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below)



Bernadette Fitzgerald of Chicago, the Toni Twin, says: "As soon as Sis saw what a soft, natural-looking wave I gave myself, she admitted I was the smarter half. Next time it'll be Toni for two."

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely
TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

The very first time you try Toni, you'll have soft, natural-looking curls, deep, smooth waves — with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness. But, before you try Toni, you may want to know —

Will Toni work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be handy with my hands?

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni permanent by following the easy directions.

How long will it take me?

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours — even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

How much curl will I have with Toni?

You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best — from a wide, loose

wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

How long will my Toni wave last?

It's guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty-shop wave or your money back.

How much do I save with Toni?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only \$2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which Twin has the Toni?

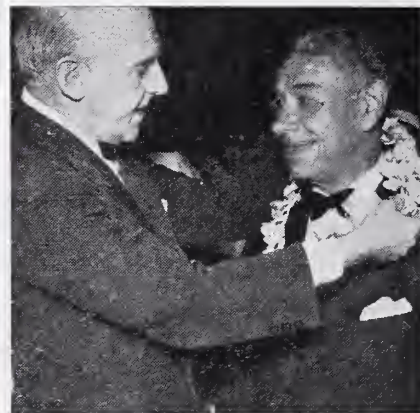
Bernadette, on the left, is the Toni twin. The Toni Kit is on sale at all leading drug, notions and cosmetic counters.

Toni

HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE



Orchids To



Orchids to Mike Romanoff from Walter Winchell, guest of honor at Charlie Morrison's Mocambo party



The Pat Nerneys (Mona Freeman) join the toast to Winchell for his work on Runyon Cancer Fund



The Sinatras: The ladies got leis of orchids flown from Honolulu

Winchell



Mocambo closed to the public while guests wined, dined and danced. The Bob Hopes joined in the gay whirl!



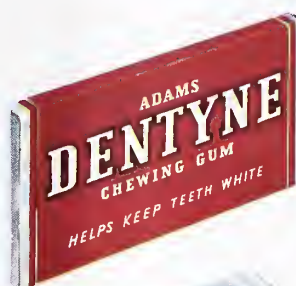
Merry mates: The Van Heflins and the Bob Huttons got right into fun-raising spirit of the party



Dorothy Lamour adds a decorative note to husband Bill Howard



It's keen chewing gum



Most everybody loves the refreshingly different, clean taste of Dentyne —it's *keen* chewing gum!

And Dentyne owes its popularity to more than delightful, long-lasting flavor alone! Its firm chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too.

Every time you enjoy Dentyne, you enjoy the *quality* result of 75 years of Adams manufacturing know-how. Try the other Adams quality gums, too. Always—

buy gum by Adams



\$25,000 IN PRIZES TO GET YOU TO TRY WONDERFUL **NEW, IMPROVED DRENE!**

**BLONDES!
BRUNETTES! RED HEADS!**

Discover New, Improved Drene's

**BEAUTY BONUS FOR
ALL TYPES OF HAIR**

- Reveals all the natural lustre!
- Leaves hair easier to set, curl, arrange!
- Never dries out hair!



VIRGINIA MAYO

Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's
Technicolor Comedy

**"THE SECRET LIFE OF
WALTER MITTY"**

Virginia Mayo is just one of the lovely Hollywood stars who have switched to the wonderful New, Improved Drene Shampoo. She says,

"My hair is now so full of highlights it actually shines."

**WIN \$10,000 FIRST PRIZE
\$1,000 SECOND PRIZE
280 PRIZES OF \$50 EACH**

282 PRIZES! GET DRENE! ENTER NOW!

What's your beauty problem? Is your hair oily? Dry? Dull? Hard to manage? Here's your opportunity to discover the magic of New, Improved Drene for all types of hair—and win a big prize, too!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: To get you to try New, Improved Drene we've made this great new contest easy to enter. Discover Drene's "beauty bonus" for your hair—then complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less:

"New, improved Drene is perfect for my type of hair, because..."

Mail your entry with the top (or facsimile)

of any Drene carton to Drene, Dept. F, Box 2118, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Your entry may win that \$10,000 first prize!

HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN! You'll quickly find how New, Improved Drene makes quicker, richer, more active lather. Brings out all the sheen in your hair—more sheen than any soap shampoo. Never dries out your hair. Leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl and arrange. There's plenty to write about!

Let Virginia Mayo give you an example: "New, Improved Drene is perfect for my type of hair because its rich, mellow lather brings out all the natural color brilliance of my hair and leaves it soft, smooth, and easy to set and curl."



**Try it! Get Drene now!
Your sentence may win!**

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Complete this sentence: "New, Improved Drene is perfect for my type of hair because..." in 25 additional words or less. Write on an official entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly name and address. Send in as many entries as you wish. Entry blanks available where you get Drene—at toilet goods counters everywhere.

2. Mail to Drene, Dept. F, Box 2118, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enclose top (or facsimile) of any Drene car-

ton with each entry. Be sure to use enough postage.

3. Any resident of the United States or Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

4. First Prize will be \$10,000, Second Prize \$1,000 and 280 additional prizes of \$50 each.

5. The contest is open now. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, November 29, and re-

ceived by midnight, December 14, 1947.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

7. All winners will be notified by mail shortly after close of the contest. Winners lists will be available on request about one month after close of contest.

(Continued from page 28) mantic ticket as the Greenwich Village artist whose hobbies run to big dogs and luscious lovelies. Virginia Mayo is one of the latter who shares artist Bey's dilemma at living next door to Arthur (Brent) Earthleigh who's just about as imaginative as his name. The Earthleigh spouse is Carole Landis, of the antimicassar vintage; the Earthleigh trouble in a close-fitting dress is Ann Dvorak from the terrace above. You'll laugh it all off heartily, take your hat off to Mr. Brent for turning himself into a clown and to Miss Dvorak for playing her touchy role with the right touch. You'll also discover why the ladies line up for Bey.

Your Reviewer Says: Have fun!

Caravan (Eagle-Lion)

THIS "Caravan" of J. Arthur Rank's is composed of a long line of cutthroats out to get a necklace big romantic Stewart Granger is toting around to deliver to a friend. As you can guess, the plot's straight out of one of those novels your grandmother may still have hanging around. Ann Crawford is the beflounced and soulful-looking heroine Oriana and Dennis Price is the monacle-twirling cad. There's a gypsy girl, Jean Kent, who comes to the rescue of the hero when he gets amnesia after his beating-up, but she can't make any time at all with him when she mentions Oriana. Unfortunately, Oriana, believing her true love dead, has thrown herself right into the arms of the cad.

There are scenes in which people get properly grief-stricken, dastardly villainous and emotionally upset in a rather polite Victorian fashion. The audience, we're afraid, is just going to be bored in their good new modern way.

Your Reviewer Says: Mr. Rank slips.

Best Pictures of the Month

Life with Father

Song of Love

Frieda

The Unfinished Dance

Kiss of Death

Best Performances

William Powell, Irene Dunne
in "Life with Father"

Paul Henreid, Henry Daniell
in "Song of Love"

Margaret O'Brien
in "The Unfinished Dance"

David Farrar, Flora Robson, Mai Zetterling
in "Frieda"

John Garfield, Lilli Palmer
in "Body and Soul"

Claude Rains
in "The Unsuspected"

Jane Wyman
in "Magic Town"

Victor Mature, Richard Widmark
in "Kiss of Death"



*Never a Love so True....
Never a Ring so Cherished*



All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold
Rings enlarged to show details
Prices include Federal tax

Lucky girl! It's a Keepsake, the traditional symbol of love. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of quality which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices from \$100 to \$5,000.

Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.

A. ASTORIA Set	200.00	B. LADY DIANA Set	625.00	C. HEATHER Set	362.50	D. JORDAN Set (Plat)	800.00
Engagement Ring	150.00	Engagement Ring	500.00	Engagement Ring	350.00	Engagement Ring	575.00
		Also \$225 and 350		Also \$100 to 2475 and in platinum \$300 to 3450		Also \$400 to 3950 Available in gold \$575 and 750	



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Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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Little Lulu says... Compare tissues - compare boxes - and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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BODY AND SOUL — Enterprise-U.A.: *Charlie Davis*, John Garfield; *Peg Born*, Lilli Palmer; *Alice*, Hazel Brooks; *Anna Davis*, Anne Revere; *Quinn*, William Conrad; *Shorty Polaski*, Joseph Pevney; *Ben Chaplin*, Canada Lee; *Roberts*, Lloyd Coff; *David Davis*, Art Smith; *Arnold*, James Burke; *Ivma*, Virginia Gregg; *Drummer*, Peter Virgo; *Prince*, Joe Devlin; *Grocer*, Shimon Rushkin; *Miss Tedder*, Mary Currier; *Dan*, Milton Kibbie; *Shelton*, Tim Ryan; *Jack Marlowe*, Artie Dorrell; *Victor*, Cy Ring; *Marine*, Glen Lee; *Referee*, John Indresano; *Fight Announcer*, Dan Tobey.

CARAVAN—Eagle Lion: *Richard*, Stewart Granger; *Rosal*, Jean Kent; *Oriana*, Anne Crawford; *Francis*, Dennis Price; *Wycroft*, Robert Helpmann; *Don Carlos*, Gerhard Hinze; *Bertha*, Enid Stamp Taylor; *Camperdene*, David Horne; *Diego*, John Salew; *Suitza*, Arthur Gouillet; *Nanoel*, Julian Somers; *Juan*, Peter Murray; *Paco*, Gypsy Petulengro; *Marie*, Sylvie St. Clair; *Twenny*, Merle Tottenham; *Fanny*, Victoria Campbell; *Woman*, Mabel Constanduros; *Jose*, Josef Ramart; *Singer in Cafe*, Erin de Sella; *Betty*, Patricia Laffan; *Butler to Don Carlos*, H. R. Hignett; *Camperdene's Butler*, Dick Dunn; *Black Patch*, Brooks Turner; *Fighting Seaman*, Johnny Roman; *Guitarist*, Cecil Brock; *Francis* (as a child), Phillip Guard; *Richard* (as a child), Peter Mullins; *Oriana* (as a child), Jacqueline Boyer.

FRIEDA — Universal-International: *Robert*, David Farrar; *Judy*, Glynis Johns; *Frieda*, Mai Zetterling; *Nell*, Flora Robson; *Richard*, Albert Lieven; *Mrs. Dawson*, Barbara Everest; *Edith*, Gladys Henson; *Tony*, Ray Jackson; *Alan*, Patrick Holt; *Merrick*, Milton Rosmer; *Jim Merrick*, Barry Letts; *Lawrence*, Gilbert Davis; *Mrs. Freeman*, Renee Gadd; *Hobson*, Douglas Jefferies; *Holliday*, Barry Jones; *Bailey*, Eliot Makeham; *Crawley*, Norman Pierce; *Granger*, John Ruddock; *Herriot*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Beckwith*, Garry Marsh; *Irvine*, Aubrey Mallalieu; *Latham*, John Molecey; *Post-boy*, Stanley Escane; *Polish priest*, Gerbard Hinze; *First official*, Arthur Howard.

KISS OF DEATH—20th Century-Fox: *Nick Bianco*, Victor Mature; *D'Angelo*, Brian Donlevy; *Nettie*, Coleen Gray; *Tom Udo*, Richard Widmark; *Maria*, Patricia Morison; *Earl Howser*, Taylor Holmes; *Judge*, Robert Keith; *Pep Mangone*, Wendell Phillips; *Ma Rizzo*, Mildred Dunnock; *Williams*, Anthony Ross; *Pete Rizzo*, Henry Brandon; *Congetta* (Age 4), Gioia Lombardi; *Rosaria* (Age 3), Ronnie Marie Morse; *Sgt. William Cullen*, Karl Malden; *Mar Schulte*, Millard Mitchell; *Bull Weed*, Harry Bel-

A story that will discover
a new Ingrid Bergman for
you, so take time out to read

TIME OUT FOR LAUGHTER

in

December Photoplay

laver; *Rosaria*, Marilee Grassini; *Congetta*, Iris Mann; *Captain Dolan*, Norman McKay; *Mrs. Moskowitz*, Michele Burani; *Bessie*, Joan Lazar; *Joe Salvadore*, William Ricciardi; *Harris*, John A. Stearns; *Mrs. Keller*, Eda Heineinan; *Al*, John Marley; *District Attorney*, Jay Jostyn.

LIFE WITH FATHER—Warners: *Father*, William Powell; *Vinnie*, Irene Dunne; *Mary*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Rev. Dr. Lloyd*, Edmund Gwenn; *Cora*, Zasu Pitts; *Clarence*, Jimmy Lydon; *Margaret*, Emma Dunn; *Harlan*, Derek Scott; *Whitney*, Johnny Calkins; *John*, Martin Milner; *Annie*, Heather Wilde; *Policeman*, Monte Blue; *Nora*, Mary Field; *Maggie*, Queenie Leonard; *Delia*, Edna Harris.

MAGIC TOWN—RKO: *Rip Smith*, James Stewart; *Mary Peterman*, Jane Wyman; *Hoopendecker*, Kent Smith; *Ike Sloan*, Ned Sparks; *Lou Dicketts*, Wallace Ford; *Ed Weaver*, Regis Toomey; *Mrs. Weaver*, Ann Doran; *Mr. Twiddle*, Donald Meek; *Moody*, E. J. Ballentine; *Ma Peterman*, Ann Shoemaker; *Hank Nickleby*, Mickey Kuhn; *Nickleby*, Howard Freeman; *Mayor*, Harry Holman; *Mrs. Frisby*, Mary Currier; *Bob Peterman*, Mickey Roth; *Birch*, Frank Fenton; *Senator Wilson*, George Irving; *Stringer*, Selmer Jackson; *Dickey*, Robert Dudley; *Mrs. Wilton*, Julia Dean; *Dingle*, Joel Friedkin; *Hodges*, Paul Scardon; *Bus Driver*, George Chandler; *Quincy*, Frank Darien; *Sam Fuller*, Larry Wheat; *Shorty*, Jimmy Crane; *Junior Dicketts*, Richard Belding; *Benny*, Danny Mummert.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS—20th Century-Fox: *Myrtle McKinley Burt*, Betty Grable; *Frank Burt*,

Biggest News
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The sensational beauty invention that's making history—Sculpture Curler! Create your own lovely, individual coiffures in half the time... so easily, it's like magic! Set your hair as you comb it, making smooth, long-lasting Sculpture pin-curls. Designed for your use by a noted hair stylist... one curler is all you need—yours, with 8-page styling booklet for only 49¢ At leading notions counters or write Sculpture Curler Co., Inc., Dept. P-11, 3286 Adeline St., Berkeley, Calif. No C.O.D. orders.

Sculpture
Curler

BY GOODWIN

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OUT OF THE BLUE—Eagle Lion: *Deborah*, Virginia Mayo; *Mr. Earthleigh*, George Brent; *David*, Turhan Bey; *Olivia*, Ann Dvorak; *Mrs. Earthleigh*, Carole Landis; *Singer*, Hadda Brooks; *Dombry*, Alton E. Horton; *Elevator Boy*, Charlie Smith; *Miss Ritchie*, Julia Dean; *Miss Spring*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Noonan*, Richard Lane.

SONG OF LOVE—M-G-M: *Clara Wieck Schumann*, Katharine Hepburn; *Robert Schumann*, Paul Henreid; *Johannes Brahms*, Robert Walker; *Franz Liszt*, Henry Daniell; *Professor Wieck*, Leo G. Carroll; *Bertha*, Else Janssen; *Julie*, Gigi Perreau; *Felix*, "Tinker" Furlong; *Marie*, Ann Carter; *Eugenie*, Janine Perreau; *Ludwig*, Jimmie Hunt; *Ferdinand*, Anthony Sydes; *Elise*, Eilene Janssen; *Dr. Hoffman*, Roman Bohnen; *Haslinger*, Ludwig Stossel; *Princess Valerie Hohenfels*, Tala Birell; *Judge*, Kurt Katch; *King Albert*, Henry Stephenson; *Reinecke*, Konstantin Shayne.

UNFINISHED DANCE, THE—M-G-M: *"Meg"*, Merlin, Margaret O'Brien; *Mlle. Ariane Bouchet*, Cyd Charisse; *La Darina*, Karin Booth; *Mr. Paneros*, Danny Thomas; *Olga*, Esther Dale; *Mr. Ronsell*, Thurston Hall; *Murphy*, Harry Hayden; *Josie*, Mary Eleanor Donahue; *Phyllis*, Connie Cornell; *Miss Merlin*, Ruth Brady; *Fred Caverton*, Charles Bradstreet; *Mme. Borodin*, Ann Codee; *Jacques Lacoste*, Gregory Gay.

UNSUSPECTED, THE—Warners: *Matilda Frazier*, Joan Caulfield; *Victor Grandison*, Claude Rains; *Althea Keane*, Audrey Totter; *Jane Moynihan*, Constance Bennett; *Oliver Keane*, Hurd Hatfield; *Steven Francis Howard*, Michael North; *Richard Donovan*, Fred Clark; *Max*, Harry Lewis; *Mr. Press*, Jack Lambert; *Donovan's Assistant*, Ray Walker; *Mrs. White*, Nana Bryant; *Justice of the Peace*, Walter Baldwin.



Profiled against the passing years: Eight years ago "Intermezzo" made its first appearance before the American public. The late Leslie Howard, then at the height of his career, was the star. His co-star was a young girl making her debut on the American screen whose fresh charm made an unforgettable impression on audiences. Now Vanguard Films has re-released "Intermezzo" starring Leslie Howard and Ingrid Bergman for showings in motion picture theaters throughout the country

Could YOU charm Larry Parks?



ELLEN DREW, CO-STARRING WITH LARRY PARKS IN
COLUMBIA'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "THE SWORDSMAN"

ELLEN DREW SAYS: "No girl can charm Larry unless her hands are divinely soft and smooth." Ellen has that feminine appeal of smooth, soft hands.

"I use Jergens Lotion," she says. And the other feminine Stars? They, too, use Jergens Lotion... 7 to 1.

Will you learn charm from the glamorous Hollywood Stars?

Their hand care—Jergens Lotion—makes your hands even smoother, softer, now, thanks to product improvements resulting from recent skin-care research. And Jergens protects even longer. Two ingredients many doctors use for skin-beauty are included in today's Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). Leaves no oiliness; no stickiness.



FREE!
See for yourself why
Hollywood Stars,
7 to 1, use
Jergens Lotion

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle. 230

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name, address plainly... Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only)

"Buy 2 instead of ONE"



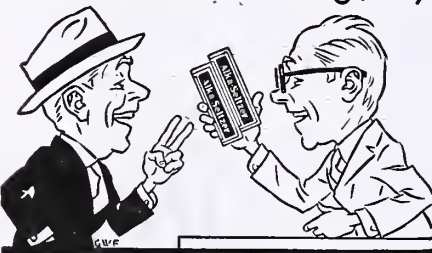
Next time your vitals disagree
And gases start to rise,
Try Alka-Seltzer for RELIEF,
And get a big surprise.



I go for Alka-Seltzer
When headaches pick on me,
The sooner I get rid of them,
The happier I'll be.



Stock up on Alka-Seltzer,
That's what folks do today.
To lessen their discomforts
When COLDS are holding sway.



So many times . . . so many ways
your family will need Alka-Seltzer!
So here's the wisest thing to do:
Instead of buying one, buy two.

Alka-Seltzer

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

**More record recommendations focusing attention
on music and musical personalities from Hollywood**



Walter Pidgeon

UNFINISHED DANCE: All the beautiful music heard on the soundtrack has inspired a new album featuring a narration by Walter Pidgeon and as an extra feature, two comedy numbers by Danny Thomas, who makes his movie debut in this picture (M-G-M).

SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY: This hilarious comedy has the reformed *Timid Soul* imagining himself a famous dress designer, thus setting the stage for one of Danny Kaye's great numbers, "Anatole of Paris." This number is included in the Kaye Columbia record album (Set C-91).

SOMETHING IN THE WIND: The Deanna Durbin film has a record natural in "The Turntable Song," dedicated to disk jockeys. Sammy Kaye (Victor) gives it quite a spin and The Modernaires (Columbia) pair it with the picture's delightful title song.

SONG OF LOVE: The picture's best remembered melody "As Years Go By," based on the major theme of Brahms's Hungarian Dance No. 4, is tenderly sung by baritone Bob Houston and you'll want it for your own record collection (M-G-M).

BUGS BUNNY: The cartoon star of "Looney Tunes" and his friends, *Porky Pig* and *Daffy Duck* (all played by versatile Mel Blanc), win their own Capitol record album and the results should be eminently satisfactory for small-fry disk fans.

THE EMPEROR WALTZ: You won't find a better rendition of "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" than the one Buddy Clark has plattered for Columbia. He makes this old ballad refreshingly pleasant.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS: Dinah Shore (Columbia) and Vaughn Monroe (Victor) handle "You Do" and "Kokomo" with customary finesse. Throaty Mel Torme (Musicraft), who is due for a big M-G-M build-up, has his own way with "Kokomo."



Dinah Shore

BODY AND SOUL: This drama of the prize ring gives a new record personality, Sarah Vaughn, a good reason to sing the old Johnny Green ballad that inspired the film's title (Musicraft).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: The lilting "Die Fledermaus" Waltzes of Strauss serve Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Symphony adequately for a new Victor Red Seal single disk. . . . Jascha Heifetz selects Korngold's "March" and the well-known "Estrellita" by Ponce for his Victor solo record of the month. . . . There's a fine Andre Kostelanetz Columbia album, featuring "Rosary," "Souvenir" and the tango "Jalousie" just out. . . . The long awaited, complete recording of Verdi's "La Traviata" has reached the record stalls in a boxed two-volume album, featuring the famed Rome Opera House singers and orchestra conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza. It is beautifully performed and transcribed. The recording was made in Italy. An excellent libretto is included. . . . Lily Pons sings her favorite songs accompanied by her favorite conductor husband Andre Kostelanetz for Columbia. . . . Zino Francescatti, violinist, and Robert Casadesus, pianist, join talents for Debussy's Sonata, on the Columbia album label. . . . Symphony of the month is Dvorak's Symphony Number One, as performed by Erich Leinsdorf and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia).

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ADVENTURE ISLAND—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: The plot's from Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" and the acting's by that picturesque young couple Rory Calhoun and Rhonda Fleming; but even all the Cinecolor of the South Seas doesn't make this more than a good try at a good adventure story. (Oct.)

✓✓**BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER, THE**—RKO: The whoops of laughter keep rolling along with Cary Grant handling a comedy that has Shirley Temple a teen-ager pretending to be a model and landing with Cary in Judge Myrna Loy's court. Brace yourself for real mirth. (Aug.)

BLACK GOLD—Allied Artists: Anthony Quinn as Charley Eagle is one of the nicest Indians ever; Katherine DeMille, as his wife, has just too much of an Oxford accent to be perfectly convincing, but you may still warm to the affairs—horse races and oil wells—of Charley and his Chinese protegee. However, the gold seems too hidden to be worth much attention. (Oct.)

✓**BLACK NARCISSUS**—Rank-Universal: This is a strange movie based on Rumer Godden's strange book about some nuns up in the Himalayas. Kathleen Bryon may give you some shudders as Evil personified, but Deborah Kerr is too restrained to be outstanding and the whole business, done up in magnificent Technicolor, has a sense of unreality. (Oct.)

✓**BOB, SON OF BATTLE**—20th Century-Fox: A loved children's classic gives Lon McCallister and Peggy Ann Garner a chance to try out their Scotch accents. Everybody in the family can go along to watch shepherds' dogs being worked and Edmund Gwenn as a fine Scot in a film that's a little too drawn out to deliver any special goods. (Sept.)

✓✓**BRUTE FORCE**—Universal: A straight right from Hollywood with a strong brutal plot about a prison break and some just as strong and brutal portrayals by Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn and Charles Bickford. You'll mop your brow when it's over. (Sept.)

✓✓**CROSSFIRE**—RKO: An A-1 movie, dealing with plain facts and plain people—and the touchy subject of intolerance, in an intelligent and courageous manner. Robert Ryan and Robert Mitchum do an excellent job as two soldiers in the same company, but poles apart in their ideas. Robert Young plays the lawyer who solves the murder. You'll be involved up to the last minute. (Oct.)

✓**CYNTHIA**—M-G-M: Elizabeth Taylor is Cynthia in a family story that starts off slow but ends up with everyone having a fine time in a pleasant atmosphere. James Lydon is A-1; Scotty Beckett gets a big laugh rating. There's George Murphy and Mary Astor, too, along with veterans S. Z. Sakall, Gene Lockhart and Spring Byington. (Aug.)

DARK PASSAGE, THE—Warners: Some plastic surgery features in this, with Humphrey Bogart on the receiving end. Lauren Bacall exchanges weighted glances with convict Bogart who's on the lam; Agnes Moorehead and Bruce Bennett try hard to keep things in high gear; but it's still nothing to get steamed up about. (Oct.)

✓✓**DEAR RUTH**—Paramount: A picture to lift your spirits is this comedy about little Mona Freeman who writes letters to soldier William Holden, using sister Joan Caulfield's name and photograph. Edward Arnold and Billy De Wolfe take part in this Hollywood version of the Broadway hit. (Aug.)

DEEP VALLEY—Warners: On-the-dreary-side film about a broken-down family with Ida Lupino in between feuding mama Fay Bainter and Henry Hull, and Wayne Morris being unexcitingly good and honest. Convict Dane Clark snaps Ida out of her depression, then comes the posse, then comes the beginning of boredom. Weak at the knees. (Sept.)

DESERT FURY—Paramount: Disregard this "Fury"—it's nothing but a cryptically told tale about a lot of unpleasant people out in the desert. Burt Lancaster is miscast, as is Mary Astor; Elizabeth Scott and John Hodiak make an unconvincing romantic team. (Aug.)

(Continued on page 128)



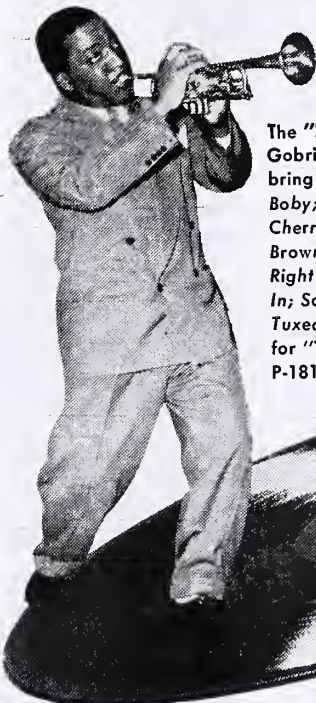
"Cheers for RCA VICTOR'S

LINE-UP OF HITS for October!"

NEW ALBUM BY
TEX BENEKE!

In his "Prom Date" Album, Tex leads the Miller Orchestro in On Wisconsin, The Eyes of Texas, Rombling Wreck from Georgio Tech, Anchors Aweigh, Victory March of Notre Dome, others. P-183, \$3.15.

NEW ALBUM BY
ERSKINE HAWKINS!



The "20th Century Gobriel" and his band bring you Don't Cry, Baby; After Hours; Cherry; Sweet Georgio Brown; I've Got o Right to Cry; Tippin' In; Song of the Wonderer; Tuxedo Junction. Ask for "Tuxedo Junction," P-181, \$3.15.



NEW RECORD BY
BERYL DAVIS!

Beryl's the new English stor who's stealing American hearts with her intimate, velvety voice. Let her sing to you... It All Came True and One Little Tear Is an Ocean. Record 20-2426, 60¢.



Tex Beneke with The Miller Orchestro: Body and Soul (from the Enterprise-United Artists film, "Body and Soul") and Stormy Weather. Record 20-2374, 60¢.

Perry Como: So For and A Fellow Needs a Girl. With Russ Cose and his Orch. 20-2402, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: Zu-Bi (Everyone's Love Song) and Where is Som? Record 20-2420, 60¢.

Tony Martin: Lazy Country Side and Too Good to be True (both from Walt Disney's "Fun and Fony Free"). With Earl Hogen and his Orchestro and Chorus. Record 20-2396, 60¢.

Charlie Spivak and his Orchestro: (I'm Gonna Wait) A Little Bit Longer and What Are You Doing New Year's Eve? Record 20-2395, 60¢. . . . plus RCA Victor quality! Two "exclusives"—Victor's billion-record skill and RCA's electronic wizardry—make music sound so true to life on RCA Victor Records!

What! No phonograph?—You're missing hours of fun! Hear the new Victrola radio-phonographs! "Victrola"—T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off. Hear Robert Merrill on the RCA Victor Program. Sundays, 2 p.m., EST, over NBC. Prices are suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.

THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON
RCA VICTOR RECORDS



Amber

IS COMING
TO THE
SCREEN!

Starring
Linda
DARNELL

Cornel
WILDE

Richard
GREENE

George
SANDERS
As King Charles II

with

Glenn Langan · Richard Haydn
Jessica Tandy · Anne Revere
John Russell

Directed by **OTTO PREMINGER**

Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG**

From the Novel by **Kathleen Winsor**

Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Ring Lardner, Jr. · Adaptation by Jerome Cady



CORNEL WILDE
as Bruce Carlton



RICHARD GREENE
as Lord Almsbury



GEORGE SANDERS
as King Charles II



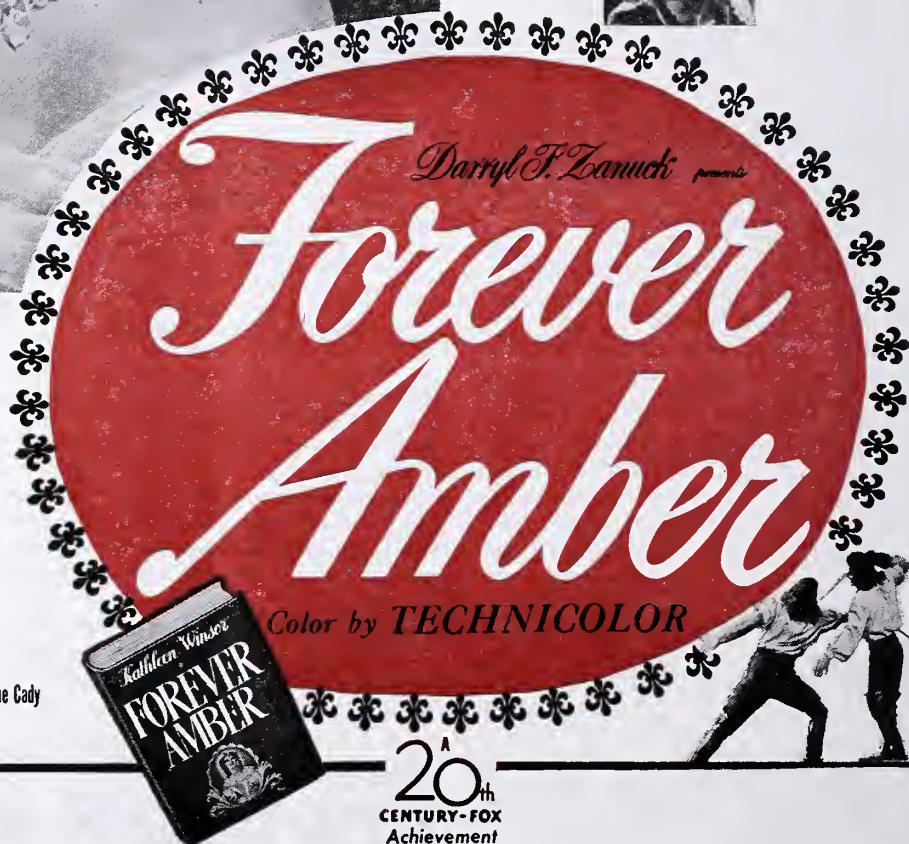
JOHN RUSSELL
as Black Jack Mallard



RICHARD HAYDN
as Earl of Radcliffe



GLENN LANGAN
as Capt. Rex Morgan



20th
CENTURY-FOX
Achievement

"CROSSROADS"



Dore Schary, new Executive Vice President in Charge of Production at the RKO Studios, is rapidly becoming one of the exciting figures in Hollywood film making. You saw his handiwork in the amusing but significant "Farmer's Daughter" and now in the courageous film treating with anti-semitism, "Crossfire." We present here the film credo of Dore Schary.

The Editors

AN EDITORIAL BY DORE SCHARY

This is my credo, the things I believe in deeply, vitally, regarding motion pictures:

I believe in the contribution they have made to the world, and I'll be glad to examine the record at any time with anyone. It's something to be proud of, something that everyone connected with the industry is proud of. But we have reached a milestone. The question now is, where do we go from here?

I believe the answer lies in introducing the many intelligent adult subjects which have not yet been touched upon. A whole field of important issues lies fallow and we intend to plow it. For instance, justice in politics (not partisanship, mind you); respect for law, minority problems. There are great stories in these issues. I believe audiences will thrive on this more adult diet. Proof of this is shown in their response to "Crossfire," a picture in which we pulled no punches in dealing with the savage, undermining influence of bigotry and intolerance.

I believe that every producer worth his salt must gamble. The biggest box-office hits have been made by men who were willing to get away from formula pictures and take a chance. This is healthy both for the studios and for the theaters. It's a matter of leading with your chin and accepting the fact that you may get hurt. But it's the only way of making the screen "grow up" and develop a definite point of view on things.

I believe it's time we spent less and said more on the screen by the careful preparation of each story. Give a movie a real story and a real point of view, and you won't need to spend a million or two to make it worth while. For this reason, I think that low-budget pictures should be approached with the same careful preparation as "A" pictures. They should be experimental in nature and should give opportunity to new writers, directors, and actors.

I believe whole-heartedly in the future of motion pictures.



Mister "King"



Clark and Dolly O'Brien, principals in a romantic rumor

He stands at the top and has
never had to move over
for anyone. What else lies
ahead for Clark Gable?

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

WHEN I first decided to tackle the assignment for a story about my old friend Clark Gable, I thought I could write it while I was buying a hat or having a massage or taking a nap.

After all I've known the King (and that is what everyone on the M-G-M lot calls Clark Gable, from prop boy to L. B. Mayer himself) for twenty years.

But it wasn't that easy, believe me. Some of the questions I wanted to ask him were pretty difficult. Such as, "Where does the King go from the top?" And, "What is in a man's heart when he has known and lost a great love? Is it possible to accept a 'second best'?"

So you see what I mean when I say it wasn't easy.

However, the chance to talk naturally and easily with Clark came when he accepted my invitation to appear as guest on my radio show. As these shows require more preparation than you might think, it wasn't just one conversation but several that I had with Clark about the things that are ahead for him.

It was on the first of these trips to the house—we were sitting out in the garden after the others had left—that we began to relax and let our hair down.

The King, genial, amusing and as handsome as Lucifer, was stretched out comfortably in the swing, his sport shirt open at the throat in the (Continued on page 90)

*King-size appeal:
Clark Gable of "The Hucksters".*

Fink



THE WILDE AFFAIR

Success brought separation to these two
whom poverty could not part. Why? A trusted
friend supplies the answer

BY JERRY ASHER



Principals in the Wilde separation:



Pat, Cornel, Wendy. The one you don't see is hardship
Cornel Wilde stars in "Forever Amber"

AS this is being written, the Cornel Wildes are together again. This writer had hoped for and expected this. Less than a week following the surprise announcement of their recent separation, they "dined out" at the Chanteclair Restaurant on the Sunset Strip. Several nights later Pat invited Cornel to the sneak preview of her very first picture, "Roses Are Red."

Sitting there in the darkened theater at Santa Monica, they held hands. This was the moment Cornel had dreamed about, fought for, wanted with all his heart. Even with a dark cloud of unhappiness hanging over them, they felt close to each other. It was a very special evening.

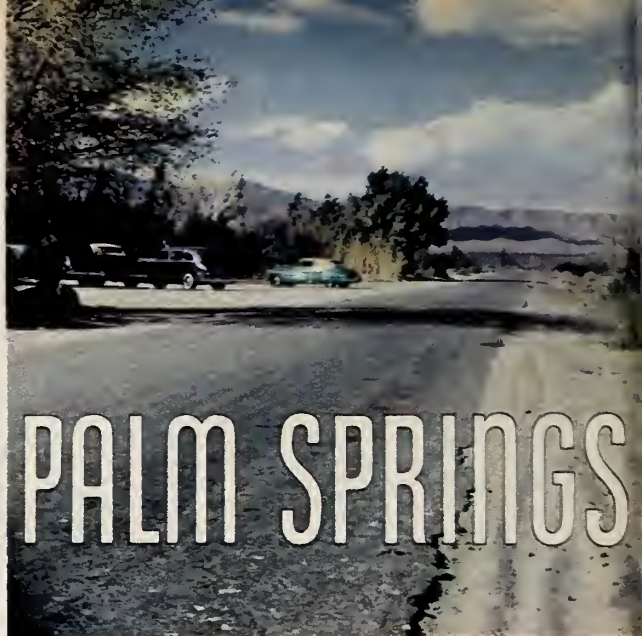
On September 1st, less than a month after the announcement of their separation, Pat joined Cornel in Del Monte, California. They left shortly afterward for Honolulu, Hawaii, on a second honeymoon. If they had failed to reconcile—or now fail to make it good—then even blasé Hollywood will be keenly disappointed.

The unparalleled relationship of the Cornel Wildes has been outstanding in career case history. Schooled skeptics were frankly floored when on the morning of August 5th, Cornel gave out the following statement for publication:

"We regret to announce we are separating. Our troubles are due to circumstances beyond our control. I have (*Continued on page 120*)



Blue skies overhead and blue skies ahead for Jack Wrath-
er and bride Bonita Granville, on Palm Springs holiday



Entrance to the Racquet Club, owned

It might be dinner at mid-

night or a canter at dawn,

for you do as you please in

this dreamy desert resort

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Color Pictures by Bernard of Hollywood



Lucille Ball gets tips from tennis pro Dave
Gillam. Many great professionals spend
between-tournament time at Club



Spencer Tracy waits while Charlie Farrell concentrates. Out-
door chess, with foot-high chessmen, is popular pastime



by former screen star Charles Farrell



Frequent visitors to the Club, Paulette Goddard and Evelyn Keyes combine solid comfort with some solid reading



OASIS!" travellers on the desert used to cry as, sighting a verdant spot ahead, they leaned forward on their camels.

"Oasis!" they cry, much the same way in California today as, sighting Palm Springs ahead, they lean forward in their convertible station wagons and look over the sides of their private planes.

Without a sojourn at this dreamy resort no visit to California is complete. Provided, of course, you go there between September and April. In the summer
(Continued on page 82)

The gay social life of the Racquet Club centers around its pool, which is bordered by small, exclusive bungalows



What Ho! No London fogs for the Rex Harrisons who get right into the spirit of an American vacation

THE TRUTH



Judy and husband Vincente Minnelli were at a party when she was reported "dying"

RUMOR is on the wing—this time carrying tales about the health of one of the nation's favorite stars, Miss Judy Garland. Fans from Maine to Mexico have demanded that they be told the truth. Via the press and the radio they have been apprised that Judy—(a) is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, (b) that she will withdraw from the making of motion pictures for several years, (c) that she is going into an Eastern sanatorium for an indefinite stay.

In the heyday of the great Gloria Swanson, rumor tried to play the same games with that vivacious lady, even going the last cruel step and decreeing her dead. Her studio was forced to hire the Astor ballroom in New York, invite all the members of the press, and insist that la Swanson, under a silvery spotlight, exchange a few words of personal greeting with each of the guests.

That lady tripped around the ballroom quietly quoting Mark Twain. "The reports of my death," she maintained, "have been greatly exaggerated."

All of which settled the Swanson problem nicely. But it would take something more than the Astor ballroom to solve the Judy Garland dilemma, for the issue is not quite so clean cut. Nevertheless, the hue and cry should be answered—and answered by fact, available

to anyone in Hollywood who takes the trouble to look it up.

The first time Judy heard of her "serious illness" was via the radio while attending a dinner party with her husband, Vincente Minnelli. Naturally, it surprised her no end. "Could this be I?" she asked.

But Mrs. Minnelli, who, according to the other dinner guests, "never looked lovelier," is a fighter. She did not propose to take the sentence lying down. She went straight to the telephone, called the radio station and, after identifying herself, demanded that the commentator be taken off the air. That is fact. There were a good many witnesses.

A short time ago Judy gave an interview to an accredited correspondent. He asked her about her health. Judy insisted on tipping her bathroom scales for him to prove that she weighs more now than she has at any time in the past five years. That also is fact.

It is a further fact that Judy is scheduled to report for work on the Irving Berlin musical "Easter Parade" around the first of October. She sat for studio photographers recently with Mr. Berlin while they were discussing the story. What's more, she told friends she was mighty anxious to do that picture.

Now there comes that (*Continued on page 85*)

ABOUT Judy Garland's HEALTH

When people say Judy is dying, it's

time to treat the rumors with an injection of facts

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

The studio says the delay in starting "The Pirate" was not Judy's health but Gene Kelly's sprained ankle





Cricket on the hearth: The hopping Hutton has a new kind of glow

Fraker



Betty and Ted
Briskin on "Perils
of Pauline" set

There's a contented hum to
the glamorous dynamo—now
that love has set the pace

BY BETTY HUTTON

I'M A New WOMAN

I 'VE got news for you.

I'm in love with a married man—just like the character in last year's song. And exactly like her, the married man is the man I'm married to.

I'm much more in love with my husband than I was the day we were wed. I didn't know what the word "love" meant then—and that's the truth. Oh, I was mad, wild, crazy about the guy two years ago on the September day when I became Mrs. Ted Briskin.

But that, I found out, is not love.

I'd met Ted in a Chicago restaurant. I was there on a personal appearance date and a big party had been arranged for me at the swank Pump Room.

But it was just too big. I slipped away from all the people who were being too glad to see me and went with my hairdresser to a cafe where I used to eat when I was in vaudeville.

Teddy came in. I took one look at him and said, "Anybody that good looking must either be a gangster or married." Just the same I flirted with him and he flirted back. It was fun because he plainly didn't know who (Continued on page 115)



Bob Cummings delivered when Mrs. Vincent won him for a day as prize on Erskine Johnson program. Dale Morgan of MBC and Bob listen as Mr. Vincent gives orders



Hollywood cow-slip: Elsie, the



His Waterloo: Romanoff's powder room where . . .

Erskine Johnson, noted columnist, lost his—composure!

THE first headline in my private file of Most Memorable Hollywood Moments reads:

Frank Sinatra Threatens to Punch Me
in the Nose

When Frankie first came to Hollywood for the launching of his picareer, he looked like a good kid who could use a break. Two of my syndicated newspaper columns and two of the guest spots on my coast-to-coast air column were devoted to interviews with him.

Now two plus two has a conventional total of four and in this case should have led to a beautiful friendship . . . not so.

During the shooting of "Anchors Aweigh," starring Frankie and Gene Kelly I went out to the set to get a follow-up on the soxers' swoon-boy for my column . . . something on the order of "Singer Turns Dancer."

I CAN'T FORGET



Borden cow, presented Erskine with another problem

After watching the shooting for a few minutes, I was mentally writing a very complimentary piece about Frank, when suddenly he saw me. Immediately, he stopped the shooting of the scene. Then he walked over to me and barked, "You'll have to have an appointment to talk to me. Can't you see I'm busy?"

There ended a beautiful friendship in the bud. The next day my syndicate carried a column in the "How Big Can You Get" department.

When my column hit the prints Frankie must have read it, for one of his "representatives" called to assure me that "Mr. Sinatra had confused me with another columnist." This, after I had interviewed him twice in the column and in person as guest on my air show . . . also twice.

For the next two years the boy made many mistakes (Continued on page 88)

Riotous recollections from a
busy columnist's past which prove
some things are well worth repeating

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON



Frank Sinatra and Alex Stordahl, orchestra leader, at Beverly Hills Hotel. Frankie learned that turn-about is fair play!

ee Did I

Of course, it's Maggie

O'Brien speaking, otherwise

known these days as

Gun-totin' Angel—

and for reasons!



Margaret O'Brien of "The Unfinished Dance"
does a *Jekyll and Hyde* every Sunday!



A diamond ring for a fickle femme

Say Candy? ⁹⁹

BY HERB HOWE

Photographs by Valeska

 JIMMY DURANTE gave her a diamond ring. Lionel Barrymore gave her a diamond-and-sapphire pin. Butch Jenkins gave her mice.

"The mice went away," Miss O'Brien said. "Butch went away too."

"Where did Butch and mice go?"

Miss O'Brien was silent.

There's mystery here. The Case of the Vanishing Butch has angles.

Seems Miss O'Brien is the fickle type. Laurence Olivier was her favorite actor which was no skin off Butch's nose because it is well known that Sir Laurence is no slugger but only a Shakespeare actor. Suddenly Miss O'Brien went overboard for Burt Lancaster, the "Brute Force" man. It was only fan stuff, nothing personal. But a professional rival is hardest for an actor to take. Life is hard. Last word off the teletype, Butch is over in Arizona eating cactus, going to Military and getting tougher than a horned toad.

Miss O'Brien is no panty-waist herself. Appearance is deceptive. Gentle of manner, speaking little and that in a hush—"soft-spoken" as we say of gentlemen—she is a pattern of what our bobby-sox generation should be; subtle and delicate and considerate, polite in thought without effusion of manner. I was thinking how (Continued on page 99)

The Look: A columnist at eleven, Miss O'Brien feels literary but is definitely going to the dogs



Maggie's no panty-waist when it comes to ice cream—and candy



The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

James Thurber's timid, daydreaming hero comes
to frantic life in Danny Kaye's scream interpretations of
the dreams that made a man out of Mitty



1. "It's the worst typhoon in forty years!" In spite of the storm and the clinging blonde (Virginia Mayo), heroic *Captain Walter Mitty* (Danny Kaye) steers his ship to safety. Nothing daunts *Walter* in his dreams!



2. But in real life *Walter* is a henpecked timid soul who spends his noon hours shopping for his mother (Fay Bainter) and his days in a magazine-publishing office proof-reading the lurid adventure stories which inspire his escapist dreams

3. Plans for a new magazine set *Walter* dreaming again. He is a famous surgeon, performing an impossible operation! Again the blonde, now a nurse, is on hand to pay homage to the man of her dreams



4. The angry voice of his boss (Thurston Hall) brings *Walter* back to the office! He goes home—to dinner with fiancée *Gertrude* (Ann Rutherford) and her mother (Florence Bates). The furnace goes out—and so does *Walter* . . .





5. . . . on a new daydream as *Wing Commander Mitty*, terror of the skies and toast of the RAF. The blonde, with a French accent, persuades him to do his equally famous impersonations.

6. Next day he meets his dream girl. She is real—her name is *Rosalind*—and she is being pursued by crooks who want a mysterious black book

7. As an implacable Southern gambler, *Walter* dreams he wins *Rosalind* on a wager—and proves, suh, he is not without honor!



8. *Walter* and *Rosalind* hide from the crooks in a hat salon where he immediately dreams he is *Anatole*, the rage of Paris, whose hats go to American heads! *Rosalind* takes *Walter* to her home, is about to hand . . .



9. . . . her uncle (Konstantin Shayne) the book when she discovers he is an imposter and head of the gang. She hides it before they drug her and carry her away. "Uncle" persuades *Walter's* family he has been dreaming

10. Confused, *Walter* decides *Rosalind* must be a dream, prepares to marry *Gertrude*. But as he reaches for the ring he finds proof she is real . . .

11. . . . and rushes to her rescue. On the way he dreams he is *Killer Mitty*, a Texan cowboy, who shoots to kill the villain who threatens *Rosalind's* honor!

12. Using the technique he learned from his adventure stories, *Walter* sets a trap for the gang—with results that surprise even the daydreamer himself!



PROMENADERS

Odds and ends from the
changing Hollywood scene, of girls
and gadgets and gossip



Cocktail *hors d'oeuvre*—Vera Ralston's blouse with wheat motif, outlined in sequins



Keyed to dinner dates: Singer Doris Day achieves a peg-top look



Necklace news: The eyes had it when Evie Johnson wore her dog-collar to Jack's Restaurant the other day

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-About-Town

WELL, the battle over the new fall fashion foibles is really on hot and heavy in Hollywood. So much so that it's hard to tell whose "war" is the hottest—the war between the designers—or that of the belles who buy the clothes and want to wear 'em—and the babes who don't want to buy them until they see whether they'll stick or not. If you're wise, you'll wait until things level off a bit and settle to some sort of a compromise—instead of the mad extremes that are on the market now.

Adrian seems to be a lone wolf among the top designers because he is still garbing his patrons in the flattering broad shoulders, slim hips and sweeping evening gowns (while preserving the tiny waistlines so much the vogue) that enhance the best points of any gal. More power to him!

Those ballet-length (and some a little longer) cocktail and evening dresses are mighty swirly and pretty if you haven't thick ankles and feet like shoe boxes . . . because of all skirt lengths, the eight-inch-from-the-floor style centers the most attention on your feet. A gal who can wear 'em is Doris Day, the singer, who gets her first big role in "Romance in High C"—she's a Michael Curtiz discovery. Saw her at the Patio Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel in a lovely black moire dinner dress. Three deep vertical tucks at the waistline gave the skirt a peg-top look. The shawl collar of the bodice was off-shoulder and softly tied in front. She wore cobweb black hose and very high-heeled (smart girl!) sandals which laced about the ankle with black satin ribbon. Little antique diamond earrings and tiny short black velvet gloves and a box-like black velvet bag completed her chic ensemble.

The party of the month was an enormous dressy shindig in a very rustic setting! I mean the triple anniversary party that Evelyn Keyes and John Huston, the (Continued on page 95)



White witchery: Esther Williams premiered her white lace and marquisette at a recent picture premiere

I Was There

Gene Tierney insists Elliott Reed proposed to sister Pat beneath the Bermuda moon!



A sudden decision—a short flight—

French dressing under the Bermuda sun—

a cover girl—a courtship—a wedding!

BY PAT TIERNEY



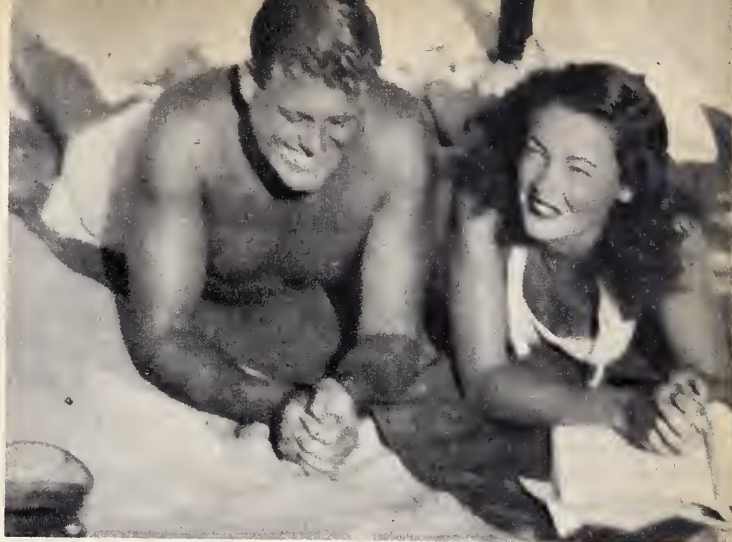
"It is time," announced my sister Gene, one morning, "that we had a holiday . . ."

We were propped up in our twin beds, the breakfast trays we had fixed ourselves balanced upon our knees. The maid who looks after Gene's apartment does not arrive until mid-morning.

"Bermuda would be restful," Gene went on.

"Bermuda would be divine!" I said and promptly dialed the airlines.

We arrived at the Islands at three o'clock one afternoon, three incredibly short hours after we had risen above New York. Our first day was strenuous; for we crowded swimming, bicycling and tennis into the remaining daylight time. But after that we enjoyed the rest we needed; except for one gay spree when we visited Jennifer Jones and Anita Colby who were vacationing two islands away. We went (Continued on page 113)



Bob Young, an old friend, shared Gene's enthusiasm for beach sunning



Gene's Bermuda tan started with a home-made recipe!



Vacation reunion: Gene and former school chum, Mrs. Bo Bramson of Denmark



Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF *Gregory Peck*

SURELY you've heard of the "young man of the mountain"? His name is Gregory Peck—and he's on top of the world in more ways than one.

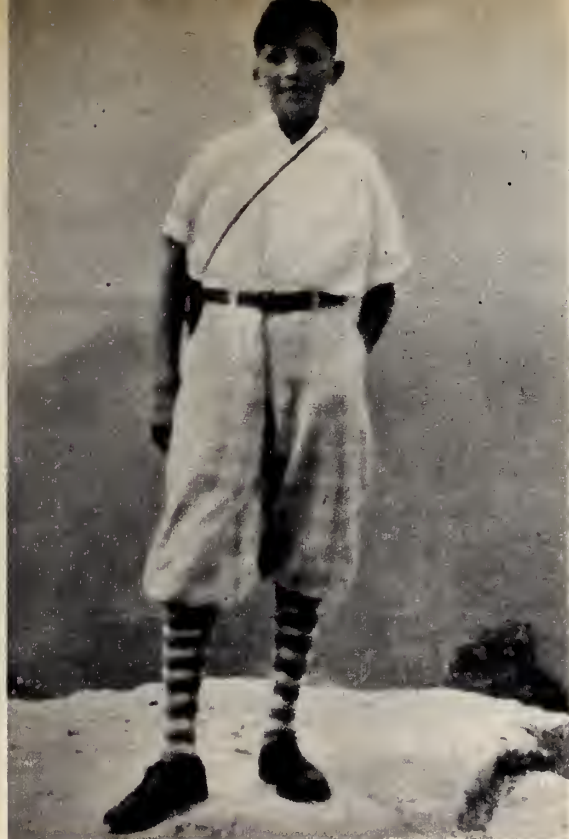
You see, Greg really lives on a mountain, in a home he built for himself and his family.

From the time when his life began at La Jolla as the son of a druggist until he hit his star stride, there were some tough climbs for Gregory. Yet once he reached Hollywood he made the astounding record of starring in his first two pictures and starting his third before the public ever saw him in "Days of Glory."

He climbed to movie prominence with such film triumphs as "Valley of Decision," "Spellbound," "Keys of the Kingdom," "The Yearling," "Duel in the Sun." His latest picture, not yet released, is "The Paradine Case."

Where did he get all his energy? The answer lies perhaps in this panorama of his life.

BY LYNN PERKINS



1. Greg Peck's love for mountain music began when he was twelve and accompanied his dad on trips to Yosemite—he learned to ride and shoot



2. This is that gay college blade, Stroke Gregory Peck, in '38—before a fall on a slippery pier put an end to his athletic career. Greg's energies turned elsewhere

4. Back in college as an English major, he earned tuition looking down throats of cars for insurance underwriters. No stethoscope was needed for this job!



3. Two years of study convinced him he'd never be happy as a doctor. So he took a truck-driving job, which meant eating hot dogs at roadside stands most of the time





5. After graduation Greg decided to become an actor. A two-year scholarship at New York Neighborhood Playhouse eventually led to a role with Jane Cowl in "Punch and Julia" in Washington, D. C.



6. On tour with Katharine Cornell in "The Doctor's Dilemma," he met—a beautiful blonde, of course. She was Greta Kukonen from Finland, Miss Cornell's make-up artist. He married her

Photoplays

PHOTOLIFE OF Gregory Peck



7. Then Greg heard the siren song: "Go West, young man," so the Pecks went to Hollywood. He made such a hit that when Jennifer Jones decided to pull a gun on her boy friend in "Duel in the Sun" it had to be Greg

8. He learned Chinese for "Keys of the Kingdom," skiing for "Spellbound." At heart he's still an English major—his hobby, of all things, collecting words!





9. As the staid, dignified English barrister in "The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck gives one of the most outstanding performances of his career



10. In some ways life is pretty much the same—whether you are the son of a La Jolla druggist or a famous Hollywood star—you chop wood when you want to keep warm

11. Mr. and Mrs. and the Pecks' good boys. Steven the baby gets all the attention these days. But watch young Jonathan; the son of the "young man of the mountain" won't remain in the background all his life



The Shirley I KNOW



BY

*Shirley
Temple*

Shirley and Rory Calhoun rehearse a scene from "That Hagen Girl"

For fifteen years people
interpreted Shirley Temple to
the world—now she
interprets herself!

A MAN walked over to me the other day as I was getting into my car. He was a sedate man in his fifties and I knew there was no need to look for a policeman. "Hello, Shirley Temple," he said. "I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your pictures when I was a boy." He tipped his hat and walked away.

After he was gone, I didn't laugh. The man meant to be complimentary. He had his own idea about Shirley Temple and there was no way I could change it.

It was a nicer idea than that of the woman who stopped me later in Bullock's Wilshire. She stared down at me and then announced in a voice like a steam whistle, "Why, it's Shirley Temple. I haven't seen you in four years—when we had that lovely talk in that little bar. You haven't changed a bit."

I smiled and felt silly but I (Continued on page 93)

The John Agars are rehearsing a cradle song. He's in "War Party"

→
Miehl



Open letter to

Are these two married or not? How long are they going

Dear Guy and Gail;

You're in love—deeply, seriously in love. No, it's not from the columns and magazines I'm quoting, although they've said it often enough heaven knows.

It's from first-hand observation, hearing it from your own lips, watching you sitting across the room or moving about my kitchen. It's reflected in your voices, your eyes when you look at each other. And it's a pretty wonderful thing to behold, this love with its roots reaching down into complete understanding.

What's standing between you two and the culmination of your dreams? Since you seemingly know you're for each other, why not begin together to build that wonderful life that could be yours?

When you two handsome people fell in



Guy Madison of "Honeymoon." "She knows," he says, "I'm a one-woman man!"

GUY and GAIL

to play this cat-and-mouse game with the public, asks

SARA HAMILTON

love, sparks flew and ignited the imagination of your fans everywhere. They were all for it. And how could they help it? Even blasé Hollywood turns its head when you pass by.

Time has proved the test of your feelings, so why the delay? This is the question being asked by all of us, even those very fans who have made you both stars.

Remember, Hollywood is a place of quicksands. Precious things can bog down in the demands of careers, the flux of rising or receding fame. Don't risk losing what you have by this cat-and-mouse game, if that's what it is.

Even you, Guy, say, "She keeps me under a constant strain," though you say it with that I'm-loving-it tone in your voice. Then you turn to Gail and demand almost impatiently, "Don't you?"

"Yesh," Gail finally answers with that comical little (*Continued on page 123*)

Gail Russell of "Variety Girl." She carries a golden treasure in her pillbox



DEBORAH

Carpenter



Their Sealyham, Jason, was named too soon!

She hates small talk and parties. She adores babies and puppies. She's shy, she's charming—this Deborah Kerr

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Fink and Smith



Christmas has a new meaning for Deb and husband Tony

IT happened at a Hollywood party. Robert Taylor was standing in a corner of the room, looking over the guests, when he noticed across the room a slender girl with glorious auburn hair and green-blue eyes. Turning to the man next to him, Bob asked: "Who's that girl over there?" The man told him it was Deborah Kerr. "She's beautiful," said Bob, and went on raving about her. The man looked embarrassed, finally broke in: "Incidentally, old man, I'm her husband!"

Bob is a sample of how this beautiful twenty-six-year-old British-Scotch star has taken Hollywood, as the redcoats could never have taken Valley Forge.

Every top star at Metro wants to make a picture with the lass. Gable got her for "The Hucksters." Pidgeon whooped with joy when she was assigned with him in "If Winter Comes." Spencer Tracy wants her. So do Van Johnson, Van Heflin, Bill Powell. Even Mickey Rooney wouldn't say no to Deb.

"Americans are so generous with praise," says Deborah. "So much more so than the British. There are stars here I worship and adore. I long to say to Garbo, for instance, 'I think you're wonderful.' And to Clark Gable. (Continued on page 118)"

Bonnie lassie! Deborah Kerr, star of "The Hucksters" and "If Winter Comes"

Morris



Portrait



Whether it's a short cut to
romance or the long road to
success—the mercurial Mr.
Grant plans it to perfection

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

SOME years ago when Cary Grant first came to Hollywood he dated a girl in Pasadena—a long twenty-five miles away. Before the freeway was built one passed everything but the Taj Mahal getting there.

For several evenings Cary made his romantic pilgrimage along bridle paths, around mountains, over rivers and through the patios of antique shops, arriving on the dot, tired but triumphant.

Then one day he got a pal of his who owned an airplane to fly him back and forth over the route. He made extensive maps indicating a right turn here, skirting two stables there and all in all charted the shortest possible path to Pasadena. He still remembers it.

Since then, after much off-and-on

in Quicksilver



The worrier—he does it well!



The listener—incentive to talk



The life-of-the-party—electric!

research, he has discovered the quickest way of pulling on his socks for making that early-morning studio call.

This academic approach to geography and hosiery is characteristic of Cary, the perfectionist. "All of us are perfectionists to some extent," says one star who's worked with him. "But believe me, it's literally a matter of life or death with Grant!"

It's also a matter of his more serious side. A side usually lost in the pleasant shuffle of observing his deeply tanned face, blue-black hair, electric brown eyes, his hearty laugh, breezy greeting and debonair dimple in his chin.

He's quicksilver, this gentleman, Grant. A man of mercurial moods—philosopher (*Continued on page 125*)



The comedian—this was the beginning of a mirth outbreak in a prison cell in "Bobby-soxer." Cary's next is "The Bishop's Wife"

Rita Hayworth

The star of "The Lady from Shanghai" in her living room. Note idea planted in center of coffee table



HOUSES reflect our thoughts just as much as do our bodies.

So mused Rita Hayworth a little grimly as she shut the door for the last time on the ornate canyon-top mansion she had shared with Orson Welles. Certainly this showplace with its lushly islanded pool was no true reflection of herself. Nor was her life with her show-off husband.

Both were due for a drastic change. Divorce took care of the marriage . . . And a small house in secluded Brentwood, where tall trees drip shade over the roofs, and flowers spill across the green lawns, has taken care of the other. Of white-painted brick and clapboard combined, it is cool, comfortable, charming—a mirror of the woman who lives in it.

Inside the house its mistress, who's a lavishly decorative item all in herself, put comfort ahead of smartness. By coincidence, the two qualities came out neck-and-neck with a part of the coincidence provided by Wilber Menefee, Superintendent of Set Decoration at Columbia Studios, and therefore, expert on interiors.

First of all, the house is furnished with color. Literally that. Color doesn't cost you any more than the price of good paint and the possession of a harmonious eye.

For instance, in Rita's house, nowhere is there any pattern, period or ruling "scheme." Just color—so synonymous of Hayworth, and vice versa. Rita has a fondness for solid colors in (*Continued on page 112*)

Lives Here

A little lacquer, a bolt of cloth, a little planning and

a lot of work give you star ideas for your own home



BY DOROTHY DEERE

The Colonial-California house—sharp contrast to the canyon-top mansion Rita shared with Welles



You can trim your corners and your budget by using scenic wall paper in the Hayworth manner

The lacquered lamp table in Rita's bedroom records the slightest sound from the nursery



THE NEW LOOK

The line forms to the right—if the

form has the right lines for a

more fascinating feminine finish

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor



The old look influences the new. Period gown worn by Joan Fontaine in Universal-International's "Ivy" illustrates importance of lovely shoulders

BOYS will be boys . . . and girls, you will be glad to hear, are going back to being ladies. For the first time since the war years, feminine lines are coming into their own again. The result—an entirely new look for women.

Watch your stars carefully—the stars on the screen that is—for that “new look.” You’ll see Betty Hutton for instance, with a whole new personality in “Dream Girl,” created for her just through Edith Head’s completely feminine and ladylike clothes designs. Before the ink was dry on Edith’s sketch, Betty had purchased the screen dream for her own personal wardrobe.

You won’t recognize that dynamo of melody when you see her trim figure encased in a black faille cocktail dress with pencil-slim skirt (really long) and full-flared overskirt to give it the rounded hip feeling. Pink tulle sprinkled with silver sequins is lightly tucked in the center of the bodice and on the sides to give the new shawl-effect.

And artful Ava Gardner, aware of the lovely feminine line given by a bouffant skirt, has added a Sorel import—a French Bianchini pure silk taffeta gown—to her wardrobe for fall evening wear. The skirt is six yards wide! And the waist! A delectable line that could easily be spanned, as in grandma’s time, with two hands. Ava carries out the “new look” in the butterfly strap (over just one shoulder and lined with tissue faille), the other shoulder tantalizingly bare.

But don’t be lulled into a false sense of relaxation by this subtle softness. For what dresses like these do to your posture—and vice versa! No more spines like wilted string beans. That back must (Continued on page 86)



In the modern mood: Ava Gardner of "Singapore," whose formal frock stresses the new vogue for bare shoulders and tiny waistlines

on the dot

With the movie magazines to guide her and her own set of rules to stick by—she's arriving right on schedule

BY GLADYS HALL

Catherine McLeod of "The Fabulous Texan" prefers to relax at home



ON a summer evening, a little more than three years ago, Catherine McLeod and her married sister Mary Jane O'Brien were sitting on the front steps of her sister's modest bungalow in Alhambra, California, talking girl talk.

Suddenly, breaking in on Mary Jane's chatter, Catherine said, "I am going to be a movie star."

Only half heeding this irrelevant interruption Mary Jane said absently, "Really, dear? What for? So you can meet Clark Gable?"

Catherine returned, "With me, it is not a dream. It is a carefully planned project. I have saved a thousand dollars. I have made a set of rules to follow. The thousand dollars will finance me while, according to my rules, I play the game." There was a slight pause. Catherine added quietly, "I'll win."

Mary Jane said, "I wonder . . . well, maybe . . . my goodness, you *do* make me think of, let's see, Jennifer Jones, or maybe it's Teresa Wright. Or Claudette Colbert."

Catherine interrupted. "One of my rules is to try not to look like anyone else. Resemblance to a risen star can be fatal. I hope to avoid comparisons.

"The first rule is to have enough money to carry me while I campaign. That, thanks to what Dad left me plus what I have earned, I think I have. The second, to put myself in the hands of an established agent. The third, never to go to a studio (Continued on page 97)



Ella Raines . . . Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks knew what they were doing when they brought Ella—about to go into rehearsal for a bit part in “Oklahoma”—to Hollywood. With her first picture she was a star . . . Ella is married to Major Robin Olds, former all American grid ace at West Point . . . Her next picture will be Universal-International’s “The Senator Was Indiscreet”

Brave this year’s fashionable winds in the newest of new plaid coats, by Jaunty Junior. Plaid also comes in navy and black or brown and green. Sizes 7-17. \$50.00 at Rosenbaum Co. (Better Coats), Pittsburgh, Pa., and Franklin Simon & Co., New York, N. Y.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 110.

T Two ways



You'll be smart—and exciting—in this black velveteen vest and jersey skirt by Madison. Vest, \$5.95. Skirt, (which comes in all high shades) \$8.95. Sizes 9-15 and 10-18. At L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind., and Strawbridge & Clothier (Sportswear Dept.); Philadelphia, Pa. Broadcloth blouse by Sidney Heller. About \$9.00.

to influence people

Lois Collier: She wanted to be a missionary to China—until she played an angel in a Sunday School cantata. Not too long after that—when she was fourteen—she left her home town, Salley, S. C., to study the drama in New York. You saw her as "Eileen" in Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army." So did Universal-International to whom she has, ever since, been under contract. Her latest film is "Slave Girl"

A heavenly date dress dreamed up by Minx Modes. Note the tucked hip pockets and shoulders that give you the sought after rounded fall figure. Evergrand crepe in pale green, blue or pink. Sizes 9-15. Under \$20.00 at Saks-34th (Junior Dress Dept.), New York, N. Y., and Davison, Paxson Co. (Davison Deb Dept.), Atlanta, Ga.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 110

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS





Jane Greer in RKO's "Out of the Past," wearing dress and turban created by studio designer Edward Stevenson

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which
please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Jane
Greer—"Out of the Past" dress in size (Circle size
you wish) 12—14—16—18—20.

My name and address is:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH...

... is the smooth sophisticated dress Jane Greer wears in RKO's "Out of the Past." The simplicity of this dress and its matching turban, designed by Edward Stevenson, provide a perfect foil for accessories. You will find the wide shaped belt figure flattering. Make this dress of wool or jersey for school or business. Make it of satin or crepe for a date dress. If you choose the crepeback satins shown here we suggest the dull reverse side be used for belt and turban. All fabrics by Skinner. (For other views see page 110)

For more fashions see page 103



Romaine Crepe



* *"Starkist" Satin*



"Starkist" Satin

10,000 Times
More Beautiful
Than Lipstick!

THIS WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO COLOR LIPS

Not Greasy—Not Dry

Nothing on Your Lips at All But

Lovely, Smooth Color

SOMETHING very different and heavenly has been created! A completely new, much more attractive kind of beauty for your lips—beauty so exquisite, so perfect, there has never been anything like it and you'll never again be content with anything less eye-catching, less flattering. I have worked seven long years to perfect my LIPCOLOR principle of lip make-up. Now it is ready for you to enjoy.

So Very Different from 'Lipstick'

It looks like lipstick and you apply it like lipstick, but oh! how beautifully different it is! Imagine! With my LIPCOLORS your lips will no longer wear a thick, pasty coating. They will wear *nothing but* concentrated color that stays and stays and STAYS, never piling up, never caking—never, never, *NEVER deserting your lips in patches*. Just sheer, flattering beauty, and every minute of every hour—right thru cocktails—right thru dinner—your lips will look and feel very well dressed, and much softer, much smoother than ever before!

How to Discover Your Most Flattering Lipcolor

I have fashioned my 'LIPCOLORS' in seven really breath-taking shades. Read about them here, then ask to see the Lady Esther Lipcolor card at your favorite department or drug store. This card shows exactly how each Lady Esther Lipcolor will look on your own lips.



\$1

TAX EXTRA



Rawlings

Lipcolors
by Lady Esther

lovelier, by far, than lipstick

There are Seven

Heavenly LIPCOLORS . . . STARDUST—For night only—stortlingly beautiful on anyone under electric light... REDDER THAN—So clear, so very red! Oh, so provocative... STAR RUBY—An exquisite gem ruby hue sprinkled with the blue from sapphires . . . CRIMSON BRONZE—A quietly racey brown red that sings clearly but softly . . . BRIDAL PINK—The freshest, rosiest pink ever... MOONDUST—A soft fuchsia that gothers golden glomour under nighttime lights... COY SIREN—An oudacious scarlet—with a disorming oire.



**Both are lovely on the table...
can you tell which set costs the most?**



OF COURSE you like fresh, colorful Place Mats for your table! But don't think that such sets must be expensive. The blue set, as illustrated above, cost \$17.50 . . . the yellow cost \$34.50. Yet, because they were both *luxury starched* with LINIT*, they look equally smart and inviting.

You'll like LINIT, the superior starch that makes cotton look and feel like linen. Use LINIT for *all* washables . . . easy directions are on every package.

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED
TRADE-MARK OF
CORN PRODUCTS
REFINING COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.



© C. P. R. CO., 1947

...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

(Continued from page 45) months the temperature rises to 125° in the shade. For Palm Springs lies in a desert valley almost entirely encircled by mountains. Yet Mt. Jacinto, towering above the rest, is snow-crowned a good portion of the year. The town is approximately 120 miles from Hollywood, three hours by motor, forty-five minutes by air, in a Navion, say, such as Veronica Lake and Andre de Toth use for their Palm Springs commuting.

Visit the Springs with a movie star and you'll likely stop at the Racquet Club, owned and run by Charlie Farrell and his beautiful wife, Virginia Valli. The Farrells, whom I admire for their courage and imagination, live at the Club in the style to which they became accustomed when they were movie stars about a decade ago.

When Charlie and Virginia announced they were going into the desert to start this club their friends, not believing they would really do it, said carelessly, "You're crazy! You'll be lost without the movies."

Charlie and Virginia grinned. "You're crazy! We're going to bring the movies to us!" Whereupon their friends, convinced they meant it and therefore that they *were* crazy, kept silent.

THE Racquet Club consists of small exclusive bungalows built in the woods and around the pool, blue as the canopy of clear desert sky overhead. It's at the pool that luncheon is served, that gin rummy is played in the afternoon and around which the social life of the club centers. And frequently you find Paul Lukas and other stars on the tennis courts close by. Paul flies down at every opportunity to play with the great professionals who spend much between-tournament time there, or with Billy Wilder, his most interesting non-professional opponent.

Last spring, when I was a house guest of the Darryl Zanucks, I lunched at the Racquet Club with Sam Goldwyn—and thought I must be back in Hollywood. Rita Hayworth and David Niven, having just come out of the pool, were lying on their tummies in the sun. A handsome couple they were too. And I can tell you there most definitely was a desert romance under way at that time, regardless of what may have happened since.

Spencer Tracy was there, playing chess on the eight-foot-square chessboard comprised of lawn and flagstones, with foot-high pieces.

It was to the Racquet Club that Gene Tierney repaired last winter to recuperate from her sprained ankle. Janet Blair and her husband, Louis Busch, frequently weekend there. Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith run down at every opportunity, as do Evelyn Keyes and John Huston.

The food at the Racquet Club is divine and a great credit to Charlie Farrell's father who runs the kitchen. Divine and *expensive*. But, then, nothing in Palm Springs is inexpensive. It's like any other resort. The daily rate is about twenty-five dollars and up. At the Doll's House, for instance, a favorite spot of Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight in their happy days together, the curry—which I must report to be most excellent—is about \$4.00 a portion. It's the same at Pago Pago where they turn on the rain at will and, hearing it drench the roof, you think romantically of the South Seas—and life is as dreamy as the Pago Pago proprietors meant it to be.

The Zanuck house, like many others, is adobe style. The swimming pool sits directly between the main house and the guest house which I occupied. The Doug-

las Fairbanks and the Reggie Gardiners were guests too. So were Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. And weekends six or seven other stars would arrive. The Zanuck children were home on a holiday and Darrylin, who is a great swimmer, had a boy who was training for the Olympic games as a house guest so he could train in the Zanuck pool. It was very gay. One weekend there was a dance for 150 beside the pool under the stars, which shine brighter there, I think, than anywhere else in the world. I know the moon hangs closer to the earth. You really feel if you could reach just a little higher you could touch it. Peggy Ann Garner came down for that dance. So did Barbara Whiting, whom you'll remember as *Fluffy* in "Junior Miss."

Breakfast at the Zanucks is served whenever you arise or return from a ride in the hills, horseback riding being a pleasanter pursuit before the sun gets too high. Luncheon, depending upon the day's program, is served anywhere between twelve and four. And often enough it is close to midnight before you leave the dinner table.

PALM SPRINGS has one main street and, by the same token, one paved street. Here gay throngs parade in open cars, on bicycles and on foot. Window shopping is fun, for the swank shops along this main way are tempting with their bright resort clothes and wonderful riding boots and belts and harness. There's a drugstore, too, where you're likely to discover Lana Turner or one of the season's glamorous debbs considering a bottle of sun-tan preparation or imbibing a double beaker of orange juice. There's a movie theater on this "boulevard."

And, farther along, is Desert Inn, the genesis of Palm Springs. Like the Racquet Club, Desert Inn is a series of small buildings but here they are set in a lush tropical garden. And a very exclusive inn this is too. If you plan to lunch there look to your credentials. At the dining-room door they will be sure to ask, "Will you please check in at the desk first." The desk, if it considers you properly dignified and well-mannered, will give you a ticket to the dining room. Otherwise you will be told they are filled up. Perhaps you will meet Shirley Temple and John Agar at the Inn. You're more likely, however, to see an industrial tycoon and his family, one of the officers of Bethlehem Steel, perhaps, or a Du Pont.

An incredible change from the days fifty-odd years ago when Nellie Kaufman hung out her shingle with "Desert Inn" inscribed on it. For the story of Palm Springs is the story of this plucky woman. With her husband and two small sons, she lived in the Middle West. However, her husband was tubercular and a dry climate was essential. So she gathered together her family and all their worldly possessions and started out. Across the prairie she drove, over mountains and into the desert. And one afternoon, because night was coming, she stopped at a funny little place with an Indian name that boasted one old broken-down road and scattered Indian dwellings.

The next morning when the sun came up over the mountains the air was like wine, trees grew in little clusters, wild flowers covered the valley floor and some of the encircling mountains, including Mt. Jacinto, wore crowns of snow. Deciding to stay, they built a shack. Every day Mr. Kaufman was a little stronger. Outside their shack Nellie Kaufman hung a sign: "Coffee. Sandwiches. Home-made pie and cake." Travelers, crossing the desert, remembering the flavor of the coffee and sandwiches and pie and cake they bought at that (Continued on page 85)

NEW! Color with COME-ON! Color with FLARE!

Woodbury Fiestita

... powder and lipstick!

Two parts feminine, one part fire—Fiesta, the most talked-about powder shade that ever came out of Hollywood! On your skin, it glows like an angel—yet Fiesta kindles that glint in his eye! Add Woodbury color-freshness, lasting cling, heavenly fragrance...and say yes to Fiesta today!

That enchanting rose-sparkle? ...it's yours—with Woodbury Fiesta!

AVA GARDNER

appearing in

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

forthcoming production

"UPWARD TO THE STARS"

Woodbury FILM FINISH Powde

FREE! *try Fiesta...* FREE!

Seeing's believing! See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin. See for free Woodbury Powder Sampler; get Fiesta, eight other flattering shades, plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

*Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.

FIESTA POWDER
plus
FIESTA LIPSTICK
both for \$1.00

Large-size Woodbury Powder and matching Lipstick come boxed together—a double value!—for only \$1.00. "Purse" size Powder 25c and 10c. In Fiesta and 8 other exciting shades. (all prices plus tax)



Now! 3 Sizes of Modess!

to meet every woman's needs



- **Modess Regular** in the familiar blue box. Ideal for average needs . . . it's the size most women use. A luxury napkin—so soft, so comfortable, 8 out of 10 women in a recent test reported: *no chafing with Modess!* And wonderfully absorbent!



- **Modess Junior** in the green box. A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and so-safe protection as Regular size Modess.



- **Modess Super** in the orchid box. *Extra* absorbent, *extra* protective—yet soft and light as a cloud. Ideal for days when you need above-average protection. Every Modess Super (Regular and Junior sizes, too) has a triple, full-length safety shield.

Product of Personal Products Corporation • Makers of Modess, Meds, Co-ets, Yes Tissues, Sanitary Belts

All 3 sizes — Now on sale at your favorite store

(Continued from page 21) little shack, came to look for the sign another time and told others who would be passing that way to look for it too. Mr. Kaufman grew strong enough to help the boys and his wife build another shack in which motorists could be put up for the night. A new sign went up—"Desert Inn."

Today only a handful of people can tell you the Indian name by which this valley used to be known. The Indians, however, are still there, living in ramshackle clusters of houses beyond the livery stable and within a stone's throw of the elegant clubs and the pink, yellow and white haciendas which the Hollywood stars and producers, among others, have built there. Often as not the land upon which these clubs and houses stand is Indian owned. For every other mile of Palm Springs is Indian reservation and although they cannot rent their property by the year they cannot sell it.

Thus a large portion of fashionable Tamarisk Road is Indian-owned. It is here that Harold Lloyd has his place. Next comes Al Jolson's. On another road

the Jack Warners recently acquired a house. William Powell and Diana Lewis might be called Palm Springs fixtures. They arrange their working schedule so they can stay there almost constantly during the winter season. Rudy Vallee has a house there too—and this year he has leased a theater where he will present legitimate plays. Ann Sothern and the Frank Sinatras have houses. Rosalind Russell and the Bob Hopes rent. So does Jinx Falkenburg when she comes out from the East. Joan Crawford prefers La Quinta, a few miles and date groves farther on.

And now Edgar Bergen, together with Harvey Firestone, has started a development between Palm Springs and La Quinta which will be known as Desert Palms. Already streets are being laid out and Edgar tells me he expects this venture to keep him healthy all his life and to make him a fortune.

A fantastically healthy place, Palm Springs! Fantastically beautiful too . . . Oasis!

THE END

The Truth About Judy Garland's Health

(Continued from page 46) other rumor that she was wrestling with a nervous breakdown. Judy was in the East, all right. She was in New England and, among other things, she attended the Tanglewood Music Festival conducted by Koussevitzky, and strawhat theater performances in the surrounding area.

Then there was the matter of "Annie Get Your Gun." "Annie" unwittingly loosened a load of bird shot in the air for the rumor mongers because the reports that Judy was to do the picture were followed by other reports saying tests were being given other hopefuls around the M-G-M lot. All of which was true. But figure the time schedule for yourself. With "Easter Parade" getting under way October 1st, Garland wouldn't be free until the first of the year, if then. So, if the studio wanted to get rolling on "Annie" before the winter was half over they'd have to use another star.

NEVERTHELESS, we cannot evade the evidence that Judy Garland has been overtired. She has put behind her what might be mildly referred to as a strenuous year. She and her husband re-did their hilltop home in preparation for a blessed event. She gave birth to a daughter, Liza Minnelli, by Caesarean section. Her doctor advised a four to five month rest before she started work on "The Pirate" with Gene Kelly. She used that rest period to have a good deal of nerve-racking dental work done.

Nor was there anything unusual in the fact that she worked part of the time on a "closed set"—a set from which visitors are barred. Many stars do so at all times. In this instance Judy had a tough row to hoe. Everything was done to make it as easy as possible—one surmises—and visitors have a pretty disrupting influence.

Talk to those grips or prop men who worked those closed sets. They'll tell you when Garland works for rehearsal or for a turning camera, 180-pound men go home tired from just watching her. When she sings, she sings! When she dances, she dances! At the end of a picture the girl is weary.

Rx: REST. Short trips around the country. Where? The only chance a star has to get a real rest is to keep that a secret.

Judy has not always been on the gravy train by a long shot. It was not until she

hit the ripe old age of fifteen that she made the big time—in Hollywood. She has never taken an honest vacation since then. She took time off to have a baby. She went to New York on her honeymoon. But New York, for a big star, is not a restful vacation. Yet Judy Garland has turned out consistently fine pictures as regularly as anyone in Hollywood.

It is hard to believe, when you see Judy Garland, that she has been a top-ranking star for nine years. She looks incredibly young to have carried the burdens of stardom for so long a time. There must be stamina behind that piquant little face, those fine bones and deep eyes that light to such beauty on the screen but which shadow so quickly when she isn't well.

Her first marriage was heartbreak and failure. It was not until she married Vincente Minnelli that Judy found someone with whom to share her work; if anything, shared too much of her work—and she has been kept constantly busy denying rumors that all is not well with them.

Vincente is Italian, sensitive, temperamental, with a deep love for and understanding of music. The advantages of understanding, also have the disadvantages of two temperaments. The trick is that they don't both develop temperament at the same time according to Judy. When they do there is an uproar.

There has been one such and very likely there may be another. They are two high-strung artistic people—and when nerves complicate the picture, as they must when Judy forces herself beyond her endurance, differences that a more phlegmatic couple might take in their stride are, of course, further exaggerated. (Editor's Note: The persistent gossip that Judy and Minnelli will find it difficult to reestablish their old basis of relationship and go on together continues. However, there are no rumors that they do not work together harmoniously.)

So under the spotlight of available facts the pieces seem to fit together. Judy Garland has put a big year behind her. She has borne a daughter. She has worked hard. She went East for a rest, and upon her return retired with her baby and nurse to the beach—to rest some more. However, she promises she will be back before the cameras within the year to sing and dance her way more deeply than ever into America's hearts.

THE END

New! LIQUID 'LIPSTICK'

Can't smear! Won't rub off!



Dale Evans

beautiful motion picture actress, starring in "The Trespassers" a Republic Production.

Instantly...
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere \$1.



liquid liptone

Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes----

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 710B
2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Scarlet—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
- ☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.

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BORDERLINE ANEMIA

can put ugly, tired lines on your face!



Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—
restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

So many young girls watch the fresh color and beauty fade from their faces—wonder why tired, unflattering lines appear. They should know that such effects can come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

Yes, your red blood cells may have shrunk and faded—they may be weakened to the point where they cannot transmit full energy to all your body.

Borderline Anemia steals your energy, endurance! And results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have it.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

If your color and “pep” are waning—and this common blood condition’s to blame, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size. Continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so

consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into “high”—to help restore your natural color. Take them so you can enjoy life again!

**Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency*

BORDERLINE ANEMIA why it can make you TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.



Improved, Concentrated Formula
Ironized Yeast
TABLETS

(Continued from page 74) be as straight as an arrow, the way grandmother's was in her heyday; the neck proud, the shoulders straight.

Despite the rounded hips of suits and dresses, make sure the curves belong to the dress, not to you! Don't think you can get away with hiding a multitude of poundage beneath. Start on the old bicycle exercise again . . . and walk . . . walk . . . walk. Golf, swimming and tennis are also wonderful sports for banishing “stenographer's spread.”

And, with the new tiny waists and full skirts, milady (if she's going to be a lady) can't afford waistline spread either. A minimizer, or small corset, is either built into, or used as a decoration for many of the new fall clothes, but it won't hide what exercise and diet should have taken off long ago.

For firm muscles in this department, Ella Raines, before she goes to work in “The Senator Was Indiscreet,” has this morning routine. Stand barefoot with feet about ten inches apart. Lift arms above the head with hands locked, keeping posture correct, tummy flat, bottom in and back straight. Bend far to the right and then to the left twenty times. Play fair and don't lean forward, Ella cautions, and you'll have her perfect twenty-six-inch measurement.

Of course, the new look is influencing our coiffures too. Soft and neat is the feeling. Naturally, your hair-do will conform with the new hats which are really hats for a change and not just a garland of flowers or a feather. Most of the Hollywood glamour gals are wearing chignons, braids and curls high enough to avoid collision with the great coat collars (worn very high in back).

Because these coats have such lush collars fashion dictates no hats in some instances. That means a lot of attention to hair grooming. Constant brushing of your top knot, no matter what basic style you choose, is more important than ever. A weekly shampoo to keep your hair soft and fragrant, plus the brushing, should do the trick.

SHOULDERS are so important, too. Did you notice the beauty of Joan Fontaine's shoulders set off by the period clothes in “Ivy”? This is the kind of loveliness you must have to go with the charming chiffons, laces, and organdies now in vogue. A bath brush and a good pure soap are the best known prescriptions for keeping your back and shoulders clear-skinned and beautiful.

To achieve perfect ladylike harmony of face, neck and shoulders, be certain to use cosmetics that create a dewy unmade-up look, and a complexion as soft as this year's fabrics.

It perhaps is unnecessary to point out to you that you can't be a lovely lady and ever, ever neglect personal daintiness.

Ilka Chase has been quoted as saying that the trouble with women is they don't know how to scrub! And my friend, Steve Hannagan, the well-known publicist, once said: “If you don't think a smell counts . . . ask a fox.”

So be a soap-and-water girl. By all means select your deodorant carefully, experimenting until you find one that suits your special needs. Remember, too, the cleaner your body, the fresher your clothes will remain.

It will take a little more time and effort on the part of all of us to fit ourselves into the frame for the new Portrait of a Lady. But, we'll be dressing up a great deal more and what girl doesn't like to dress up?

THE END

Now! Keep your hands
as kissable as your lips



So new!
So Woodbury wonderful!

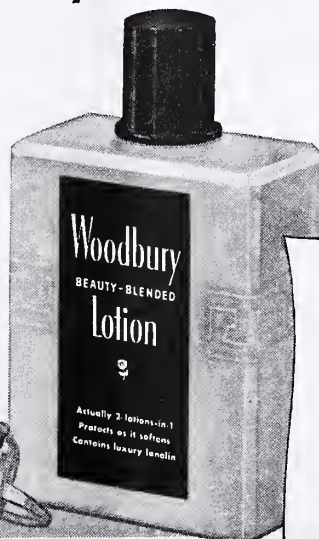
Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

1. A softening lotion that helps bring hands endearing *natural* softness. Its luxury lanolin (just *one* of its softening ingredients) is the "first cousin" of your skin's own natural moisture.

2. A protective lotion that helps "glove" your hands against roughness, redness, drying, chapping. Helps keep hands soft, lovely... despite wind and cold, daily dishwashing and soap and water cleansing.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...

CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



You start falling in love with it, the first wonderful moment you feel its luscious touch on your skin. So rich. So creamy. (Never sticky or greasy!) So *new*—Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended to protect as it softens. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c & 50c—plus tax. Or write for free see-how-wonderful sample.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (565)

Name

Street

City State

Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.

Who, me?



*of course I always
use Tampax!*

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

How could she lead the active life she does if she didn't have Tampax to depend on during those miserable days each month?... Tampax is that different kind of monthly protection you have heard about—worn *internally* without any belts, pins or external pads whatever! It's a very modern product indeed, invented by a doctor and now sold at practically all drug and notion counters in city or country wherever you live. And that's a fact!

There is plenty to tell about Tampax! It is fashioned of pure surgical cotton compressed in those slim white applicators for dainty insertion. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and you don't feel it when in place. It cannot cause bulges or ridges under a dress. And when disposal time comes, Tampax has only 1/15 the bulk of the "other kind."

No chafing. No odor. Quick to change. Wear it in your tub or shower. Millions of women depend upon Tampax every month. The Economy Box holds four months' average supply. Three absorbency-sizes to choose from—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

I Can't Forget

(Continued from page 51) and I reported each one faithfully. And each time, one of his "leg-men" would come to me with, "Really, Erskine, Mr. Sinatra didn't know it was you on the 'Anchors Aweigh' set."

But nothing came in person from Frankie until the day he sent me this wire from New York: "Just continue to print lies about me and my temper, not my temperament, will see that you get a belt in your vicious and stupid mouth."

Lies, he called them. My reply was simply, "I'll be in my office any morning. Don't bother to open the door, Frankie, come through the crack."

Then after three years of beefing with me, Frank Sinatra takes a poke at another columnist, Lee Mortimer.

When that tempest hit the headlines, a certain newspaper chain started accusing Sinatra of being a Communist. That was too thick for me. I don't mind a private scrap but fair play is fair play. In my column and on the air, I came to Sinatra's defense. I didn't believe he was a Communist and said so.

That evening at home we were at the dinner table when the phone rang. My nine-and-a-half-year-old daughter answered. She is a Sinatra fan and she had that pale purple swooner's color when she rushed back to me gushing. "Daddy, oh Daddy, Sanfrinatra's on the phone . . . I mean . . . Oh, it's Frankie," and she swooned.

My six-year-old son, reared in strict anti-Sinatraism, rushed upstairs for his baseball bat as I went to the phone.

Sure enough, after three years, it was The Voice which said, "Hello, Erskine . . . this is Sinatra. Heard your program while driving home this afternoon and I almost fell out of the car. I want to thank you for coming to my defense."

Well, that was that . . . it is a memorable moment to have a love crooner offer to poke you in the nose. It's completely out of character. I autographed my picture and sent it to Frank Sinatra for future identification purposes, and am continuing to fill out my collection of Crosby records.

I HAD an air show five times a week and no giveaways. This, mind you, when most any woman could get up and make a fool of herself for three minutes on the air and walk out with a refrigerator on her back. I wanted a good clean prize, and no fumadiddles needed to win it.

So I picked Bob Cummings, wrapped him in cellophane tied with a big blue bow and bid the ladies write me letters.

Mrs. Joe Public could write a letter explaining what she would do with Bob Cummings for a full day, if she won him, and the best letter would win the prize. The runners-up would get wrist watches.

Joan Leslie, Irene Rich and Gracie Allen, the judges, spent weeks reading the 50,000 letters received. Bob Cummings read the letters, too. He grunted and groaned, laughed and protested.

"I hope this gal doesn't win," he said of one. "There's a limit to how far this thing can go, prize or no prize." Some of those women really had right bright ideas.

Mrs. Edith Hudson Vincent of Delmar, Delaware, was the winner. Her letter said: "If I had Robert Cummings for a day, I would ask him to come and help clerk in my husband's grocery store, because I would like to see how a movie star acts when he gets with folks in a small town in a real life situation. In the evening, we could show him a little local night life."

Gracie Allen brought me the winning letter . . . "Tell Bob to take his corn plasters with him," she said.

Bob and his wife, Mary, flew to New York and the next morning hopped over to a field near Delmar, Delaware. Just before their early morning take-off, Bob sent me a wire from New York.

"This is the day Stop I'm scared to death Stop how did you get me mixed up in this anyway Stop"

I waited and wondered all day, then Bob called me in Hollywood that night from Delmar. This is what he said: "The Vincents are swell people and I've had a whale of a day. OUCH! Mrs. Vincent, that's Edith, the winner, met us at the airport, took us to her college, then WBOC, the Mutual station where she heard about your contest. OUCH!, we went to the grocery store and met Bob, her husband. Did you know that peas are not just peas? There are small peas, large peas, medium grade, dry and canned in No. 2 or No. 3½ tins or frozen. And why didn't you tell me about those infernal cash registers? I'm \$2.21 short for the day."

"I ran my legs off, and so did Mary. Big rush at the store. There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of, OUCH!, Cruelty to Grocery Clerks . . . I'll be president. After work, went to a good home-cooked dinner at Edith and Bob's. What a meal, the Derby couldn't touch it. Fried chicken and all the trimmings."

"Later, at a local night spot, we found out it was Edith's birthday . . . and the whole town turned out to help celebrate it. Mary and I haven't had so much fun in years. OUCH! I wish Edith had won me for a week, we'd like to know these people better."

Before I hung up, I asked Bob what all the *ouching* was about.

"I'm soaking my feet in Epsom Salts and Mary's pouring boiling water on them . . . OUCH! I'm scalded."

The contest was a success, Bob and Mary Cummings had the time of their lives and Edith had her movie star for the day.

But the reason she entered the contest was to win a wrist watch as a runner-up!

FOR nine months in Hollywood, between columns, I was a press agent for a couple of mad men named Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Our job was to push motion pictures with anything we could think up along the publicity line. I was stuck with a picture called "Little Men," a picture no one would want to see if they gave away a gross of bubble-gum with each admission.

One morning I sat at my desk swearing at Towne, Baker and the whole bloody business, when I spied a picture on the back of a magazine. It was Elsie, The Borden Cow, shown in her boudoir at the Chicago World's Fair.

Brain storms hit suddenly in Hollywood. I remembered that in the picture "Little Men," Kay Francis had to milk a cow. I wired the Borden Milk Company an offer for Elsie to be that cow.

Borden wired right back . . . "Great, don't worry about a thing, we'll take care of all expenses and plug your picture in our ads." I was a genius, I thought.

Elsie completed her engagement at the Chicago Fair, climbed aboard her special car on the Santa Fe Chief with her nurse, her vet and the President of the Borden Company. I released the story of "Elsie Goes to Hollywood to Be a MOO-vie Star."

We paraded The Milk through Los Angeles streets in a special truck with a white picket fence around it down to the Ambassador Hotel where she entertained the Press at a "Pasture Luncheon."

Elsie took up residence on the RKO lot to await her call to the cameras. It was getting to be Elsie's picture by now. She

reported for make-up one morning at 7:30 milking time, got her false eyelashes and they shot her scenes.

When the picture was almost ready for preview, we planned a reception at Ciro's. To keep the gag rolling, Edward Stevenson, fashion designer on the RKO lot, made Elsie a low-cut glamour girl dress for the occasion, John Fredericks created a hat for her. Everyone wanted to get in the act. Other concerns made silk hose and shoes for her extremities.

Borden's assured us that she was nightclub broken, so at the cocktail hour, I took Elsie into Ciro's, stood her in a pink spotlight in the middle of the dance floor. An English butler was engaged to announce the 350 invited guests and two milk maids dressed in tin buckets and little else stood by Elsie to make the introductions.

On the stage behind her, a string ensemble serenaded with "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down 'on the Farm" and the whole soiree was a moo-ing success.

The next morning, the whole of Hollywood awoke to a scandal. Elsie was going to have a baby! And I didn't even know she was married!

The studio wanted her for retakes, some of the scenes needed a change or two, but she had gained weight. That presented a problem, but not for long. They rewrote the picture, and changed the ending to climax in Elsie's Blessed Event. And that's how Beulah was born.

Elsie wept milk-punches when she left Hollywood, but the rest of us took the straw from our ears and celebrated.

It was a year later that I read of her tragedy. Elsie was headed for another cocktail party and the report said that she fell off a truck and broke her neck. But for anyone who can read between the lines, the truth is evident. She saw the picture, "Little Men," and took the short way out.

JOHN GUNTHER has been "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia" but I claim the distinction of having been "Inside the Ladies' Room at Romanoff's."

Barbara Barondess, an interior decorator of note in our town, met me for lunch at Romanoff's to give me the lowdown for my column on how she had decorated the homes of the stars.

She mentioned a number of the more popular names whose mansions had felt her tasteful touch and wound up with, "I also decorated the Ladies' Room here at Romanoff's. Would you like to see it?"

I swallowed an imaginary bone from the chicken a la king on my plate and mumbled something about "some other time."

"Oh, it'll be all right," she fluttered. "I'll see if the coast is clear." With which she swayed off in the direction of the inner sanctum, and a moment later popped her head out the swinging door and crooked a finger at me.

I never walked stark naked through a crowded church, but I couldn't have been more embarrassed than I was on that fifteen-foot stroll toward that doorway.

Once inside, she bubbled on about "See this," and "See that," and "Isn't it the most beautiful Ladies' Lounge you ever saw?"

It seemed futile to point out that I was not a frequenter of Ladies' Lounges, decorated or not. All I wanted to do was get hence. La Barondess was leaning protectively against the outside door, playing Horatio to stem the tide of intruders who might interrupt our tour of inspection.

I took a quick look around, took mental note of some French can-can dancers painted on the walls and rushed out in an atomic exit just in time! Hedy Lamarr stood just outside the door, rummaging through her purse in search of a nickel.

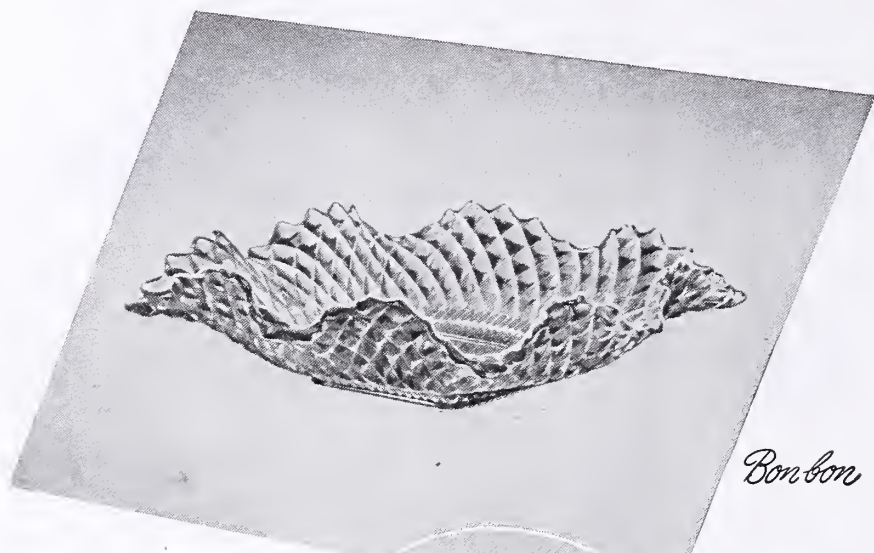
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A Word to the Wise...

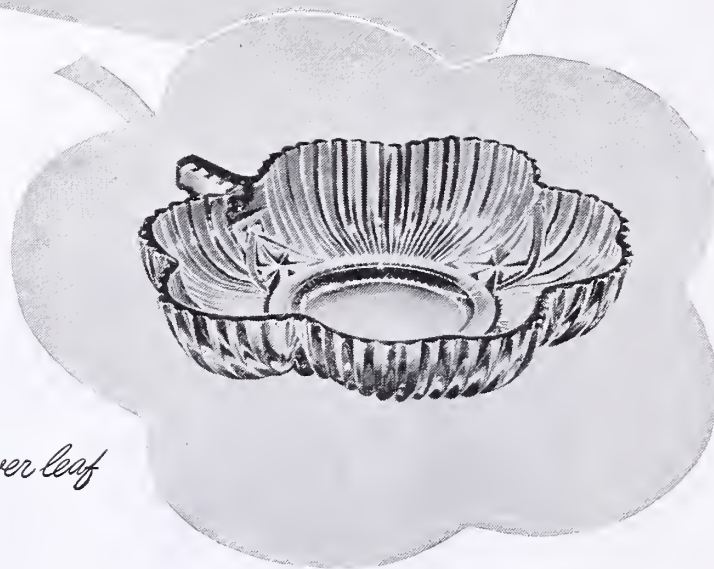


New, Lovely, Useful

AND VERY INEXPENSIVE



Bon bon



Clover leaf

You will enjoy using these lovely new occasional dishes by Federal—they are popular and practical for many uses. Unusually attractive in pattern and contour, they have all the lustre and sparkle of clear, brilliant crystal, for which Federal is justly famous. Really, they are so lovely, and so *very* inexpensive that you will want several of them. You will find them, too—at your favorite store—for as little as 5c to 10c each.

 *Glassware*
by **Federal**

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY • COLUMBUS 7, OHIO

Mister "King"

(Continued from page 40) informal manner he prefers when he isn't "done up" for a movie. At forty-six—and he doesn't deny a year of it—he is still one of the best-looking guys that ever ingratiated his way into a woman's heart—including mine.

It was after one of those comfortable conversational lulls only old friends can enjoy that I asked him, "Where do you go from the top?"

The swing rocked on a couple of times before Clark said, "You keep on going. There isn't a place anyone ever reaches where you don't keep on going straight ahead—particularly where your work is concerned. Believe me, Louella, you are through when you begin to think you're on top. That is the mythical place where you start sliding down!"

"That's just the point," I argued. "You don't ever slide! 'Adventure' wasn't a good picture but 'The Hucksters' put you right back on top! Were you really angry with the studio during those long months when you refused script after script between those two pictures?" That rumor had certainly been well circulated—even to the point that Clark was retiring.

"Of course, I wasn't angry with them," he answered quickly. "The studio was just as eager as I to make my comeback after the war a successful picture. I admit I didn't like the story of 'Adventure.' But, I blame myself as much as anyone that it wasn't as good as my earlier movies. The trouble was, I had war jitters. Like every other guy back from the service, I was nervous and restless. I was pressing too hard. We were all pressing too hard. Result—it was all very de-pressing!"

"When it was over, I realized I was going to have to get away for awhile and fight this thing out by myself. When 'The Hucksters' was first submitted to me, I didn't turn it down because I didn't like the script or the story. I just wasn't ready to tackle another picture so soon.

"So I went away on fishing and hunting trips with an occasional fling in New York, dining or dancing with a pretty girl. And all of a sudden the kinks were ironed out. I was raring to get back to work. Why, at one time, I even thought of retiring, and am I glad I didn't! Lucky for me that no one took me seriously."

THAT dancing-dining-with-a-pretty-girl reference gave me just the break I had been waiting for. "Do you think you'll ever marry again?" I asked, hoping the words didn't sound as though they jumped out of my mouth. When I had asked that same question several years ago, he had said: "No, I'll never marry. I had the best in the world in the love of Carole Lombard, and there can never be another woman to take her place."

This time Clark didn't reply immediately. He seemed to be deep in thought. Then—"I don't know," was the unexpected answer, "I can't say for sure. It gets awfully lonesome living alone. Do you think there is a chance for happiness, after you have been so in love in another marriage?"

I knew what he meant. Carole had given him a special kind of companionship, as well as deep love. They had so much fun together. She brought so much gaiety to the relationship.

But I said what I really felt—that if he gets the right girl there should be happiness in congenial companionship.

"They've tried to marry me off often enough," the flash of his teeth revealed that lovable old Gable grin. I'm sure we were both thinking of the long string of charmers "rumored" as having caught

Gable's heart. There were—Virginia Grey, the beautiful blonde actress, to whom (to quote the columns) "Clark always returns;" Dolly O'Brien, the sophisticated New York matron for whom he was supposed to have "carried a torch" when she married Jose Dorelis. Dolly has since divorced her husband and is now in Hollywood. Clark takes her out and has had her at his ranch. They also spent a weekend at Santa Barbara with Constance Bennett and her husband, Colonel Coulter. At first I had thought this was "it," but I've changed my mind. After seeing them together at the Zanuck party I am confident it is not serious. While Clark is very courteous he doesn't act like a man in love. And believe me, I have seen Clark when he has been head over heels in love.

Also on this list, are: Millicent Rogers, Miss Money Bags, herself, who followed Clark to the Coast on several occasions; Iris Bynum, a Hollywood beauty with whom he dined and danced several times. Then there was Anita Colby, the glamorous girl executive, who would give up any date, any time, for Clark.

We saluted the parade of beauties silently before Clark said, "If I do marry again, it will probably be sudden. Unless you have the girl already, marriage is one of those things you can't really plan for the future, Louella. Sure, you can hope you'll find the right one, but you never know when or where *if ever* she'll come along."

He went on, "I have a friend who was a confirmed bachelor. If he told me once, he told me a million times he would never get married. Then he meets a girl, knows her a few weeks, and the next thing you know I am in San Francisco being best man at his wedding."

That's an old story that invariably amuses men when it happens to the other



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fellow and, as per custom, Clark was laughing about it now.

"If a girl, the right girl, came along in your life—which type would she be?" I put in while I had him on this hook. But do you think I could pin down a smart Huckster like Clark?

"Types really don't matter," he hedged, "I have been accused of preferring blondes. But I have known some mighty attractive redheads, brunettes, and yes, women with gray hair. Age, height, weight haven't anything to do with glamour." He must have realized he had tipped his hand a little here for he quickly admitted:

"I'll beat you to the question. Yes, I am intrigued by glamorous women. And before you jump in with 'What's glamour, papa?' I'll tell you what it is to me.

"It's that inner something that inspires a woman to express outwardly, 'I'm something special and distinctive.' I don't mean conceit or vanity, two awful traits. Maybe this will explain what I mean—a vain woman is continually taking out a compact to repair her make-up. A glamorous woman knows she doesn't need to.

"Take Joan Crawford—she's a queen of glamour, dressed to the teeth and knowing what she is doing every minute. Deborah Kerr has another type of glamour—the charm of sweetness and femininity. Ingrid Bergman's glamour—and she is one of the most exciting women of today—is the glamour of complete naturalness."

CLARK raved so particularly about Ava Gardner, I asked him especially about her. "No," he laughed, "I'm not in love with Ava. It isn't anything personal that makes me believe she will go far. Perhaps as far as Lana Turner or Jean Harlow.

"Ava just has what it takes. The first day we worked on 'The Hucksters' I was worried about her. It was at my suggestion that she had accepted such a small role and I wondered if I had done right in urging her. She was in fast acting company with Deborah, Adolphe Menjou, Sydney Greenstreet and Keenan Wynn. Then I took a look at the rushes. 'Gable, my boy,' I said to myself, 'Every man for himself. That girl's good.'

"That is what I mean when I say there's never a goal you can reach and then relax. These newcomers are constantly fighting to get there too. When you're there, you're fighting to stay. If you want a good career, you have to keep at it all the time.

"I cannot understand some of these kids who think they are all set the minute they get a studio contract. How can they go out dancing every night when they have work, and good hard work to do? No one can loaf with more enthusiasm than I—but I still believe that when I have a job to do, nothing in the world comes ahead of it.

"You just can't accept the good things this business gives you—and refuse the responsibility. I feel it is up to me to read good books and see plays that might make good pictures for me and that this is as much my job as it is the studio's.

"In a way I'd like to get back to the character of some of my earlier hits—the tough guy with an all-right heart. I don't want to be a James Mason, heaven forbid. It's swell for him, but I couldn't do that woman-slapping sort of thing well. But find me another 'Boomtown,' 'San Francisco' or 'Red Dust,' and I'll be happy."

He was getting up now and we walked together toward the house.

"With all your arguments about my having no place to go from here, Louella," he said, "you're dead wrong. Every picture I make, every experience of my private life, every lesson I learn are the keys to my future. And I have faith in it."

And that philosophy, my friends, is what makes Gable what he is today—still King.

The Shirley I Know

(Continued from page 64) didn't say, "Madam, I never saw you before in my life. Four years ago I was fifteen and I've never been inside a bar." The woman wouldn't have believed me.

And then there's another group that says, "When you were a little, little girl, I bounced you on my knee." One week I counted up the people who told me that. There were twenty-seven of them. Sometimes I wonder how I had time to make any pictures if I were being bounced on so many knees.

If this confuses you, just remember it confuses me, too. After all, I'm Shirley Temple and I ought to know something about myself. But I end up sometimes wondering, "Who am I?" Right now I'm going to try to answer that question.

When I was young, Mother never showed me any stories about myself in magazines or newspapers. Later I could read them if I wished. After reading a few I stopped. I was recognizable in them, but somehow it was always some other person's concept of Shirley Temple and, in many cases, an idealization. I'm no princess or tin-goddess and I wouldn't want to be either.

I've had a good life and a fortunate one. I love my work—acting. I work hard at it. And I have my share of vanity. I like to feel I've brought people pleasure on the screen. But it was an accident of fate, of timing, that gave me the chance.

I'M NINETEEN years old and sometimes my feet hurt and sometimes I have headaches. Frequently I want things I can't have, and won't get. Often I'm angry with myself and often I'm disappointed.

That makes me like lots of other girls. Sure, there's a difference. I'm in the movies, have been for a long time. That has made me public property, like the Smithsonian Institution and Grant's Tomb. As a result, almost everything I've done for years has been publicized. Some stories have been true. Others have been lies.

Long ago I learned not to pay any attention to the lies. Now I'm trying to get my husband, Jack Agar, to treat them the same way. But it's harder for him as he's newer to the movie world and gets riled by stories which make me giggle.

When he's really irate, I tell him my favorite story. I was five when a chain of European newspapers printed a story that I was a thirty-year-old midget with two children. One newspaper even sent a correspondent to Hollywood to ferret out the real facts. He was probably disappointed when he discovered I wasn't a midget.

The most annoying stories these days are the ones that have our marriage breaking up. Not long ago one appeared and gave the inside "dope." It seems we were splitting because Jack liked to listen to symphonies on the radio and I liked murder mysteries. If Jack had been able to find the author of that story there would have been a murder and no mystery.

But here's one story that I'm happy to say now is true . . . Jack and I are looking forward to having our first child in the early part of next year. We're naturally both excited about it and terrifically happy. I'd like it to be a girl and Jack says he doesn't care what it is "as long as it's a boy!" That's a man for you. As far as the name of the child goes, we're still looking. But neither of us want "it" to be a "junior."

I'll continue acting as long as I can before the baby is born. But when she—or he—is very young I'd like to stay home. After the baby is a little older I'd like to go back to work.

You see, I get jittery when I'm idle. It



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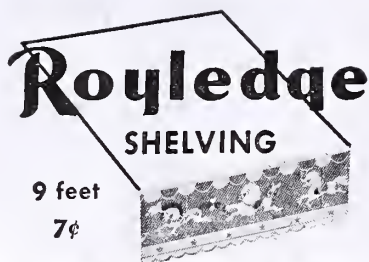
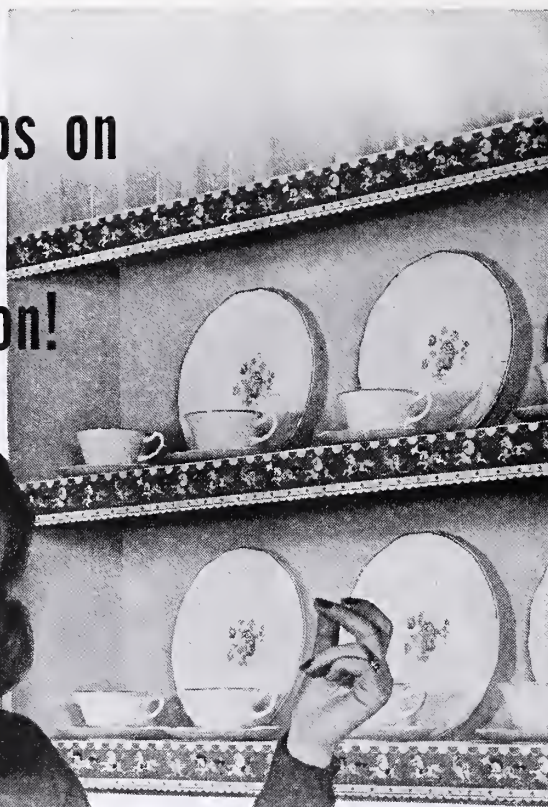
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was some time after I finished "Honey-moon" and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" at RKO that I started in "That Hagen Girl" and I really got restless. But now I'm busy again and am looking forward to working with Jack in his first picture, John Ford's "War Party."

I've always had ideas on how I'd like my home someday and after talking to Jack about them the decorator and I had great fun putting the plans to work. We're living in a charming home (at least we think so) we had built for ourselves in West Los Angeles. When anyone exclaims about the house I purr like a contented cat.

I'm proudest of the way we redid the downstairs—because I did this all myself—where the doll collection has always been kept. It's been turned into a play room—a dancing room, really—with panels that have landscapes on them. The panels can be drawn back to show off the dolls. I still get additions to the collection and I love exhibiting them.

MAYBE it's unfeminine, but I hate shopping. When I have to get clothes, I do it as quickly as possible. I like simple lines and unbrash colors. I do let myself go on hats and evening dresses. Some of mine are giddy. But for everyday wear I stick mainly to suits.

I have a great many faults and I think I know most of them. My temper, for instance. When I get mad I cover it up. Then it simmers for awhile and I finally blow up. Usually at something trivial. You might say I have a delayed-take temper—too delayed. I'm trying to cure that.

I also suffer from "foot-and-mouth" disease. Nearly every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it. I'm trying to be less outspoken and, even harder, trying to keep some of my thoughts to myself.

Another of my failings I blame on heredity. Anyway, on my father. That's my habit of kidding with a straight face. I find that sometimes it hurts people's feelings, which is the last thing in the world I want to do.

Jack helps me a lot with one big fault. I can't remember names or faces. I could get away with it as a child and Mother always covered for me. But now I'm on my own. Luckily, Jack has a memory like a traffic cop and can tip me in whispers.

I'm looking forward to being old enough to vote because I feel like a citizen. I got that feeling as I grew up during the war. The hospital tours were largely responsible. I'd walk miles through the wards and rooms, talk with wounded men, visit with boys from all over the country.

And, long before the term "One World" was coined, it seemed like one world to me. I received letters and dolls from everywhere. Many of the dolls were dressed in native costumes. They all had the same bodies, the same number of features—two eyes, one nose, one mouth, two ears. It was only the dress that differed.

National boundaries didn't exist for me. The people who wrote me, regardless of the language, all seemed to be the same kind of people, interested in the same things, seeing the same moving pictures. It didn't matter what their color or creed.

That's why the headlines, the stories in the papers about international squabbles and arguments, never seem quite real to me. There isn't much difference between people.

All I really want out of life is to live a useful existence in private as Mrs. John Agar and a useful existence in public as Shirley Temple, an actress who can give people a little pleasure. That seems to me the most wonderful life anyone can have—useful, full and happy.

THE END

Promenaders

(Continued from page 57) director Lewis Milestones and Dusty Anderson and director Jean Negulesco gave at the Huston ranch (in San Fernando Valley) to celebrate their one-, twelve- and one-year-wedding anniversaries respectively. And what a lovely setting it was! The low rancho rambles between two knolls and has an enormous porch the whole length of the place (seemed about a mile long) that was set with plaid-clothed, candle-lighted tables for the two hundred and more guests. A huge buffet and bar indoors (where a small hot band provided dance music) and another dining and drinking arrangement outdoors furnished "refreshment" from nine p. m. until the sun was actually high in the heavens!

NE of the reasons guests stayed so late was the wonderful impromptu entertainment furnished at the piano by Johnny "Body and Soul" Green, with Georgia Gibbs, Betty Garrett (Larry Parks's wife) and Sono Osato, the little Japanese dancer in Hollywood to make a picture, dishing up songs like mad while Danny Kaye and Edgar Bergen, who usually do a lot of entertaining at parties themselves, just stood around and applauded. A big bunch of the younger star-set kept the place jumping—and if you don't think that Robert Mitchum is a jitterbug de luxe, you don't know your "cats." Teresa Wright and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks sat most of 'em out, because both should be welcoming Sir Stork as you read this. But Van and Frances Heflin, Ann Rutherford, Ida Lupino and her big moment, Collier Young, Cesar Romero, the Dana Andrewses, Joan Fontaine (in a lovely strapless dress of heavy white lace, heart-shaped bodice and full skirt), the John Garfields—and oh so many more—tore up the floor. Lana Turner, there with Ty Power (natch!), was wearing a black satin gown, her pretty feet glimpsed below the hemline which was about six inches from the floor. Bodice was tight with panels of smooth black marquisette over the shoulders. It also had a corset effect, with lacings up the back! Waistline was longish, the skirt very full, with a four-inch band of the black marquisette finishing off the hemline.

I must have been prophetic, for when I ran into the Cornel Wildes that evening, I started to introduce Mrs. W. to someone and asked her, "Do you want to be introduced as Mrs. Wilde or Miss Knight?" Pat looked quizzical—glanced toward Cornel and then said, "Well—I don't know—I've made two pictures—" A few days later they announced their separation! Career trouble, no doubt. Two careers. Some people really take it big. Too big!

A recent big premiere brought out the glamour pussies in droves. Looking charming because of her simplicity was Esther Williams in a white lace and marquisette evening gown, the top of which was a moulded-torso line of white lace over nude and finished with a stiff cuff of the marquisette at the hip line. From there fell a very full bouffant skirt. Esther wore white suede gloves with this gown—but we can't imagine why.

Roz Russell was there in a dark red chiffon evening dress, bare on one shoulder—the other covered by a continuation of the drape of her bodice that ended in a long scarf.

Odds and ends worth mentioning are Evie Johnson's silver-plated "dog-collar" that she wore to La Rue for dinner. It caught a lot of eyes besides Van's. The biggest thing! And she has a bracelet to match. That stunning "salad-bowl" of a hat was really something too. A big inverted mush-



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room of gray felt (worn rather back on the head) and trimmed with rows and rows of black sequins. A wonderful lid for simple black dresses or dressmaker suits.

Casual, yet dressy enough to be worn on any daytime occasion is the two-piece suit that serves so many purposes for Vera Ralston. It's a light-weight doveskin wool crepe with a top of soft coral and has a form-revealing seafoam skirt. It has an ascot and snug-fitting belt of black and white taffeta. With it go white doeskin gloves, black kid pumps and bag. Vera also has a good looking cocktail dress that consists of a black crepe skirt gathered slightly in front, with a simple white crepe blouse that has a black sequin trim (a spray of wheat heavily accented by a graceful outline of the black sequins too) at the left shoulder. A stunning black Persian lamb jacket goes over the combination—and it has full sleeves, a fitted waist and flares slightly around the hips.

And speaking of coats, I'm crazy about the one that Janis Paige calls her "comforter." She wears it to market—or to "make her mark" any time of day. And though it's of a bright coral shade, it would be a real comfort to anyone in any color. It's a mass of fullness from shoulder to hem, great full sleeves, with turn-back cuffs, great big pockets with double flaps and even its tailored collar has "big ears." It has large, self-covered buttons. The kind of a coat you can wear wrapped around you, belted or buttoned—and vary the color of the belts as well.

And here's a suggestion, thanks to Bonnie Cashin, the fashion designer. She has one of the best-looking fall coats in town that she calls a "horseblanket" coat. She bought a beautiful red and white blanket at a saddle shop, had it made into a coat with a full swing back and only one seam (down the back) and set on a yoke. You couldn't ask for a better looking sports job—and for almost no money at all!

THE END

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(Continued from page 76) and apply for a job but to work in stock or a little theater, in the hope that the studios will come to me. The fourth, to remember that once you sign with a major studio, you have just begun. Fifth, to do as you are told. The sixth, to bear no resemblance in appearance or in your work to any star."

A little more than two years after this talk, Catherine, in Republic's "I'll Always Love You," became a star.

This amazing "girl with the rules" is one of those rarities—a Californian by birth. She came into being in Santa Monica, California, but at a very young age moved with the family to Alhambra, where, with the exception of a year spent in Dallas, Catherine has lived ever since.

Catherine went to Romona Convent to school until the Dallas move where she landed in time to take her senior year in a public school. Then the Cinderella pattern began. "I was a cashier in a movie theater in Dallas. I car-hopped. After my Dad died (Mother died when I was eight) I went back to Alhambra and, during the war, worked in a defense plant."

It was while Catherine was working in the Clary Multiplying Corp. that she met Bill Gerds. They "went steady" for four years, and on January 3rd, 1947, were married. They kept their secret well for about eight months when an Associated Press man happened to see the marriage license record in Reno, Nevada.

Bill, originally from Milwaukee, is now studying at the College of Physicians & Surgeons in San Francisco, where he and Catherine live when she is not working in a picture.

CATHERINE'S ardour for Clark Gable was the cause of her being expelled, although only for three days, from Romona.

"In your room at the convent," Catherine explains, "you could have pictures of your father, brother, uncles, blood cousins, the Holy Family and the Saints. In my room was a large framed portrait of Clark Gable. The Sisters told me I must take it down. 'But, Sister,' I protested, 'that's not a picture of a boy friend—that's Clark Gable, the big movie star.' Sister took it down. I put it up again. Sister took it down. This went on for days. One night I found it in my wastebasket, torn to tatters. Painstakingly, I patched it together again, put it back on the wall—and was expelled!"

Movie magazines were her textbooks in her quest for stardom. "I practically memorized the stories of how Ginger Rogers, Rosalind Russell, Ingrid Bergman and others became stars. I found that they all agreed that an agent, and a good one, is a basic necessity and that to be approached by, rather than to approach, a studio, is to be a smart apple."

Catherine looked up an agent—in Dun & Bradstreet. Mr. Louis Shurr, ace ten-percenter, having been given a substantial bill of solvency, was paid a call and contrary to all rules was agreeable to the young unknown.

After delivering himself of a sermon on birthing a new star, Mr. Shurr said, "I will take you to the studios Monday."

Catherine said, "Oh, no. Take me, instead, to a little theater or a good dramatic school and watch over me there."

On a Monday Mr. Shurr, protesting that to take a client to the studios was part of his job, took Catherine to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The Pasadena Community Playhouse would not take Catherine. But Mr. Max Reinhardt did and after a few productive months with Mr. Reinhardt Catherine enrolled in the Bliss-Haydon Workshop of the Drama and there

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went through a varied repertoire.

The next nibble turned out to be a bite. This time, casting director Bill Grady asked her to come to M-G-M.

Catherine signed with M-G-M and gratefully and docilely went into bit parts in, among others, "The Harvey Girls." Soon realizing, however, that the studio felt they had in her "a potential chorus girl," Catherine became restive and ever so slightly refractory. She started arriving on sets late. "I didn't want to put my \$1000 into being a chorus girl," she says.

In time Bill Grady sent for her. He gave her short shrift. "You have been late on sets," he said. "Not once, which is forgivable, but many times. You are fired."

Catherine says, admiringly, "He hired me with a one-two-three-boom! and he fired me with a one-two-three-boom!—a man after my own heart."

CANNED, Catherine went back to work canning tomatoes in commercial shorts until Mr. Laurence Langner of the New York Theatre Guild came to Hollywood and auditioned for subordinate parts in the Guild's "Oklahoma" and "Foolish Notion." One of the few chosen was Catherine.

She was offered a two-year contract with the Guild, but Mr. Shurr demurred.

"What can I do to keep you here?" he asked.

To which Catherine replied, "Get me the lead in an 'A' production—and I'll stay."

"If that's what it takes," said Mr. Shurr, as concisely, "okay."

Frank Borzage was testing name actresses for the part of *Myra Hassman* in "I'll Always Love You." But a name actress, when it came to finding one at liberty, was a needle in the haystack and Mr. Borzage was "reduced to testing newcomers." Newcomer McLeod was given a test and without much notice. Mr. Borzage tested for three and a half hours. The next day the test was run. Mr. Borzage told Catherine, "Your acting is pretty good; your looks pretty bad."

"When I explained," Catherine says, "that I was working under the handicap of two layers of make-up—one for canning tomatoes, the other for the test—they tested me again. A make-up test, this time, strictly hair, clothes, lighting . . ."

The second test won her the role.

The day the picture started, Catherine discovered that her name had been changed to Cathy Marlowe. "Gee, boss," she said, "let me keep my own name. My Dad and Mother are dead, you know, and I—well, I'd like to keep McLeod for Dad and Catherine for Mother, whose name it was."

Mr. Borzage crossed out Cathy Marlowe. "Done, Miss Catherine McLeod," said he.

A few days after the picture started, co-star Philip Dorn asked Catherine how it felt to be walking, so soon, among the stars. Catherine, looking bleak, shook her head. "You see, I haven't been given a contract, which makes me feel temporary and insecure. I can bear bodily pain better than a feeling of insecurity."

A few moments later, the grapevine to the Front Office having functioned swiftly, Catherine was signed to a contract.

However, the McLeod insecurity should be dissipated by now, because her studio has now cast her in what is going to be one of their big pictures of the year, "The Fabulous Texan."

"How are you going to feel," my sister asked me, "When you are a great, big movie star?"

"I won't feel like a big star," I said, "Until I mention that I want a Coke and, quick like that, someone on the set brings it to me. Just between you and me, I tried it on the last day of 'I'll Always Love You' and no one brought it!"

THE END

Did I Say Candy?

(Continued from page 53) inspired her mother was to have named her Angela just as the Angel softly said, "I carry two guns."

"Shootin' guns?" I cried, prepared to do a Butch.

"One," she said ominously, "clicks. The other does not click."

The one-click chick was headed for the Hitching Post theater. She attends Sunday afternoon as regularly as she goes to church in the morning. It's a *Jekyll-Hyde* transformation. In the morning a tot in bobby-sox and bonnet carrying a rosary, in the afternoon a tootin' terror in jeans.

The *Jekyll-Hyde* change is nothing for Margaret. She's protean in life as on the screen; actress, dancer, radio artist and columnist at eleven. And all this she is giving up to become a dog trainer. That's the scoop she gave us in the first interview in six months.

"Is that material?" she asked.

"Sensational."

She smiled and turned to her mother, "That's material, Mommy."

MISS O'BRIEN became a writer last summer. She uses a portable the Philadelphia Ledger gave her and two fingers. Twenty newspapers leaped for her column.

"Now you are one of us dear!" cried a Big Sister columnist. "Don't you love it?"

"I would rather be a dog trainer," said Miss O'Brien.

She likes writing, though, and feels literary. Her library is growing.

"How many volumes have you?" asked a fellow bibliophile.

"Twenty dog stories," she replied. "I also read *Superman*, *Bugs Bunny*, *Captain Marvel* and *Donald Duck*."

Happily she will continue acting a while longer. She does not plan to adjourn to the kennels until a dilapidated crone of twenty or thirty.

Having read of the hard work and tribulations that go with stardom the inquiring reporter asked her what she found hardest.

"Nothing is hard," she said. "It's fun."

She feels sorry for children who cannot act, only play.

"I like to play too," she said. "I play jacks, jump rope, skate and swim."

Mrs. O'Brien sold their house and moved into a beach club this summer. Margaret took a running dive into the breakers and proceeded to swim uninstructed like a baby porpoise. Admiring life guards said she sure would be another champ like Esther Williams.

There was a time when Miss O'Brien talked of being a lady jockey. One does not speak of that now. Wally Beery's horse ran away with her. That was on his Wyoming ranch, doing "Bad Bascomb." Cowboys congealed as the horse pounded over ground pitted with holes. Margaret clung to the reins and the horse took her into the barn. Miss O'Brien emerged in favor of dogs but no hard feelings toward horses.

She has only one fear, that of being alone. Mrs. O'Brien takes the blame for that. "Her aunt and I felt it necessary to warn her when we were traveling."

She is not temperamental. Her mother gave her the privilege of naming the temperamental member of the family. Margaret only smiled discreetly. Mrs. O'Brien made a clean breast: "Mommy is the one who blows up."

"You are bad only a moment," said Margaret indulgently.

Of her pictures, the last one is her favorite. The last one is always her favorite, her mother says. In "The Unfinished Dance" she does ballet and in-

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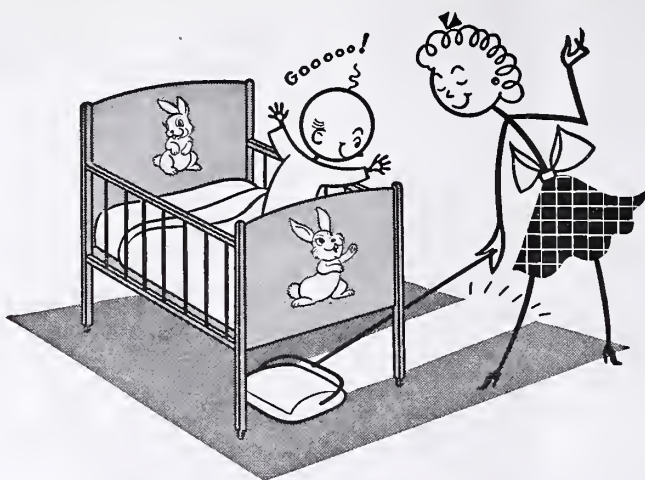
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roduces Lucy Barrymore to the screen. Miss Barrymore is a doll with a face painted by Mr. Lionel Barrymore.

Her next picture is "The Big City."

"I will speak three languages, Gaelic, Spanish and Jewish," she said. "I don't know them yet, except Spanish, but I know the barker's spiel . . . I have to imitate a circus barker."

With her mother she made a trip this summer to Cuba and New York. Mr. Barrymore, obviously her most ardent swain, gave her a red suitcase stamped "Journey for Margaret." She carried it all the way herself, trusting no one. "It was embarrassing for me," said her mother. "People stared at me as I walked along carrying nothing while my little girl wrestled with the heavy baggage."

Of the New York plays Miss O'Brien reported most favorably on "Alice in Wonderland." She thought Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine" finest actress. Her screen favorite is Vivien Leigh, whose unfortunate husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, has toppled before Mr. Lancaster.

"I like food," she confided. "Except milk. No milk. My favorite food is spaghetti. Also ice cream and hot Mexican food and I have Chinese food three times a week and did I say candy? You can say I like candy."

"YOU mean it's an acceptable gift?" said a reporter who can take a tip.

"Oh yes," said Miss O'Brien, too democratic to accept only diamonds.

"Mommy bought me five dresses in New York. One is red velvet." She added that her favorite color was lavender, same as her grandmother, and she preferred skirts and sweaters. She was wearing a sweater of watermelon pink.

"That is my favorite food also, watermelon," she said. "Did you put down candy?"

Another favorite is President Aleman of Mexico. She was waiting in a crowd to see him in a New York hotel and he came directly to speak to her.

"She blushed to her hairline," her mother said. "And forgot all her Spanish words."

Miss O'Brien observed that the President was handsome enough to be a star.

"Did you tell him?"

"No," said old diplomat O'Brien. "He is more important than a star."

Being highly sensitive as fine artists are, Miss O'Brien blushes often and is easily embarrassed. At age five when she first faced a microphone she was humiliated to note that all other radio performers carried scripts which they read from. She didn't need one because she memorizes lines as fast as her mother reads them to her. All the same, she determined to learn reading and raced through first, second and third readers in sixty-seven days.

She always gets the shudders in facing a mike but never misses a line. Her favorite programs are *Superman* and *Red Ryder*. Also *Dick Tracy*, though she hasn't received that two-way watch for which she sent fifteen cents and a box top. She got her atomic ring all right. Cost her ten cents.

Recently Mrs. O'Brien thought the time had come for more serious programs. She asked Margaret if she would not like to listen to radio commentators.

"You listen to them, Mommy," said Miss O'Brien. "I will read the funnies."

Such wisdom requires no comment. If we did as Angel O'Brien, peace might return to nations and to the home. Lion might consort with lamb and Butch be reconciled to Lancaster.

Did I say candy?

THE END

YOU CAN SAY *Merry Christmas* 3 WAYS with just **1** recipe!...

Big Fruit Cake...little Fruit Cakes...and a Pudding—all made with the same wonderful KARO* Syrup recipe! Every one of them rich and moist and with that delicious flavor KARO always gives. My Mom says it's a grand idea because you can make 'em all *ahead* of the Christmas excitement. (Just wrap well and store in airtight container.) I say, "Better not let me know where you hide 'em!"

the KARO Kid



YULETIDE SAUCE

Combine 2 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Mix well. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is slightly thickened, about 3 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon Sherry flavoring or 2 tablespoons Sherry. Cool. Chill. Just before serving, beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Fold in egg mixture. Makes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups. Serve with Steamed Fudding.



FRUIT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seedless raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, finely cut
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. assorted finely cut
candied citron, lemon
and orange peel, pine-
apple and cherries

$2\frac{1}{2}$ c. sifted all-purpose
flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. each allspice,
cloves and nutmeg

1 c. shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar
1 c. KARO Syrup,
Red or Blue Label
4 eggs, well-beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. orange juice

Weigh and prepare fruit. Dredge with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sifted dry ingredients. Cream shortening; add sugar; cream until light. Add KARO; mix well. Add 1 cup of dry ingredients; beat until smooth. Add eggs; beat well. Add orange juice; mix well. Add fruit mixture. Fold in remaining dry ingredients. Bake in well-greased loaf pans, lined with waxed paper, in slow oven (250° F.) 4 to 5 hours, depending upon size. Place shallow pan of water on bottom oven rack during baking; remove during last hour. (Cake improves with age. Prepare well in advance. Wrap and store.) Makes 5 pounds.

Petite Fruit Cakes: Use $\frac{1}{2}$ Fruit Cake recipe. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats with fruit. Bake in fluted paper cups in cup-cake pans in slow oven (300° F.) about 1 hour. Remove. Brush tops with egg white, garnish with candied cherries, sliced almonds or citron. Return to oven, bake 15 minutes longer. Cool. Serve in fresh paper cups. Makes about 24.

Steamed Pudding: Use Fruit Cake recipe. Omit fruit, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ pound each seedless raisins, chopped dried figs, finely cut dates and candied citron. Place in greased 2-quart pudding mold or individual molds. Cover tightly; steam $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours for large mold; 1 hour for small molds. (Reheat for serving by steaming 1 hour.) Makes 1 large or 20 individual.

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If Frances had not fractured her leg while dancing in the Hollywood Bowl she probably always would have been a dancer . . .

But when she could dance no longer movie talent scouts, already aware of her, were waiting with contracts . . .

She made her screen debut in M-G-M's "Dragon Seed" . . .

Her new picture is Eagle-Lion's "Lost Honeymoon" . . .

She was born in Sioux City, Iowa, on June 26, 1922. However, nudged by fate, no doubt, her parents moved to Los Angeles when she was nine . . .

She has hazel eyes, reddish golden hair, is 5' 5½" tall, weighs 115 pounds and lives in a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley where she raises prize-winning dogs . . .

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For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 110.

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Turtle-neck cotton sweater by Old Colony. About \$3.00 at Chandler & Co., Boston, Mass., and Habne & Co., Newark, N. J.

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Here's an idea fresh from the Hollywood boulevards. Get a small pillbox hat and fasten your favorite pins all over the crown. Or cover it with buttons; just scatter the buttons and sew them on tightly for a gay conversation piece.



The stuff dreams are made of—this adorable checked flannelette night-shirt designed by Reliance. Especially made for those who like to be pretty, cozy and warm, all at the same time. Small, medium and large sizes. Choose colors pink, blue or green. \$3.00.



There's something new about these Goody Kant-Slip combs that makes them a boon to any coiffure. Your hair comes right up between the bar and the top of the teeth, to give a sleek smooth look with no comb showing. They stay in your hair, too, no matter how vigorously you say "No". They come in a silver or gold finish and the price is wonderful. The large combs are each \$.50, the small ones \$.39 each. Ask for them at your favorite notion counter.

We believe in the new darker tones this fall for leg glamour. Flatternit hosiery by Huffman have seven exciting new dark tones which they call "Carolina Colors." Your stockings this year should be a complement to your costume so shop carefully for just the right shade. Why not take a little piece of your dress fabric with you to the stocking counter?



You'll never have "baggy ankles" if you wear these spun-nylon socks by Burson. The brushed cuffs are like soft angora and they come in every color of the rainbow. Dress up your ankles when you're wearing slacks or sport clothes with pretty well fitting socks. These are \$1.50 a pair.



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10 WAYS

TO BE A "WELL DRESSED
WOMAN"



Edward Stevenson, who designed our Pattern of the Month, at work in the RKO Radio Studios.

● "You can be well-dressed on nothing a year! But you can't be well-dressed for nothing!" So says Edward Stevenson, noted designer for the stars at the RKO Studios. He adds, "If you lack money you must compensate by spending more time in planning and hard work."

To help you towards this end Eddie Stevenson offers ten rules for chic which he has learned the hard way, by experience in gowning players for a thousand different roles. Currently he is creating the costumes Irene Dunne will wear in "I Remember Mama."

1. Know thyself. Study your face and figure with an unprejudiced eye. Do not excuse figure faults by telling yourself you will diet next week. Face a full-length mirror and put on, one at a time, every ensemble in your wardrobe. Note what each does for you—or fails to do. Mark well the skirt line, body line, shoulder formation which is flattering. Eliminate the others. Make the same check with color.

2. Learn to walk, to sit, to stand, to move with good effect. Otherwise a million dollars worth of clothes will not make you truly chic, someone to whom eyes will turn admiringly.

3. Avoid clothes which hamper or distract you or which have to be held closed or up or down. Do not wear a shoulder bag if it makes you walk hunchbacked. Do not fill your hands and arms with cumbersome accessories, bags, bundles, gloves or scarf. Wear your accessories or leave 'em home. Choose clothes you can put on and forget.

10 WAYS TO BE

A "WELL DRESSED WOMAN"

4. Buy clothes that fit. Do not yield to the charm of any suit, dress or coat if the alterations must be extensive. It never will look or feel right—and neither will you. Besides, extensive alterations ruin a hudget.

5. Keep your clothes spotless and in repair always. You cannot be well-dressed if you have a button off, if your hem hangs, if your veil is torn, if your collar is ragged or soiled. Washing and mending must go on forever and ever and ever if you would be well-groomed.

6. Avoid all fads; fads in color as well as style. If "everyone" is wearing puce, avoid puce. All too soon "everyone" will be throwing their puce away. And you cannot afford to.

7. Base your wardrobe on classics—those coats, suits and dresses which are good year after year and which, with an enchanting variety of accessories, may be worn with different effect until they are worn out. And don't make the mistake of thinking that basic clothes must be black. Pick the color that gives you a lift, is most becoming and right for your climate.

8. Remember that one of anything is an extravagance, two an economy. You cannot keep a suit clean and in repair if it is your only suit. Two of any garment (particularly two pairs of shoes) will last more than twice as long as one.

9. Learn to sew. I do not mean to tailor elaborately. Just learn how to mend and repair your clothes, to alter them to keep them up to date, to brighten and refurbish.

10. Investigate fabrics, tailoring, labels. Watch sales and learn to spot a bargain. But never buy anything—however cheap it may be—unless you need it.

There you have it—straight from one of Hollywoods most eminent designers—a man who for years has helped the stars solve their personal wardrobe problems in addition to creating the clothes they wear on the screen.

our cover

Gene Tierney's
cocktail dress
by *Filcol*

PEARLS
by *Coro*

GLOVES
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DRAPERIES
of *Martin Velvet from*
Concordia-Gallia



Ceil Chapman gown
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Girdle

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- perforated for coolness
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Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Plaid coat

Morris W. Haft
500 Seventh Avenue
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Dance dress with gold belt

R. Lowenbaum & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Vest and skirt

Madison Sportswear
1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Blouse

Sidney Heller
525 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Slacks

Fenwick
147 West 35th Street
New York, N. Y.

Two-piece suit dress

Rosenthal & Kalman
1400 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Turtle-neck sweater

Old Colony Knitting Mills
1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

**Other Views of
Photoplay Pattern**



Front View
with Belt

Back View

Front View
without Belt

Barbara Field

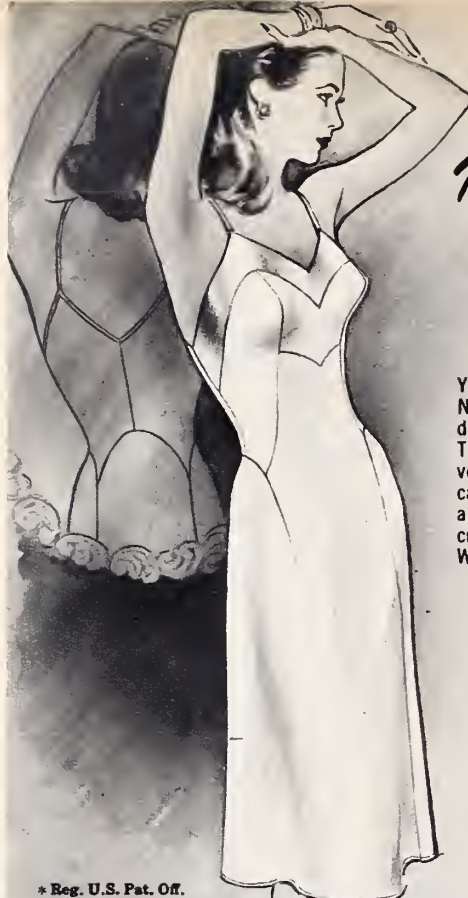
ORIGINAL

For the young in heart...
and fair in figure, Barbara
Field's heartbreaker peplum
dress of rayon crepe with
marquisette insert and trim.
Slide fastener in back is
caught by an enchanting bow.
Sizes 9-15. Grey with black,
autumn green with brown, all
brown and all black. About
twenty-five dollars.



Dale Evans, soon to be seen in
Republic's "The Trespasser."

for name of store nearest you, write BARBARA FIELD, INC., 318 West Adams St., Chicago 6, Ill.



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SHORT	31 to 39	
AVERAGE	32 to 44	
TALL	34 to 44	
AVERAGE STOUT	46 to 52	
TALL STOUT	46 to 52	

At leading stores or write,

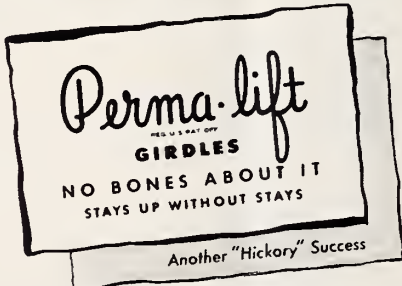
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Rita Hayworth Lives Here

(Continued from page 72) pastel shadings, with a rich bottle green being her favorite among the deeper hues. In each room a monotone color scheme has been used, with just one accenting color for contrast.

The living room, with its ceiling beams of driftwood gray, has walls of a shade called "ashes of lemon" by Menafee—a grayed yellow, which melts unobtrusively into the gray-green carpeting throughout the house. The upholstered pieces, including specially designed "conversation couches," are tufted in bottle-green velvet.

There's an over-sized coffee table with an antiqued mirror top and green plants growing up through its center.

Who's to say you yourself couldn't take an old square or round job that's been hanging around the attic, saw off part of the legs to lower it, saw out the center, set in a plant, fit some inexpensive mirroring on the top and paint it whatever color fits your own scheme of things?

BUT let's get back to Rita's living room. The couches and the over-sized coffee table are in front of a severe modern fireplace of white painted brick which runs the full length of one wall. Books line another wall. Especially notable on a third wall is an arrangement of twenty-five old prints sent Rita by an admirer in Spain, all of them matted and framed in bottle-green lacquered frames.

The contrasting color in this room occurs in two large, armless wool-twill chairs of bright raspberry. Standing next to them are green lacquered tables with built-in bookcases, and handsome English lamps of black and gold.

The dining room is simple but formal, its Eighteenth Century pieces lacquered in deep green, with the chairs upholstered pure white in a modern fabric. Three of the walls are papered in a handprint scenic panorama, the fourth wall is a mirror. Why couldn't you do something like that in your own dining room? If you don't want to pay the cost of covering solid walls with panoramic paper, use just enough to trim up the corners, as you will note in the picture of Rita's dining room.

Rita's boudoir suite has gray-blue walls with woodwork and drapery of the same cool shade. A soft, sunny yellow faille makes up the bed-head, bedspread and matching chairs. Definitely not fussy, but functional and comfortable, with a few good modern French pictures hung on the walls. Here again is a hint to the bright home-maker. The bed, that is. What's to hinder pushing together two old twin beds, knocking off the foot and headboards, having an inexpensive wooden headboard made and covering it with the contrasting material of your two-toned spread?

In Rita's boudoir, however, the most important accessory is the telephone system on the lacquered lamp table next to the bed. It connects directly with the nursery suite occupied by Miss Rebecca Welles, so if she should let out a cry during the night, Mommy can immediately find out the cause. Nursery and playroom also feature lacquered furniture in a pale shade of green, with toile chairs and drapery to blend.

For that "favorite" room that every house possesses, its mistress nominates the sitting- and reading-room adjoining the bedroom suite. Done in grayed turquoise with bright touches of strawberry red, it abounds in comfortable tufted couches and chairs. There's an Eighteenth Century desk and numerous built-in shelves to accommodate piles of books and magazines.

Colorful, comfortable, wholly charming—that's the House of Hayworth!

THE END

I Was There

(Continued from page 59) to bed early and we slept late. And hours on end we relaxed on the beach. Our conversation was no tax, certainly. We talked of little else but our sun tans. Gene does a pantomime now of us comparing our darkening shades. We'd lather ourselves with French dressing (equal parts of olive oil and vinegar, which ruined our clothes until we switched to a good sun-tan preparation) and bake. We'd go back into the sea the instant we dried off, as salt water possesses marvelous tanning properties.

Yes, Bermuda was restful. And speaking for myself, it also was divine, for Elliott Reed was there. Soon after our return Elliott and I announced our engagement. Gene insists Sonny—which is what everybody calls Elliott—proposed in Bermuda. Night after night when she and I talk for hours, even those nights when we get in from dates late enough to go straight to sleep, she tries to get me to admit it was the Bermuda moon. When I insist it was after we returned to New York that we became engaged she always says, "Well, you certainly were working on him down there."

The day we got home—Gene and Sonny and I loved the Island so much we stayed on after Bob Young and Mr. and Mrs. Bo Bramson (Mrs. Bramson was an old school chum of Gene's) had left—Sonny and I went on to town, hoping to meet friends to whom we could show off our tans. Unfortunately it was midweek and we did not meet a soul we knew.

Gene chose a replica of the dress on the cover to wear to my engagement party. She had it made in beige. I wore a blue dotted Swiss.

"You stand in the dining room," she told me before the guests arrived. Her dining room is blue. "I'll stand in the living room." Her living room is brown and beige. Mother came in just then in a black and white print. "Mercy!" Gene cried, "I'm afraid, Mother, you'll have to stand in the powder room!" The powder room is in black and white tiles.

I'm sorry, in a way, that I won't be Gene's secretary any more now that I'm being married. I can truthfully say the last year has been fun. However, it's only since both Gene and I have become adult that we got on so well. When we were kids we didn't like each other, at all. Or if we did we didn't know it. And if anyone had prophesized then that I'd have Gene for a matron of honor at my wedding—from choice—I wouldn't have believed it.

THE END



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*Price slightly higher Denver and West.

(Continued from page 49) I was. When he left before we did, my heart sank.

Then what happened was that a taxi-driver outside said to Ted, "Know who's inside there? Betty Hutton, the blonde bombshell." Ted got it then. He went to a phone and called me. Two weeks later we were married. I never dreamed of the happiness I was letting myself in for.

In fact, less than a month later I would have said I'd let myself in for a mess of trouble. I wasn't having any fun. I thought Ted was a square because he knew nothing about show business. He thought I was a creep because I called everybody darling. I told him he was intolerant.

It didn't occur to me once that I was the one who was intolerant. I never thought that I was a square because show business was all I could talk about.

I know now that marriage is difficult enough at first for any girl, but it was especially difficult for me. I'd been bossing myself ever since I was eleven and started singing in the streets of Battle Creek, Michigan. I'd shoved and clawed my way up, through vaudeville, night clubs, movie-house shows and contests into pictures. If I'd only married a guy who was content to let me pay all the bills, do all the work, and have my way all the time, it would have been simple.

But Ted didn't think of me as Betty Hutton. He thought of me as his wife. Mrs. Briskin. Running the house for Mr. Briskin. Who paid the bills. And who was the boss and got his way.

We didn't quarrel those first few months, but that wasn't for lack of trying on my part. I got nowhere because Ted would just remain silent. He'd wait until I'd blown my top and then he'd say calmly, "Now, listen, darling." And so help me, I would listen. It was the weirdest sensation.

For I never had listened to anyone before that. I was hep to Hutton—and there I began and ended. But as Ted talked I began to get some understanding of the other fellow's viewpoint and emotions.

THERE was, for example, the matter of Ted's driving me down to the studio mornings and calling for me at the end of the day. We live in Brentwood, a tidy fifteen miles from Paramount. When I'm working I have to leave the house at six a.m. and I'm lucky if I'm back home fourteen hours later. I was used to having that morning drive alone, in order to think over the day's coming scenes. On the drive back I just huddled down behind the wheel in a state of complete mental exhaustion.

Teddy said, "Betty, when you're working, if I don't see you to and from the studio, I'll only see you when you're sleeping. Considering that you'll be on your pictures for two or three months at a stretch, that means we could easily drift apart. I'm not going to let that happen."

"But what about your own work?" I screamed. "Can you fit your hours to mine? Mine are too crazy."

"I've selected a plant site at Santa Monica," Ted said, calmly. "After I deliver you at the studio I can go back there and on my way from it, I can wash up at home, then pick you up."

At first there was nothing else I could do, and I boiled. But gradually I began to like it, because it was just so calming. It was something to rely on—not something I had to fight for or about. I was being treated like a woman, even a lady. I was not having to make a noise like a glamorous dynamo.

The next thing I had to straighten out were my friends, my so-called friends. Up until my marriage what I wanted to know was what you heard from the Hollywood

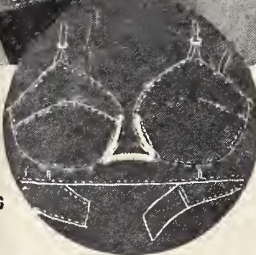


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crowd, so I had to have the crowd in to find out. And that way you find out strictly nothing. You tell the latest joke, you retail the latest scandal.

Ted didn't talk those people's language. He's a smart guy. He's only twenty-eight now but he's invented a camera that is the talk of the industry.

But at first, the subject bored me and plenty. Then I heard him talking to somebody like Henry Ginsberg, head of my own studio, and I noticed how Ginsberg and others were impressed. I also noticed how the money was rolling in from Ted's camera sales and similar smart ideas, and it began to dawn on me that there was more in life than worrying over which director I got.

IT'S sharp in show business to use the word "corn" and we tag it onto the sentimental things—Christmas, mother love, sunsets, fidelity. Ted was always doing things I would once have tagged corny. He remembered little anniversaries—and he remembered little gifts as well as big ones.

I'm crazy about robes, for instance, so I'd find myself getting a robe—to celebrate that we'd been married a month—or that we'd had St. Patrick's day—or that we'd been married two months—or any crazy thing. Then along with that, he'd crack out with something like a new Cadillac for my birthday, or gold jewelry which he knows I dote on.

But what got me were the cards that went with them. Did he write me clever messages? Nope. What he did was go into a drugstore and stand around for a couple of hours, reading over all the cards, getting me just exactly the right sentiment. That's sure corny—and it melted the heart right out of me to think that anybody would care that much about my happiness.

Then when I knew the baby was coming, I started acting corny and I didn't care who knew it. Not that so many did—for



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gradually getting away from the old group. We live very informally in a one-story house, with a pool out in the back yard and as I discovered listening, I also discovered who were our friends. I learned that if you had cynical people around you became cynical too, and couples who quarreled made you want to quarrel.

And as I quieted down, they began to go. And that was good. For the real friends gathered around then, the people who, like Ted, don't care about my being Betty Hutton, but like me for myself.

WHEN the baby came, she looked just like Teddy, meaning perfectly, beautiful. I named her Lindsay, after Lindsay Durand, who was bridesmaid at my wedding and is my best friend anywhere, but we nicknamed her "Buttercup." My mother said, "How can that be our baby? She's not blonde." But I'm so glad she has dark hair like her daddy, though she's gradually beginning to resemble me. Her eyes are absolutely black like Ted's and she's personality plus.

She's crazy about her daddy. He drives back from the plant every day to have lunch with her, and on Sundays when the nurse is off, we take care of her. Teddy puts on old dungarees, gets out a pipe and looks like heck. But Buttercup swings on his pipe and has a wonderful time.

I am so happy she is going to have a little brother or sister about April. I want to have my first two children close together and then we won't worry about the rest too much—though we want four at least.

I hope Buttercup wants to be an actress when she grows up. I think being in movies is a wonderful life for a girl. You can get mixed up—sure—but you get unscrambled when you meet somebody like my Ted.

You see, I've come to appreciate the guy. There's not a lazy bone in his body, or one frightened thought in his head. He's always calm and he has courage. I never can respect anybody who isn't smarter than I am—but he is—so I look up to him.

We go out a lot, because we both like a change of pace. But most of the time we just go by ourselves to corny little places, small restaurants with terrific food, or to look at the beach in the moonlight, or the movies and a drive-in. And it's such fun!

I love our silly little evenings together, Ted's and mine, but I guess I really appreciate Ted best when we get to a big brawl. For there's never any question of making me jealous. He's a family guy, who loves his wife and child.

How square can you be? And how corny? And how utterly wonderful?

Teddy is my present and my future. Being married to him has given me security in my heart. I used to make a picture and worry, "If this picture is bad, how am I going to eat." Now I'm not afraid. I know whatever happens we'll be together in it, with Buttercup, and what more do I want—but more Buttercups?

The laugh is, too, that now that I'm relaxed about my career, it's coming easier and I'm much better. It's so wonderful to have a home that is so calming and well-regulated, that outside of the studio I never give my work a second thought. Because Teddy taught me to listen and to understand the other fellow's emotions, I can now sit down and examine a character in a picture and understand it as I never could before. I know I never could have played *Georgiana* in "Dream Girl" unless I'd been Mrs. Briskin. Why, heavens to Betty, if this keeps on I may yet become a really dramatic actress.

Doesn't love lead to the darndest—most beautiful things? Real love, I mean?

THE END

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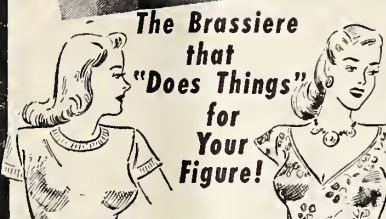
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by
VALDA SHERMAN

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(Advertisement)

Deborah

(Continued from page 68) But I wouldn't dream of saying such a thing, it would sound so presumptuous. The thing to do when I'm told I'm wonderful, is not to believe it. Of course I have to believe I can act, and while I'm doing it I know I can, but when it's done, I think, it's dreadful. I'm always shattered with nerves the first time I see myself on the screen. You see, I have a tremendous inferiority complex."

With youth, beauty, fame, love, everything a girl could want, Miss Kerr has an intense inferiority complex! And like most complexes, it started in her early childhood.

"I was five," Deborah says, "when I danced at the Guildford Town Hall in Sussex (England). I was a very solemn little thing, I never smiled much, and after the dance my teacher said, 'Go on, take a bow.' I went back and did a boy's bow. And there was a roar of laughter. I never forgot it. I cried for days and I still feel awful when I remember it!

"It's desperately hard for me to meet new people, I feel absolutely lost. When I go to parties, I creep in so that no one will see me and then I look desperately around for someone I know. I'm getting a little better lately. But I'll never like parties. Having a baby has given me a marvelous excuse to refuse party invitations."

IF Deborah is shy, her husband, former Wing Commander Anthony Bartley, is the complete opposite. He's typically English, but easy-going, a good mixer, very amusing and he's as popular in Hollywood as Deborah.

"We were married two years ago this November," Deborah says. "Tony gave me an awful scare at the wedding. Weeks before I'd told him, 'You know we really ought to look up what we'll have to say.' And he'd answer, 'Nonsense, I've been to lots of weddings. I know every word.' But he didn't! And I was frightfully nervous. I was so afraid I'd fall over my train."

Deborah doesn't need much prodding to tell you that her husband brought down fifteen German planes during the war, and about his medals.

Until he came to America, Commander Bartley, son of the famous barrister, Sir Charles Bartley, was a test pilot. But now that Deborah has a straight seven-year contract at Metro, "It's kind of definite," she says, "that we will have to live in Hollywood most of the time."

"And how about you?" I asked her husband. "Do you want to live in Hollywood?"

"I wouldn't mind it at all," Tony grins. "Having lived in thirty-six countries in the past six years, and roughing it with bad food, army cots to sleep on and every discomfort you can think of, I'm all for the food, comfort and climate of Hollywood." Tony appeared in a picture, "First of the Few," with the late Leslie Howard. He played himself, a pilot.

"But he doesn't want to be an actor," his wife interrupts. "He just couldn't emote to order." Instead Tony is hoping to work in movies in an executive capacity. He was what is called "an observer" on Deb's picture, "If Winter Comes." When he finds out which phase of the business he likes best, he'll apply for a job. "The main thing is for us to stay together," says Deb.

Deborah was not always as happy as she is now. For example, the time when Gabriel Pascal gave her her first chance in pictures—in "Major Barbara."

"I was eighteen or nineteen when I met Mr. Pascal," Debbie recounts. "He came

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ver to the table and dinner with friends, and said, 'Are you an actress? You have a spiritual face.' He told me to report the next day to the set of 'Major Barbara.' I had no idea what a movie was like. I didn't know whether the camera was behind me or in front of me. I couldn't coordinate the words with the action. And Mr. Pascal kept shouting at me, 'You're hopeless.'

"I sobbed, I cried, I vowed I'd never come back," Deborah continued. "But on the fourth day I finally caught on."

"I was the Salvation Army girl smacked by Robert Newton," she reminded me. "Pascal is a realist (nice way of putting it) and he went on with the scene until one in the morning. Each time I was slapped Mr. Pascal said, 'Wonderful!' And each time I was smacked I prayed, 'Please God, let it be all right for the next take.' Robert Newton is a big man, and all told, he hit me fourteen times on the face. After the thirteenth take the assistant director said, 'Gabby, she's had enough.' 'No,' Mr. Pascal shouted. 'She's young, she must suffer for her art!'"

Pascal and Debbie have had many a laugh over this incident. And today they are very good friends.

"He came to see me when he was in Hollywood," Debbie relates. "But he never behaves like anyone else. We saw a man prowling around the house and it was Gabby. He was walking around tapping at the window and saying, 'Allo, are you in?' It would have been too simple for him to have walked in at the door!"

DEBORAH was born in Helensburgh, a small village in Scotland. The year, 1921. As a child she never said like so many little girls, "I want to be an actress." And she rarely went to see movies. "At first I wanted to be a dancer but I grew too tall." (She is five-feet-six-and-a-half-inches in her stocking feet.)

"But, I remember that at eleven, I wanted to be a welfare worker for children! That's because a girl at school wanted to do that. A year later I wanted to be a veterinary because I liked dogs. I always had a passion for little things, babies and puppies." Now Deborah is in the seventh heaven of delight because she is expecting her own baby on Christmas Day.

Meantime, Deb knits cute little pink things for the baby. "I want to make enough woollens to keep the baby warm when we go to England in March." The trip is as much to show the child to its grandparents, as for Debbie to star for Metro in their British studio in "Young Bess." "We're going to have two children," she announces with a smile at her husband. "Then we'll stop and think about it."

Deb and Tony haven't yet decided on a name for the baby. "I wish," says Tony, "that we hadn't called our dog Jason—that would have been a wonderful name for a boy!"

At Metro, Deborah is not yet in the star row of dressing rooms. She will be when they have room. But it doesn't bother her. She is not the kind of girl to worry about *where* she is. She worries more about *what* she is. And here is a little story to illustrate that point.

When Deborah started work with Clark Gable in "The Hucksters," Gable's stand-in asked for her autograph. Deb, who thinks that anything connected with Gable is out of this world, signed her signature with a grand curlycue flourish. At the end of the picture, Clark presented Deb with a leather script cover, with her own curlycue signature embossed in gold. She blushed when she saw it. "It's always before me," says Deb, "as a reminder never to be vain again!"

THE END

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The Wilde Affair

(Continued from page 43) worked in too many pictures in the past three and one-half years. I have been exhausted and temperamental. Patricia has had her troubles. This does not make for happiness. So, we have decided the best thing to do is separate."

The rumors went from bad to bedlam. The Wildes were at Toyon Bay on Catalina Island, supposedly resting up for a week before going East to fulfill a summer stock engagement. There they came to their momentous, if not impulsive, decision. Hollywood yachtsmen sailed home with the news that over the weekend, Cornel had recklessly swum out to sea. Two boats, so the story goes, were sent out needlessly to rescue him.

Appreciating the depths of his ten-year devotion, it's plausible to believe a man of Cornel's great intensity might resort to such drastic action. It's not probable, however, and for reasons that are more than obvious. Cornel is an intelligent man and too analytical to resort to such an extreme measure to solve a situation. He also happens to be an excellent swimmer.

In those earlier days when he was struggling for recognition, oftentimes he'd drive to the beach and swim until physical exhaustion released the pressure of his pent-up emotion. Undoubtedly such were the circumstances in this case. But, his nautical adventure having been preceded by a quarrel (according to the island gossip), then topped by Cornel's announcement—it was only natural for Hollywood to jump to such a conclusion.

JUST a week preceding the Catalina episode, there was that party, jointly given by the Lewis Milestones, the John Hustons, and the Jean Negulescos. All Hollywood was there and all Hollywood enjoyed itself. Pat, looking even more radiant than usual, never missed a dance. Cornel, misapprehension lurking in his dark smoldering eyes, wandered about aimlessly and was unable to join in the festivities. Hollywood gossiped about it when notes were compared on the gay evening. Because Hollywood so believed in the solidity of the Wilde marriage, never once was it questioned. Never suspecting there might be repercussions, the whole interlude was dismissed lightly.

When it did happen, the opinions were varied and many as to what caused the Wilde separation. As in all similar situations, one person couldn't be completely responsible. Certainly no one particular action or deed could destroy the love and devotion of two people who have clung together with an almost fierce tenacity. Cornel and Pat naturally knew but were too hurt and concerned to discuss it publicly. Much as they appreciate any genuine interest, the sooner it all remains just a memory, the better they'll like it.

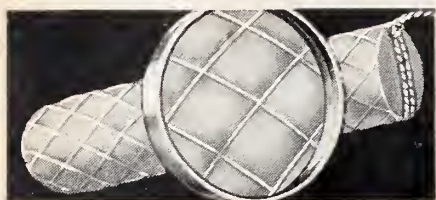
Marriage breakups, trial separations, divorces, aren't exactly a novelty in Hollywood. The Wilde affair, however, had such an unusual background that to this writer in particular it represents a challenge—a challenge to one's faith in people and a challenge to one's belief that fairness can win out.

More than any Hollywood couple I have ever known, it has been my belief that Pat and Cornel Wilde could weather any storm—together. Perhaps because I was there with them at the beginning, because I saw and fully appreciated those early struggles. Having witnessed their complete oblivion, shared in a small way some of their anguish and despair, it's hard to believe that anything today could grow so out of all proportion.



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Cornel himself has often referred publicly to our early-days relationship, so I betray no confidence. We met when both of us were working at Warner Bros. The Wildes were poor and terribly in debt. Several studios were mildly interested in Cornel, after witnessing his performance as *Tybolt*, in the Laurence Olivier-Vivien Leigh theater production of "Romeo and Juliet."

Cornel signed with Warners because he felt there was no one on the lot like him in appearance. His chances seemed better there. For six months he was wasted in bits and small parts, then dropped. High-strung, nervous, invariably taking medicine to quiet their nerves, the Wildes kept moving in the hopes of finding one place where sleep was possible. Cornel's Hungarian background further enhanced his brooding discontent. His inability to crash the Hollywood gates only added to the complete frustration he felt about Pat's welfare and future.

Perhaps it was this complete absorption that contributed to their brief undoing. Pat and Cornel clung to each other until it was almost as if they were one person. They seldom saw anyone. They went nowhere. One night I did induce them to have dinner at the Brown Derby. They were utterly miserable until they could escape the place and get back to their four walls again. Had Cornel kept his natural sense of humor, at least there might have been moments of pleasure during this privation period. He has a tendency towards pessimism. Pat in turn, tried to be optimistic. She seldom complained, except to resent Hollywood's indifference to her husband.

One night we were sitting in their one-room apartment at the Marsden, just off Hollywood Boulevard. Incidentally, it was this very apartment a kindly landlady offered to reduce, when they couldn't pay the \$65 rent! Low as he felt, Cornel had completed a script which he wanted me

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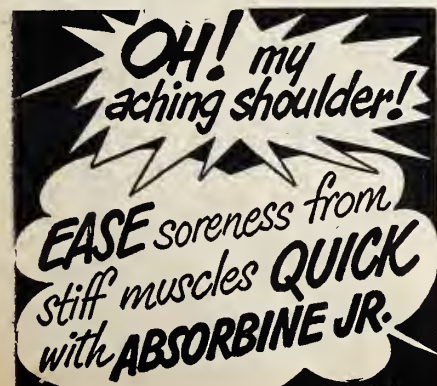
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to take to Bette Davis. How well I remember his saying:

"If I sell it, the first thing I'll do is buy a new dress for Pat. She's been wearing the same dresses for three years and it isn't fair. Pat has a wonderful talent and she's subordinating it all for me. She is just as ambitious as I am, so why should she have to stifle her feelings any more than I do? There is nothing I could ever do for Pat that would make up for what she's been through with me. If I click first, I'll never be happy until Pat has had her chance too."

Thus disqualified is the general impression that after his hit, Cornel was goaded on by Pat who insisted on sharing the spotlight too. It is no secret that he *did* hammer away at directors and executives in Pat's behalf. He *did* make himself unpopular upon occasion; one in particular when it got about that a cameraman at Twentieth who was testing Pat walked off the set because Cornel, in his anxiety, kept interfering.

Pat was ambitious and is ambitious today. Neither her home, her little girl, a magnificent car, clothes, jewels and furs have ever quite made up for an acting ambition that remained unsatisfied. But Cornel wanted it for her too and to this end he devoted his life. At first Hollywood couldn't believe it. Two careers under one roof, at best, is a pretty pressing proposition. And here was Cornel asking for it, insisting on it, practically mowing down anyone who presented the slightest obstacle.

Eventually, after Cornel made his sensational hit in "Song to Remember," Pat was signed at Twentieth. At the end of the year she asked for her release. Some said it was the parts offered her which Cornel never considered worthy of his wife's talents. Maybe he was right; perhaps in his great altruism he was carried away to the point of losing perspective. "Margie," a popular success, is one picture, for example, on which Pat is supposed to have preferred taking a suspension rather than do.

No one has worked harder than Cornel. Grateful as he's been it does seem as if his success came just a bit too late for that terrific feeling of fulfillment. The studios have worked him so constantly that Cornel has had little time to be with Pat. When there was a spare day or two, he was usually so exhausted they'd slip out of town for a much-needed rest. When he was an unknown, they were together constantly and had little to share but themselves. With fame and fortune, they acquired all the worldly goods and no time to enjoy it together. From where we sit, it's no small miracle that their lives coordinated as long as they did.

Reversing the usual order of things, if Pat's career clicks on her own endeavors it should strengthen the Wilde marriage, now that they are together again. Cornel and Pat have invested too great a part of themselves in each other to stop sharing dividends permanently.

Knowing them as I do, it's inconceivable that they could ever be anything but together—always.

THE END

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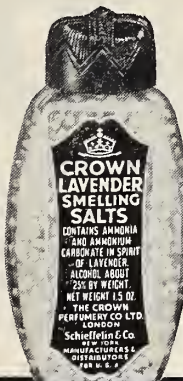
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Open Letter to Guy and Gail

(Continued from page 67) slurring of the "s." "Yesh, I do." But instead of taking exception, you merely grin the satisfied grin of a man who knows a secret.

But no secret, Guy, is that plain gold wedding ring you wear. You're proud to wear it because Gail gave it to you. You even display the engraving inside: "From This Day Forward." Those words were the title of a motion picture about the trials of a young couple in love who marry despite the odds against them. Mark Stevens and Joan Fontaine played the married sweethearts, remember, and like other movie fans you two went alone to the picture. It must have impressed you deeply, for your ring Guy, that plain gold wedding band, carries its title in tiny gold carving inside.

And what about your wedding ring, Gail? Oh, yes, you have one too! It fits the top of a pill bottle you keep in your purse. Guy gave you that ring, but so far you haven't worn it in public. It's a gold wedding band too, waiting—for what, Gail? A marriage ceremony ahead? Or does it signify one that's already taken place? You say, "No, no, not a marriage that's taken place!" But when we ask "when—why" you smile as if you were nursing a secret that can't be shared.

Most couples in love seldom stop to analyze why they love each other. What makes yours a one-in-a-million romance is that you two know.

Gail says she loves you, Guy, because you're sincere. She explains that in a town where a single man is expected to date a different belle every night, for the sake of publicity if for no other reason, you never look at another girl.

Now that's exceptional, isn't it? Because your studio might well be anxious that you crash the columns and keep before the public as much as possible, even with Gail's knowledge and understanding. But she's right. You don't. Isn't it because you've found the only girl you want to be linked with for the rest of your life? And doesn't that plain gold band on your hand indicate it?

But what's your answer? A sidelong glance, that famous grin and—"She knows doggone well I'm a one-woman man."

NEVERTHELESS, you're not always so indirect; not when you say, "I love her because she has a heart. She cares about people, she's generous, sentimental, and kind and I love it. She's not like some of these girls around here who think only of themselves."

And he's right, Gail. Remember how I admired a purse you carried one day, and then and there you emptied its contents into a napkin and handed the bag to me? And how Guy overrode my protests? "Don't stop her," he said. "It's all a part of why I love her."

He gets such a kick when you open that fat wallet of yours to reveal pictures, keepsakes, cards—anything that has to do with another's kindness. The card that accompanied the tiny cross sent you as a gift from Carole Landis, and mate of the one Guy wears. And the old snapshots, and a thank-you note from Guy's mother.

"Gail's goodies," Guy calls them, as delighted as if you were a kid. And then he adds, "But nothing of mine in there. You see how it is?"

But there is something of his, of course. Not in the wallet, but in a separate little cloth bag kept always with you and in the bag is the highest award a man out here can really bestow on the girl he loves—a small



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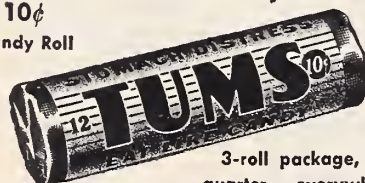


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gold Oscar, an exact replica of the coveted Academy Award Oscar. On its base is inscribed: "Because you have a heart."

You've made so many adjustments that only people seriously in love try to make. Because you love to dance, Gail, Guy has become a pretty good dancer. Of course, neither of you care a lot about night-clubbing, but when you do go, you have fun.

And that's another thing—there seems never to be a moment of boredom between you. You've kept your romance gay and wonderfully alive and free of the usual jealousies that befog so many sweethearts.

And because Guy's favorite sport is archery, you, Gail, spent hours practicing with bow and arrow in your back yard. Today you're almost as good at hunting with the bow and arrow as Guy. And it pleases him to have you take off with him along about four o'clock each afternoon when the rabbits come out of the hills back of Chatsworth. In dungarees and sport shirts, you both tramp about popping off enough rabbits to keep Guy in rabbit stew for a month. And afterwards it's fun to stop in at a little cafe and listen to the juke box and later have dinner. The kind of fun only two people in love can appreciate.

Like the time Guy decided to have a crew haircut, and you, Gail, said you could give a better crew cut than the barber. So with a towel around his neck, you hacked and cut, while Guy kept muttering, "I don't think Mr. Selznick is going to like this."

But it was a pretty good haircut, at that.

Then there's his faith in you, Gail! He believes you the greatest actress, the greatest painter. Everything you do has his beaming approval. Your sketches and your watercolors are to him the best.

And the way he calls you "Gailie" when speaking of your recent illness. "Yes, sir, Gailie is fine now." And we know he means your recovery from that dark brooding melancholy, born of shyness, that bordered on neurosis. I knew you then, Gail, and I can hardly believe you're the same girl—so well, so happy, so alive and so in love.

So you see why your fans love the idea of your romance. Why they feel their approval gives them the right to know straight from you both the truth about the marriage rumors. They'll settle for a marriage without the rumors.

Yours sincerely, Sara
THE END

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Portrait in Quicksilver

(Continued from page 71) and scholar; gay man-about-town—moody and hyper-sensitive; equally jovial and relaxed. The life of any party and a worrier when he works.

One room in his studio dressing room suite is ultra-conservative, boasts his two beloved antique lamps with the lapis lazuli bases he bought with the first big money he earned. The inner dressing room is all done up in red-striped wallpaper and strictly carnival motif. His eight-foot studio bed at home, surrounded as it is by tiled furniture, dares a yellow quilted spread. And his collection of valuable Boudin paintings must feel chastened by the cherished cream-colored Ford convertible with the red trim that he drives.

Concerning his more serious side, Cary's perfected the art of worrying along with everything else. He does it very well. Acutely sensitive to the feelings of others, he worries exaggeratedly about any word or act of his that might be misinterpreted and hurt the person involved. He worries about the international chaos in the headlines and will stop reading his morning newspaper because reading it makes him too depressed. He keeps a little black book always with him in which he notes long lists of things he's promised to do. A request for a picture or a promise to call somebody the next morning at ten. And he spends from one to two hours daily clearing his book. The guy who never thought he'd hear from him again gets a ring at 9:59, "This is Cary. I said I'd call..."

HE TAKES his work even more seriously and worries about a picture from the opening shot until it breaks all box-office records and the rave reviews come in.

Henry Koster, who directed him in the Samuel Goldwyn production, "The Bishop's Wife," and who has great admiration for Grant's "tremendous talent," echoes a common directorial sentiment. "Cary's a thinking man. If you convince him that you're right, you have to prove why, and if you can't show him... then you start all over again," he laughed.

Why he worries so much over minute details, with all of his stature and some thirteen years of successful hits behind him, is a matter of conjecture. It could be a deep feeling of insecurity carried over from his early years of hardships, when he lived on hot dogs and fifty cents a day. Sometimes, in reminiscing about the stilt-walking stanza, he says he used to walk in fear, constantly afraid some hoodlums would run between his legs, knock him down and break his knees, and that he wouldn't be able to find an acting job when the Broadway season opened again in the fall.

Or it could be that he doesn't place enough value on what he's achieved. That he's still reaching for the ultimate... and doesn't realize he's practically up to his dimpled chin in it right now.

Cary's versatility has been unanimously acclaimed, what with his underplaying in "Notorious," his brash yet sensitive role in "None But the Lonely Heart," his wide-open comedy in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer," to name three.

He's recognized as one of the finest comedians in films, and by many as the greatest pantomime artist since Chaplin.

Irving Reis, who directed him in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer," praises Cary's rare gift of timing and facial reactions. "He can express more with one flick of an eyelash than most players can with a page of dialogue," he says. And Myrna Loy, who's starring with him again at RKO in "Mr. Blandings Builds His

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Dream House," is equally enthusiastic.
Cary has been perfecting his pantomime
since the age of thirteen, when he ran
away from home to join a vaudeville
troupe. He used to stand in the theater
wings studying the comedians, analyzing
their facial reactions, why they got their
laughs. From the first he wanted more
than anything to be a headline low
comedian, a character with balloon pants
and size fifteen shoes. He talked about it
for years, but got little encouragement
from the old hands. "It's no use, son,"
they'd say, studying his handsome features
sorrowfully. "You'll never make it. You'll
have to be a leading man."

So he resigned himself to his fate!

Cary loves to give presents and shops
for them very thoughtfully. On one occa-
sion he practically started a straw-hat cir-
cuit in Palm Springs when he did a little
ad libbing on a brown straw number he
bought for his hostess, Mrs. William
Powell, while visiting their desert home.
Choosing one of those "farmerette" type
brimmed hats, Cary had the clerk take
the crown out and fill it in with fresh flow-
ers, then sent it to Diane for an Easter
bonnet. When the Hollywood girls saw
hers they wanted one like it and the
brown-straw market went up.

IT WAS his faultless manners which first
impressed his old friend, Don Barclay,
a skilled Hollywood caricature artist and
actor. Barclay headlined the vaudeville
show in Ipswich, England, in which thir-
teen-year-old Cary first appeared when
he ran away from home to join a troupe of
acrobats. Scared and inexperienced as he
was, he stood out from all the others "be-
cause he was so polite, such a little gentle-
man," says Don. Later when Cary came
to America he worked as Barclay's
straight man in vaudeville and has some
of their old bills in a scrapbook at home.
They read, "DON BARCLAY," and in
very small print, "assisted by Archie
Leach." Cary threatens to have one of them
engraved on Don's cigarette case with the
added inscription, "This is to remind you
... not me."

Although he started in show business
before completing his education, Cary
has given himself a master's degree in
philosophy, history, and literature. He's
an avid reader, has an inquiring mind and
a photographic memory. He has a deep
appreciation and understanding of music
and the fine arts, is a fair pianist himself.
He possesses a valuable art collection
including a Utrillo and some carefully
chosen English sporting prints which are
hung in the dark-paneled library of his
Bel-Air home.

Most people—those who don't see him
when he worries—know Grant as the gay-
est guy in all Hollywood. For there are
many days when he rides on top of the
world, fairly pushing it along.

This is the Cary who's always giving
studio personnel a ride to work. The Cary
who forgets his house key and greets his
English housekeeper who opens the door
for him with a bland, "Trick or treat?"

Who gets a bang out of confusing the
crew on the set of "The Bishop's Wife"
with a mind-reading act he's worked out
with Loretta Young.

Hollywood hostesses agree that Cary is
a gay and gracious person, who always
enters enthusiastically into the spirit of
any evening, whether it involves serious
conversation, showing a movie or a home
musical.

On the latter occasion he can't resist
joining Skitch Henderson as a piano team.
He gives out with his full repertoire of
Cockney songs and sings duets with his
good pal, Rosalind Russell, usually their
own corny, if stirring rendition of "Good-

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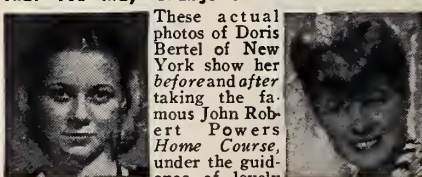
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bye-ee," an English song of the first World War.

Cary's hobbies are his work and traveling. He talks with a far-away look about a picturesque little town in Italy he's visited, a drive through the Riviera, a trip he plans to Rio or the Orient.

He loves to meet interesting people, all kinds of people. He gets claustrophobia from the barriers imposed by being a celebrity, and would like to be able to mingle more. To be able to go in and out of stores chatting with clerks and looking over all the merchandise, instead of entering through back doors and being cloistered in a manager's office while a few chosen articles are brought to him.

He likes to drive through small towns, to linger a little passing the time of year with the man who owns the filling station and the soda jerker at the drugstore.

He believes in an international corner drugstore where all peoples can put their elbows on the counters and order ideas on the house.

And Cary's current dream is to help provide such a common meeting place through the medium of international pictures. For he believes travel is a passport to peace. On his recent trip to England he completed plans with Alexander Korda for a series of pictures to be shot in various European locales, in which he will play a visiting American who explains his country's customs to them and brings back their customs to us.

Cary is deeply interested in philosophy, particularly that of old Indian philosophers, in the beliefs of the Buddhists and the Taoists and their faith in retribution.

This faith echoes in some measure Cary's own creed . . . you get what you earn.

He has his own philosophy of Hollywood too, in which he compares motion pictures to a street car with only seats enough for so many. Somebody gets pushed off. Somebody stays.

If Hollywood is such a street car, we say this gentleman Grant has earned the pink slip on a front seat.

THE END

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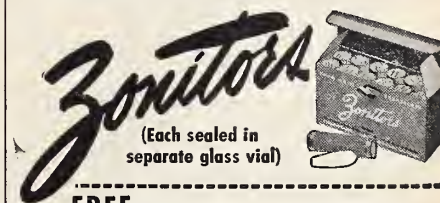
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Brief Reviews (Continued from page 37)

✓**FIESTA**—M-G-M: Lively Technicolor happenings down in Mexico including gay bullfights and symphony concerts, centering around Esther Williams and her twin brother newcomer Ricardo Montalban. There's Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova and Akim Tamiroff to help carry this off successfully. (Sept.)

✓**GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A different and diverting piece about ghost Rex Harrison who doesn't like the idea of Mrs. Gene Tierney Muir coming to live in his former home. He haunts her; they get romantic; George Sanders gets delightfully wolfish, Edna Best and Vanessa Brown are there, along with bright comedy touches. (Aug.)

✓**GOLDEN EARRINGS**—Paramount: Quentin Reynolds plays himself to track down the story of why British Colonel Ray Milland's ears are pierced. It's some story, featuring Marlene Dietrich as a dirty-faced gypsy and Murvyn Vye as a hawny chorister. Different enough to be a fair time-passer. (Oct.)

✓**GREEN FOR DANGER**—Eagle-Lion: Alastair Sim as Inspector Cockrill straightens out a murderous mix-up with white-clad doctors Trevor Howard and Leo Genn making good suspects. Rosamund John and Sally Gray are the nurses; the British plot will give you shivers if you're a mystery-lover. (Aug.)

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS—Nebenzal-UA: Bob Cummings sprouts some invisible wings and comes down to earth as the Archangel Michael to straighten out the life of bad man Brian Donlevy. Despite the wings this is just another Western with Jorja Curt-right looking exotically out of place. (Sept.)

✓**HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS**—Columbia: A light touch of nonsense about the married life of advertising couple Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, this has some big laughs about bigger black beards and Edward Everett Horton. Larry Parks bows in briefly. (Oct.)

HIT PARADE OF 1947—Republic: Headliners of the entertainment world; Joan Edwards, Eddie Albert, Constance Moore and Gil Lamh turn in another musical about show business that's not hard to take. Woody Herman and orchestra swing in. (Aug.)

✓✓**HUCKSTERS, THE**—M-G-M: Quick and to the satirical point is this remake of the best-seller with Clark Gable as the advertising "Huckster" and English Deborah Kerr the lady who can resist a sales talk. Sydney Greenstreet, Ava Gardner and Adolphe Menjou help get the laughs and the whole business will sell itself to you with ease. (Sept.)

✓✓**I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW**—20th Century-Fox: Well-turned as a Gay Nineties leg is this Technicolor musical about the life of composer Joe E. Howard. Mark Stevens, June Haver, Lenore Aubert and Martha Stewart dress it up; the songs and Reginald Gardiner's clowning add the finishing touches to a dandy musical. (Sept.)

✓**IVY**—Universal-International: "Ivy," despite Joan Fontaine's deft manipulations, doesn't give you as many chills as she should. A lady who's bent on getting somewhere by using men and is a murderess to boot should have you feeling more than lukewarm pity. Despite nice performances by Herbert Marshall, Richard Ney and Patric Knowles you'll still just go along with it—and mildly at that. (Sept.)

✓**LIVING IN A BIG WAY**—M-G-M: The be-all of this fairly chuckly little story about veterans' housing is dancer Gene Kelly who does some pretty footwork all the way through. Marie McDonald and Phyllis Thaxter are the gals. (Sept.)

✓**LONG NIGHT, THE**—RKO: You'll keep rather dreary vigil with Henry Fonda in the room he refuses to leave after he's committed murder. Barbara Bel Geddes and Ann Dvorak try and convince him to better face the police but before he does you'll hear the whole and rather depressing story of why he killed off slimy Vincent Price. (Sept.)

LURED—Stromberg-UA: This is all fairly handsome hokum conducted by Lucille Ball, George Sanders and Boris Karloff. "The Yard" is in the background trying to clear up some murders, but when all's dramatically said and done it's still just a *papier mâché* mystery. (Sept.)

✓**MERTON OF THE MOVIES**—M-G-M: Red Skelton takes over the famous Merton and brings him up to date in a nice little comedy that's on the slapstick side. Virginia O'Brien keeps it all lighthearted and Alan Mowbray, Gloria Grahame and Leon Ames play around in their old flicker-day roles. (Oct.)

✓✓**MIRACLE ON 34th ST.**—20th Century-Fox: A hit takes over with Edmund Gwenn making a magnificent Santa Claus in a film that shouldn't be missed. John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood and Macy's and Gimbel's are all in there pitching fast; there's plenty of comedy to keep you chuckling and send you home cheering. (Aug.)

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Charles Chaplin presents a picture that's aroused more curiosity than a dozen thrillers. It's brilliant in spots with touches of the old Chaplin genius, but the theme of excusing murder on economic grounds is questionable. You may not like the film, but you'll love scene-stealer Martha Raye. (Aug.)

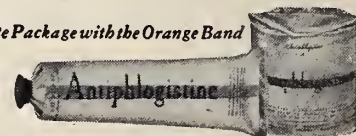
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✓**MOSS ROSE**—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature looks tall, dark and enigmatic in this murder mystery that has Peggy Cummins, Vincent Price and Ethel Barrymore to spice it up. Plot and people are fairly credible; there are some chills from the murders, lots of thrills from Mature. (Aug.)

PATIENT VANISHES, THE—Film Classics: James Mason in his old English role of detective *Nick Cardby* plays around at sleuthing in a weak mystery. If you just can't do without Mason you may like a look at him in his younger days, otherwise, don't bother. (Aug.)

✓✓**POSSESSED**—Warners: Scaled to adult size, this is the grim study of the approach of insanity in Joan Crawford's mind. Van Heflin and Raymond Massey help put over strongly a picture that is more psychological study than entertainment. Crawford turns in a stirring performance. (Aug.)

RED STALLION, THE—Eagle Lion: Small fry will probably love this business about a big horse named "Red" and his young owner Ted Donaldson who saves *Grandma's* ranch right at the last moment. Older audiences can pass with no regrets. (Oct.)

✓**REPEAT PERFORMANCE**—Eagle-Lion: Rather a different little idea in this: i.e., that a girl has the chance to live over one year of her life again. Seeing as how Joan Leslie shot husband Louis Hayward the first time, you may be interested in seeing how she fares on her second run. (Sept.)

✓**ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE, THE**—M-G-M: Van Johnson gets mixed up in the feud that went on down in the Ozarks after the Civil War. There's real music in that hill-billy accent, plus O. A. Whitehead, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle and Janet Leigh to keep the story running along. (Sept.)

✓✓**ROOSEVELT STORY, THE**—Tola Productions: A series of newsreel clips takes on the feeling of a narrative film to recount the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt from the time of his marriage. Whether you're a Roosevelt man or no, you'll be intensely moved. (Sept.)

SADDLE PALS—Republic: Another Autry episode with Gene and the Cass County Boys fighting a rent rise and taming Lynne Roberts. (Sept.)

✓✓**SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, THE**—Goldwyn: Danny Kaye turns up as the daydreaming Mitty of Thurber's famous short story, adds a few plot and personal twists and with the help of Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, Virginia Mayo and Boris Karloff makes this a leader. (Oct.)

✓**SOMETHING IN THE WIND**—Universal-International: Deanna Durbin is a disk jockey eager to find out why John Dall thinks she was mixed up with his grandfather. There are some excellent songs as usual from Miss Durbin including a chuckleful duet with Jan Peerce. Donald O'Connor ducks in and out of this fairly interesting piece. (Oct.)

SPOILERS OF THE NORTH—Republic: Trouble, trouble in this one about salmon-fishing up in Alaska. Paul Kelly's a crooked operator; James A. Millican is his good and honest brother who wins out in the end. Evelyn Ankers is a cool and calm city gal, but everyone's talents are wasted. (Aug.)

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME—RKO: You can sit with the jury while the accused, Robert Young, tells of his treatment of wife Rita Johnson, his conniving with bad girl Susan Hayward and philandering with Jane Greer. After you've been interested by his story, you can decide the verdict. (Aug.)

✓✓**UNFAITHFUL, THE**—Warners: Hard-hitting and suspenseful, this has Ann Sheridan doing a good job as the week-old bride whose husband Zachary Scott goes overseas for three years. Unfaithfulness leads to a murder charge with Lew Ayres as the lawyer. Thoughtful movie-goers will like it. (Aug.)

✓**VARIETY GIRL**—Paramount: The history of the Variety Club, "heart of show business," is the novel idea behind this. Everyone in Paramount makes a bow at some time or other, with Crosby and Hope leading the parade. Mary Hatcher and Olga San Juan center the theme adequately. (Sept.)

✓✓**WEB, THE**—Universal-International: A fast-moving film with fast dialogue bantered by lawyer Edmond O'Brien, suave crookster Vincent Price, smart secretary Ella Raines and that sure-fire character Bill Bendix. (Sept.)

WILD HARVEST—Paramount: Alan Ladd and his toughminded harvesting crew, including Robert Preston and Lloyd Nolan, roll over the wheat fields in those big new combines that are fun to watch. Not so much fun is the high-heeled maneuvering of Dorothy Lamour who, certainly, never belonged on a farm. Things get pretty ludicrous whenever the big machines aren't roaring. (Oct.)

WINTER WONDERLAND—Republic: There's a ski ballet starring Lynne Roberts and Charles Drake, a daring rescue from a cavern and some fancy skating in this tale about life in a resort. If you're a winter sports enthusiast, you may enjoy it. (Aug.)

WYOMING—Republic: Big rancher Bill Elliott fights the Homestead Act, but daughter Vera Ralston and John Carroll think the law's right. This runs along inconspicuously on the tried-and-true Western trail with Albert Dekker, Mme. Ouspenskaya. (Aug.)

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Lines on Lon

(Continued from page 58) surf. The candlelight always gives Ann a particular charm, he feels.

Afterwards there was a walk on the sand, an impulsive choice of a movie, a stop in a drive-in for juicy hamburgers and coffee and more talk about their latest discoveries about life. Time steals by until, parked in front of Ann's apartment, she'll self-accusingly gasp, "It's late, Lon! Now good night. I've got to get some sleep!" Being a night owl who's never had a guilty twinge about enjoying after-midnight hours most, he is given to retorting, "You mean it's so early now!"

Ask Lon McCallister about girls in general, and Ann specifically, and he will tell you they have a great deal in common. But, he adds frankly, "We're not in love. I've never been in love yet. I've concentrated on getting a start in the movies, and on acquiring as good an education as possible."

Lon and Ann aren't the night-club type, so they met, ironically enough, at Ciro's. The occasion was a press party both had to attend. The only vacant chair Lon could find was at Ann's table. Already a distant admirer of her looks and acting ability, he was intrigued by her off-screen personality. Her reaction was similar.

Lon is a native of modern Los Angeles and college educated. His youthful face got him cast as a high-school senior on his return from war. He's never been on a farm. But now in "Bob, Son of Battle," he's convincing as a high-tempered sheepherder, tossing in an authentic Scottish accent and playing a violin besides. Next in "Summer Lightning" he'll be rural again.

Ann, in turn, has scored on the screen as a wilful girl causing plenty of trouble. That she's made her dent by being the dramatically defiant sort is ironic. Literally she's an unusually nice girl with no vices, gifted at portraying characters whose motivation she must mentally and emotionally estimate.

They like to walk down Hollywood Boulevard and since they happen to live only a block apart and three blocks above the Boulevard, they do this when they haven't time to take off for the beach. They are rarely recognized because Lon looks

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like any college boy and Ann also has a campus air "She doesn't want people to stare at her. Ann wants to save her acting ability for each role she rates. So she's fun!" Lon enthuses.

You might suppose these two talk incessantly of their respective careers. Both of them actually act in their movies, they're not just being themselves. But they never talk shop.

"We both think of acting quite unhygienically," Lon says. "It is an acquired, skilled trade we're both learning and we agree you improve a technique only by practice and not by forever talking about it. We don't think waiting for inspiration has any bearing—that is wishful reliance on others to put you across. Nursing moods before and after a scene strikes us both as phony stuff. We don't ham it up at all. And I haven't even discussed this; we just sense each other's professional attitude."

ANN definitely is one of Lon's favorite people—even though he dates other girls too; Cathy Downs, Nancy Walker, Allene Roberts and Peggy Ann Garner, so far as "names" go. And any day now, Eeta Linden, who's not news so far, will arrive in Hollywood for a long-anticipated visit.

"Eeta had a small part in the U.S.O.'s production of 'What a Life' and when that troupe came to Alaska I was assigned as their Army guide. They staged the play for the troops in Anchorage, Fairbanks and Nome. I'll never forget the laughs Eeta and I had over hot cakes in the Log Cabin in Fairbanks. Or the afternoon we went swimming in an Alaskan lake."

Lon looked her up in New York City, where her home is, when his studio sent him East last winter. She was every bit as gay and bright as he'd remembered her. He proudly took her to a lavish film premiere, introducing her to Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara and the other Hollywood people there for it. "I had to rent a tux, and she rented a fur coat," Lon says with a smile, "and we reveled in our temporary finery."

Lon's new apartment house looks down a hillside onto the exact center of Hollywood. He sold his Malibu house, bought with his first movie earnings, because it nearly tripled in value in four years and, being a shrewd business man, he couldn't ignore that. He's invested in a triplex, living on the top floor himself with his mother and grandparents. "I'm not too tied to my folks," he insists. "I'd really rather live alone now, but I can't afford it yet. Besides, the folks shared the bad times and the slowly arriving good times, and we love each other."

"We climb these sixty-six steps feeling mighty lucky we have them to puff up." A poker table sits there permanently, with his portable typewriter usually parked on it because he has an aversion to a conventional desk. Shelves full of his books flank both sides of the huge stone fireplace. He spends more on records and books than on any other hobby.

"When I marry I hope I don't turn out Surface Stuff. I try to be my true self on dates so a girl knows where I stand. I admit frankly I'm avoiding social life. I was an only child and love it. I've never been lonely, can be by myself quite happily. I hate cocktail parties and I'm conservative. Because my family lost all their money when I was six, mother was untrained for the work she had to do from then on, and we had a tough time of it. I began as an extra at fourteen and didn't get my first bit part until I was seventeen. I did two years of small roles before I was even considered eligible for a lead. I believe very emphatically in a college education, even for an actor, so I had to sandwich mine in with the movie progress.

"They say you have to put on 'front' in Hollywood. I don't. I don't buy anything on time, go without luxuries until I can afford them. I want investments that'll tide over any lack of work in the future. I intend to provide for my family. After I branch out on my own, Mother will have this building and the income from it."

"I don't attempt to prove I'm like I am in the movies. I sometimes am—and in many ways I'm not. If a girl's going to be disappointed in me, she might as well take it on the chin fast and look elsewhere. I assume traits foreign to myself only when a role calls for them."

Lon's still recalling the evening he and Ray Sperry, his best friend and now his stand-in, double-dated Peggy Ann Garner and Barbara Whiting. "I'm no cradle-snatcher," Lon grins. "I'm that creature I once used to object to; an older boy! While I was away the girls I knew of my own age all seemed to get married. Peggy Ann's mature for her age and it's natural to step out with a girl doing a film with you. Those two girls wore Ray and me out that particular night. We made a tour of the beach concessions and couldn't keep up with their pep. 'Now that you are out with an Older Man you'll have to stop stuffing candy and popcorn all at once,' I told Peggy Ann. After which you should have seen me in that Spitfire plane she chose for our next ride. I even broke my glasses before we could climb out!"

He is still in the phase where he can be attracted by the best of every type. Cathy Downs's gentility impresses him. "She was America's highest-paid model, but she has the thoughtfulness and good breeding the ambitious frequently consider unimportant. Cathy has earned her opportunity. She had a terrific struggle to regain her beauty after a bad childhood break—and how she's come through!"

Lon points out that Allene Roberts sensibly returned to her senior year in high school after scoring in her first film. "We'll be doing another picture together this year. Meantime, she's smart to continue school. Allene's not a clinging-vine, either. She's intelligent, and she's going far."

He contends feminine charm isn't dependent on fame or money. His appreciation of its infinite varieties is evidenced by his hilarious times with Nancy Walker, the Broadway musical comedy star. Her hail-fellow boisterousness appeals strongly to his own awareness of pompousness. He tries to top her gags, and confesses that astounding Nancy is a big order.

He's had one gala trip to New York since the war, being sent there in style to meet the metropolitan press. He gifted Ray Sperry with a free jaunt-of-a-lifetime. They've been buddies since they met as extras when fourteen, and that long ago they resolved that whichever of them hit the big time first would treat the other to such a spree. Since Lon got to New York a number of times while in uniform, he had dozens of sights to show Ray. In their three weeks' stay they missed practically nothing. By the time the two flew home they were anxious to just lie on the beach in the California sunshine.

"I'm not even thinking of marriage yet," Lon says. "I want to feel more mature before I fall in love, because I won't take a wife lightly. I think divorce is a failure you inflict on someone else along with yourself. I intend to focus on being the right sort of husband when I make that step. Until then, I want my girl friends to know me as I honestly am."

His telephone was ringing furiously as I started down his sixty-six steps. "Hello, Ann!" he was replying. He told me he has no line. It strikes me that in all Hollywood he's the one with the grandest one.

THE END

Casts of Current Pictures

DESIRE ME—M-G-M: *Marise Aubert*, Greer Garson; *Paul Aubert*, Robert Mitchum; *Jean Renaud*, Richard Hart; *Martin*, Morris Ankrum; *Father Donard*, George Zucco; *Dr. André Leclair*, Cecil Humphreys; *Postman*, David Hoffman.

FOXES OF HARROW, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Stephen Fox*, Rex Harrison; *Odalie*, Maureen O'Hara; *Andre*, Richard Haydn; *Mike Farrel*, Victor McLaglen; *Aurore*, Vanessa Brown; *Desiree*, Patricia Medina; *The Vicomte*, Gene Lockhart; *Sean Fox*, Charles Irwin; *Otto Ludenbach*, Hugo Haas; *Master of Harrow*, Dennis Hoey; *Tom Warren*, Roy Roberts; *St. Ange*, Marcel Journet; *Achille*, Kenneth Washington; *Zerline*, Helen Crozier; *Josh*, Sam McDaniel; *Angelina*, Libby Taylor; *Little Inch* (age 6), Renee Beard; *Tante Calen*, A. C. Bilbrew; *Belle*, Suzette Harbin; *Etienne Fox* (age 6), Perry William Ward; *Ty Demon*, William Walker; *Mrs. Warren*, Mary Currier; *Little Inch* (age 3), Clear Nelson Jr.; *Etienne* (age 3), James Lagano; *Maspero*, Henri Letondal; *Dr. Lefevre*, Jean Del Val.

LOUISIANA—Monogram: *Jimmie Davis*, Himself; *Alvern Adams*, Margaret Lindsay; *Charlie Mitchell*, John Gallaudet; *Jimmie Davis* (boy), Ralph Freeto; *Mrs. Davis*, Mary Field; *Mr. Davis*, Eddy Waller; *Henderson*, Andrew Toombes; *Tomlin*, Tristram Coffin; *Miss Symington*, Edna Holland; *Mrs. Duprez*, Dorothy Granger; *Judge*, Ben Erway; *Laura*, Doty Brown; *Nielson*, Alan Edwards; *Fred Astor*, Russell Hicks; *Bartender*, Larry Rio; *Gambler*, Allen Mathews; *Old Timer*, Lee "Lasses" White; *Justin Jeffery*, Bill Kennedy; *Politician*, Eddie Dunn; *Politician*, Ray Teal; *Policeman*, Stanley Blystone.

OUT OF THE PAST—RKO: *Jeff*, Robert Mitchum; *Kathie*, Jane Greer; *Whit*, Kirk Douglas; *Meta Carson*, Rhonda Fleming; *Jim*, Richard Webb; *Fisher*, Steve Brodie; *Ann*, Virginia Huston; *Joe*, Paul Valentine; *The Kid*, Dickie Moore; *Eels*, Ken Niles.

RIDE THE PINK HORSE—Universal-International: *Gagin*, Robert Montgomery; *Pancho*, Thomas Gomez; *Carlo*, Ritz Conde; *Maria*, Iris Flores; *Pila*, Wanda Hendrix; *Mr. Edison*, Grandon Rhodes; *Bell-boy*, Tito Renaldo; *Jonathan*, Richard Gaines; *Margorie*, Andrea King; *Bill Retz*, Art Smith; *Barkeeper*, Martin Garralaga; *Locke*, Edward Earle; *Red*, Harold Goodwin; *Elevator Girl*, Maria Cortez; *Hugo*, Fred Clark.

ROBIN HOOD OF TEXAS—Republic: *Gene Autry*, Himself; *Virginia*, Lynne Roberts; *Droopy*, Sterling Holloway; *Julie Reeves*, Adele Mara; *Duke Mantel*, James Cardwell; *Nick Castillo*, John Kellogg; *Lacey*, Ray Walker; *Jim Preston*, Michael Branden; *Ace Foley*, Paul Bryar; *Capt. Danforth*, James Flavin; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Dorothy Vaughan; *Mr. Hamby*, Stanley Andrews; *Sheriff*, Alan Bridge, and the Cass County Boys.

SPIRIT OF WEST POINT—Film Classics: *Felix "Doc" Blanchard*, Himself; *Glenn Davis*, Himself; *Ralph Davis*, Glenn Davis; *Col. Red Blaik*, Robert Shayne; *Mrs. Blaik*, Anne Nagel; *Oklahoma Cutler*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Joe Wilson*, George O'Hanlon; *Tom Harmon*, Himself; *Mileaway McCarty*, Michael Browne; *Ralph Davis Sr.*, Franklin Parker; *Mrs. Davis*, Margaret Wells; *Mildred*, Tanis Chandler; *The Davis Twins* (12 yrs.), Arthur and Allen Sacks; *Mrs. Blanchard*, Mary Newton; *Mr. Blanchard*, William Forrest; *Cabo*, Lee Bennett; *Quarterback*, Mickey McCordle; *Ferris*, John Gallaudet; *Sports-casters*: Harry Wismer and Bill Stern; *Young Doc Blanchard*, Rudy Wissler. And Ruth Allen, Joyce Stewart, Robert Malcolm, Reed Howes, Douglas Evans, Frank E. Pershing, James Farley, James Blaine, Guy Wilkerson, James Horne, Eva Novak, Helen Chapman, Elaine Koehler.

SPRINGTIME IN THE SIERRAS—Republic: *Roy Rogers*, Himself; *Taffy Baker*, Jane Frazee; *Cookie Bullfincher*, Andy Devine; *Jean Loring*, Stephanie Bachelor; *Bert Baker*, Hal Landon; *Captain Foster*, Harry V. Cheshire; *Matt Wilkes*, Roy Barcroft; *Old Timer*, Chester Conklin; *Old Timer*, Hank Patterson; *Henchman*, Whitey Christy; *Henchman*, Pascale Perry; *Themselves*, Bob Nolan and The Sons of the Pioneers and Trigger.

UNCONQUERED—Paramount: *Capt. Christopher Holden*, Gary Cooper; *Abby Hale*, Paulette Goddard; *Martin Garth*, Howard Da Silva; *Guyasuta*—Chief of the Senecas, Boris Karloff; *Jeremy Love*, Cecil Kellaway; *John Fraser*, Ward Bond; *Hannah*, Katherine DeMille; *Capt. Steele*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Lord Chief Justice*, Sir C. Aubrey Smith; *Capt. Simeon Encyzer*, Victor Varconi; *Diana*, Virginia Grey; *Leach*, Porter Hall; *Dave Bone*, Mike Mazurki; *Col. George Washington*, Richard Gaines; *Mrs. John Fraser*, Virginia Campbell; *Lieut. Fergus McKenzie*, Gavin Muir; *Sir William Johnson*, Alan Napier; *Mrs. Pruitt*, Nan Sunderland; *Sio*—Medicine Man, Marc Lawrence; *Evelyn*, Jane Nigh.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE—Paramount: *Michael Valentine*, Bob Hope; *Katrina Grimovitch*, Signe Hasso; *Victor O'Brien*, William Bendix; *Krivoo*, George Coulouris; *Hazel O'Brien*, Vera Marshe; *Paul Stertorius*, George Zucco; *Minister of War Grubich*, Dennis Hoey; *Mr. Herbert Jones*, John Alexander; *Finance Minister Zavitch*, Victor Varconi; *Albert Miller*, Joseph Vitale; *Joe Snyder*, Harry Von Zell.

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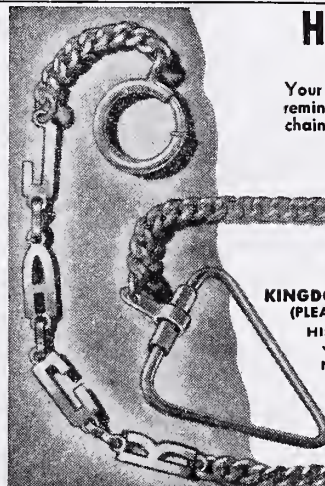
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Time out for Laughter

(Continued from page 40) of Sierra Pictures, the company which will produce "Joan of Lorraine." And as co-owner, she has a great deal more to say about the story, casting and sets than she ever would have had if Selznick had produced the film.

Ingrid knows too, that as a producer she will have to work twice as hard as she did when she was only an actress. But of one thing you may be sure—whatever the problems, she will tackle them with the same joyousness she has displayed when confronted by problems in the past.

Ingrid makes people laugh and loves laughter herself—good, round, spontaneous laughter that comes from the heart, and doesn't spring from wise cracks or the easy pun. Each time she laughs you discover a new Ingrid.

She has never been quite able to understand the psychology of the crowds which crush about a movie actor or actress, and literally pluck at their clothing. "Why," she says, "actors are just people doing their jobs. I cannot imagine the bobby-soxers swarming around a maker of fine watches or a master craftsman in any line of endeavor."

But much as she may chuckle at Hollywood's vagaries, she can laugh heartily and long at herself.

ON THE set when the work is not going smoothly, when small annoyances creep in and nerves become frayed, the director can always depend on Miss Bergman to ease the situation through her unfailing and sometimes clownish sense of humor.

On the set of "Spellbound," for instance, she had been having difficulty learning to pronounce the tongue-twisting medical words required in her role.

She confided her difficulty to Director Alfred Hitchcock, who assured her that she had nothing to worry about. He would personally give her a little drill before each scene in which she was to use them. He would spell the word to her in syllables. He chose psychokinesia as a starter for the day's lesson.

"Si-ko-ki-nesi-a," spelled Hitchcock confidently.

"Si-ko-kene-sa," tried Bergman. "No," Hitchcock told her and again he gave her the syllables.

"Si-koki-nesa," she tried again.

Over and over they tried, with Bergman becoming more despondent by the minute. Hitchcock was growing discouraged, too.

"Nuts," he said finally, in despair. Bergman beamed. "That one," she said, "I can already say."

Another time during the filming of "The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid, playing the role of a nun, was required to kneel before an altar. It was a touchingly poignant scene and certainly offered no opportunities for laughter even though those two zanies, Leo McCarey and Bing Crosby, were present. Ingrid played her part beautifully and delicately before an audience of nearly a hundred studio people who sat in the pews as reverently as though they were really attending a celebration of the Mass. When the scene was finished, Ingrid rose, still holding the spectators dramatically as only a great actress can, and with utter gravity, passed the collection plate. Still bemused by the intensity of the passage of the story which they had just witnessed portrayed with such exquisite art, grips, technicians and executives dropped half dollars and bills into the plate and didn't wake up until they saw Miss Bergman swaying with laughter.

Incidentally Reverend Father Devlin, technical adviser on the picture and pastor

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or St. Victors in Los Angeles, garnered a tidy sum for his charities.

Proud, humorous and shy, Ingrid is fearless too. Her career as a producer came about as a result of her five-year dispute with Selznick over the loan-out system.

Famed for his ability to recognize a player with a future almost at first glance, Selznick puts them under contract and then begins farming them out to other studios at a sum which means a substantial profit to himself. The figures are closely guarded, but it is generally supposed that Selznick made one hundred thousand dollars average on each deal with other studios for Ingrid's rental. Her price naturally went up after she won the Academy Award.

Ingrid's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, exceptionally able business man in addition to being a brain surgeon, believes the Hollywood custom of renting out stars at fancy figures while paying them a comparatively small sum, is a bad one.

ONE thing is certain, Ingrid didn't resign with Mr. Selznick. "Arch of Triumph" is her first picture in the free lance field; "Joan of Lorraine" her second.

Although Ingrid accepts the necessity for compromise at times, on one issue she is adamant. Her home life must be her own. Her career, important though it is to her, must never be allowed to embarrass her physician husband.

Ingrid loves houses and is continually sketching new plans for a home of her own. Always, these show the modern influence and plastic is used in many forms. Glass is interpreted in numerous ways—one of the latest being some hand-painted place mats which she designed for her birthday party, on which she painted designs with her daughter Pia's water colors, to represent the careers and interests of her ten guests.

No Bergman house plan is complete without a swimming pool, for each morning, despite early rain or raw weather, the blonde star swims. Her swim suits invariably are navy blue. And, when sun and shooting schedules permit, she naps for a little while beside the pool, the skin of her shoulder blades vividly white against the blue of her scant suit.

She is fond of eating and her favorite dish is ice cream. One of her best-known habits is that of leaving an order at the studio commissary for ice cream to be served the cast and crew at four p.m. every day that she's working.

Ingrid is a great reader, a fast reader, and makes a habit when she is working on a picture made from a great novel, of carrying copies of the book with her, as well as the script. Those volumes have marked passages with footnotes in her own handwriting, which she believes are helpful in bringing the character to life on the screen.

Every day—every moment of Ingrid Bergman's life, seems to present for her a different role. And, strangely enough, in Hollywood town where "typing" is the rule, not the exception, she has never repeated a characterization.

Always, however, whatever she is doing and irrespective of how hard she may be working, Ingrid Bergman takes time out for laughter. The same infectious laughter with which she attacked the first hurdles in Hollywood. Laughter, to Ingrid, is as essential as the air she breathes.

One of her most regular correspondents is a taxi driver in New York. "I like him because he has a fresh outlook on life," she says. "And because he likes to laugh. It is good to laugh."

THE END

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Fashion Reflections

(Continued from page 66) shaped, cut very low, strapless and, of course, "wired for sound," but I've yet to see her in a too-long street dress, or one of those chopped off four-inches-from-the-floor gowns.

ANOTHER strong hold-out for sweep-the-floor gowns is Van Hefflin's wife, Frances, who looked stunning the night of the big party for Walter Winchell at Mocambo, in a white-topped evening dress, the black skirt literally trailing the floor. Ava Gardner has a breath-taking gown that Irene designed of heavy slipper satin in emerald green. It combines much of the new influence in clothes, yet retains the length and charm of the "old." The Edwardian influence is seen in the draped hip-line. Sleek-boned bodice, off-the-shoulder neckline and voluminous sweep of skirt, prove again that nothing can top the elegance of good lines and simplicity.

And speaking of parties, none of the gals at the big party that Lana Turner and Ty Power gave (just before Ty took off on his flying trip to Africa) looked any prettier in "the latest" than did Joan Bennett. She was wearing her "Command Performance" dress—the one she wore when she was presented to England's King and Queen last spring. A beautiful, floor-length bouffant of powder-blue net, splattered with tiny sequins, tiny waisted and very décolleté. Joan was sporting a diamond necklace too.

Cathy O'Donnell has two daytime dresses worth noting for their simplicity. One is a green wool princess style with gold buttons down the left side, a matching Peter Pan collar and no belt. The other is a casual dress that features unpressed pleats and a belt of black shirred crepe.

June Allyson has a cute black wool jersey and plaid dress that makes a bright flash under fur coats these days. The skirt is red, blue, green, black and white plaid. The black top is perked up with tiny white buttons, besides its small matching plaid collar and cuffs.

Gadgets and gimmicks: Patricia Morison is the only gal in Hollywood who has table lamps she once wore on her feet! When she was at the Texas Centennial in Dallas, the committee gifted Pat with a pair of boots made of solid silver. She wore them for press photos and then had them converted into lamp-bases for her living room.

Walter Florell designed a black lace and lucite picture hat for Lynn Bari. It sounds a little fantastic but it came out on the enchanting side . . . Anne Baxter carries a tiny antique gold snuffbox, with a tiny diamond crest on it, but all she carries in it are a couple of aspirins. She used to keep her saccharine in it when she was dieting, but that's over. Anne is down to Petty girl proportions now.

In jewelry it's just about everything from Joan Crawford's choker of five-carat baguettes with an undescribable hunk of stuff at the center of her throat—to Anita Colby's exquisite antique jeweled necklace with matching earrings of baroque pearls and small diamonds set in gold. Anita invested a fortune in it.

And there's the hat on which Sonja Henie must have spent half the profits from her last ice show, when she was in Paris. She wore it to the swanky and beautiful L'Aiglon Restaurant in Beverly Hills, the night it opened—the restaurant, not the hat! Sonja was with her new beau Greg Bautzer and she was crowned with a stunning black velvet circle, from which sprays of black bird of paradise burst forth in all directions. Remember when we tipped you months ago that drop earrings would be the rage by now? Lana Turner loves 'em.

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So does Claudette Colbert. And we must speak more of Claudette. La Colbert has been wearing that short fluffy bob of hers for years y'know, and as your mother says, "If you hang on to something long enough it always comes back in style." Well, the gals around Hollywood are shearing off their locks like mad again—not cropped—but almost to a feather bob in length and style. Lana, who is blonde again but not too blonde, has cut hers. So has Colby, Crawford—and many more.

And here's what we consider the piece de resistance in fashion news from Filmtown for the month. The dream-skirt we're going to describe wasn't designed by one of the leading Hollywood stylists, but by Barbara Baroness MacLean (who used to be a movie star and is now a well-known interior decorator) and she calls it the "Tea Cozy." I first saw it on Anita Colby, then on Lana, then ordered one myself. When you realize its "interchangeableness" and newness you'll understand why everyone wants one now. Mrs. MacLean is busy having them manufactured for the wholesale market and you'll be able to buy one yourself soon.

The skirt is of black quilted glazed chintz, which is reversible and is white on the inside. It hangs to twelve inches from the floor, is circular and very full—over four yards around the bottom, but slim at the hips and waist, the waist-band being two inches wide. The skirt is so stiff because of the quilting that when it's off it stands up by itself on the floor! I've seen Colby wear it for daytime with a pale blue jersey, short-sleeved shirt tucked in it. And have seen her wear it to dinner parties with a lovely black chiffon "shirtwaist" and lots of jewelry. I've seen it on Lana who wore it to a cocktail party, topped by a black jersey high-necked but dressy sweater, with about seven strands of pearls at her throat and diamond and pearl drop earrings. Come spring or summer and this knockout "invention" can serve too with peasant blouses, with softly pretty tops of any kind for cocktail or dancing parties. Just no end to its uses—and it's simply knockout for making entrances—it's so dained perky and flattering to legs and feet—and waistline. Go to it, kids!

THE END

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(Continued from page 49) comes to the top," said Bergen.

"So does scum," said Charlie.

At approximately this time, or it might have been a few nights later at some other party, I said to my Beautiful Wife, "I must be drunk, but that looks like Rudy Vallee singing with that dance band."

"You're drunk all right," my B.W. said, "but it IS Rudy Vallee."

"I'm going to stay anyway," I said.

We had other magnificent entertainment such as Jack Benny sawing his violin, Kay Kyser making jokes, Eddie Bracken doing his baseball bit, Ginny Simms and Frances Langford doing a wonderful duet, and one of the columnists doing his specialty (slapping himself on the back).

MY B.W. went to the ladies' room and wandered into a room where she found thirteen 1934 Atwater Kent radios that had never been opened. She turned one of the radios on and got the Two Black Crows.

Atwater Kent is one of Hollywood's finest old fellows and is rapidly becoming legendary, which is a pretty high-toned word for a piece like this. Anyway, this legend says he always says "Charming" to everybody no matter what they're talking about which is supposed to be absent-mindedness.

One time one of his guests apologized to him for not having been present at recent parties, explaining that her mother had died.

"Charming," said Mr. Kent.

As I say this is a legend, but when I spoke to him he didn't say "Charming" to me—or could this be because I ain't?

Still, if Hollywood people like to fling their dough around, I'm glad to have them make some of it stick on me.

Of course there are the small teeny-weeny-weeny Hollywood parties too, at which hardly more than twenty-five guests are invited. Usually only eighty people can make it. (Yes, honey, there are crashers out here. Sonja Henie, at her parties, takes a pugnacious position at the door and chases away the people she hasn't invited.)

One night I went to a party in honor of the Howard Lindsays of "Life with Father" fame. It was given by Armand Deutsch and his B.W., Benay Venuta.

"Bring a present," I was told by Mrs. Frank Loesser.

"What?" I said.

"Something they couldn't possibly use."

"You mean that?"

"Oh yes, something that is absolutely useless."

My B.W. got a feather duster and put some flowers in it and made it look like a gorgeous bouquet. Billy Brackett brought a stuffed eagle with a six-foot wingspread. (Larry Adler brought a grandfather's clock with the grandfather still in it.) An anonymous donor sent a toilet seat with the placard, "Do sit down." It made a beautiful junk heap when it was all opened up and placed in a nice disorderly pile on the rug, where the guests were allowed to trip over it.

Beholding all this, Abe Burrows, the gifted parodist and pianist, said, "Why there's enough stuff here to furnish your own asylum!"

Burrows sang a song to the Lindsays:

"We're glad you're here today,

We're glad you're here to stay,

Why-in-hell didn't somebody tell us

That you had been away?"

Burrows also favored with his new song titled: "Oh How We Danced on the Night We Were Wed, I Needed a Wife Like a Hole in the Head."

At most of these parties dress is optional, although it is of course wise to wear a little something, unless you are a prominent society lady or Gypsy Rose Lee. Women often wear long dresses and men can come in shorts if they wish. However, at a party given by the Danny Kayes, all the men wore dinner jackets. All, I should say, but me, for I lost my black tie. There was entertainment by Groucho Marx, Leo Durocher, Gene Kelly and George Burns, and then came a lull. We all wondered who would come next.

Groucho turned to Claudette Colbert who was sitting there on a divan.

"Claudette," he said, "why don't you do 'The Egg and I'?"

You can see from this brilliant description I have given you that a Hollywood party is innocent and virtuous. Men bring their wives—I would give their names but it would be very humiliating to their mistresses. Often you see some girl who came out to make her fortune or somebody who has one, but generally they are very nice orderly parties and the girls are the type that are respected and respectable—some are even the type you would take home to mother—but only if mother wasn't home.

Try to get to a Hollywood party some time, even if you have to crash one. You can crash them if I can.

THE END

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MRS. RANDOLPH CHITWOOD
the former Betty Adams of Jackson, Miss.
Bridal portrait painted by *Prime*



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Cinderella's
Pumpkin”

Lastron Nail Enamel
Lipstick
Fashion Plate Make-up

PHOTOGRAPH, RAWLINGS • DIAMONDS, MILTON SCHEPP

ERMIWE WRAP, ESTHER

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Cinderella's was a magical pumpkin—remember? So don't expect to see orange.
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Match Box Set—
Lastron Nail Enamel,
"All-Plus" Lipstick—
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December 15¢

★ PHOTOPLAY

*Greer Garson's Search
For Happiness*

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



92 2/50 BY R 79138
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BROOKLINE 46 MASS
field



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, fragrant Talcum, and Bubbling Bath Essence **\$3.35**



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BOURJOIS



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Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne. **\$1.50**
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Are you in the know?



Do this if you'd try —

- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ A different hairdo
- ☐ A new parlor game

Is your face round or square . . . long or oval? Do you really know? Before trying a different hairdo—put tracing paper over your photograph, then outline your face. It tells you your true type, so you can plan your coiffure accordingly! Experts say that's important. Same as it's important (on problem days) to know *your* type of sanitary napkin. That's *easy*, with Kotex. Just try all 3 sizes of Kotex: you'll find the one that's very personally yours.



Feel neglected at a no-date party?

- ☐ Crawl into a corner
- ☐ Start a conversation
- ☐ Choose the nearest exit

At a strictly stag-and-doe shindig, maybe you haven't snared a partner. So — you're crushed! To banish "wallflower panic" just stroll up to that boogie man at the keyboard . . . start a conversation. It'll be a duet! Self-assurance wouldn't forsake you if you'd learn to meet trying situations confidently. Take trying days, for instance. You'd be poised—feel secure—with Kotex and the *extra* protection of that exclusive *safety center*. Kotex keeps you fluster-proof!



What's the latest "dorm" doings?

- ☐ Snock smuggling
- ☐ Platter spinning
- ☐ Briefing-sessions

Even "dorm" life can be beautiful! Main idea's to be comfortable, though, say campus queens. They're the gals who know that for comfort on *difficult* days there's nothing quite like the softness of Kotex: the napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. They're the same, comfort-loving gals who are "briefing" their bathrobes . . . chopping 'em off, for more freedom. Or sporting the dreamy, poetic Study Coat pictured here. Either way, brief's the word!



Who should follow the head waiter?

- ☐ The girls
- ☐ The boys
- ☐ One couple

When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help . . .

like being sure that the *girls* should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! Then's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those *flat pressed ends* that reveal no outlines. You're *sure* you're smooth. And at ease, with the comfort of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that fits snugly; doesn't bind . . . that's adjustable; all-elastic!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

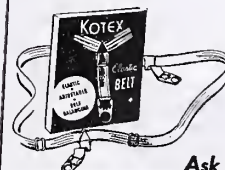


3 guesses
what girls
forget most!

- ☐ Keep dainty with deodorants
- ☐ Practice good posture
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

Of course you're careful about daintiness, you say. And you keep posture-perfect, too. But isn't there *one* thing you've overlooked? Namely, to buy a new sanitary belt? Yes, because most girls forget . . . keep putting it off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new, Kotex Sanitary Belt!

Fact is—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. So a Kotex Belt fits snugly; comfortably. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . doesn't bind when you bend!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Ask for it by name

Is This Mistletoe—
or Poison Ivy?



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—
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COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM

A GIRL WHO'S REALLY IN THE KNOW
HAS NO NEED FOR MISTLETOE!

COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
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While It Cleans
Your Teeth!

Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat
and before every date!

PHOTOPLAY

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in a gay and gala
entertainment in
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"I Love to Dance"
"This Time for Keeps"

DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS • Screen Play by **GLADYS LEHMAN** • Story by **ERWIN GELSEY AND LORRAINE FIELDING**
Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, star
of "Sleep, My Love"

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and deeply in love with a fellow of twenty-five. We are planning to be married soon. When I first started to go with him, he told me that he had been married when he was twenty, but had been divorced for almost three years. He talked about his first marriage very frankly with me.

Now he and I think exactly alike. We both enjoy sports, and think that trust and partnership are the best foundations for marriage. We want to build a house, starting with one room on a GI loan. I want to keep my job until we start our family in about five years.

When I finally told my mother that Bill was a divorced man, she said flatly that I could never marry him with her blessing. She said, "There are enough nice single boys in this world without your causing gossip by marrying a divorced man."

I am crazy about Bill and want to marry him. But, I don't want to do anything to make my mother and father unhappy.

Please tell me how to make them see that it isn't Bill's past that counts, it is his future—with me.

Penny B.

In your case, I would say that you are still young enough to allow your love for Bill to be tested by time. Why not wait another year before setting your wedding date? The wise girl prolongs her courtship days until she is quite certain that her respect and love are great enough to last a lifetime.

Something about your letter impels me to the belief that your mother is using Bill's previous marriage as an excuse to cover some other objection. Why don't you ask Bill to have a talk with your parents. If he will outline his previous marriage and divorce to them as sensibly as he has to you, I think he will be able to persuade them that he has profited from a bitter experience and that he is now a better human being and will become a better husband as a result.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a bride of ten months. I met my husband in 1942. We were living in the same apartment building and were introduced by the manager. With me it was love at first sight. After I caught on to his routine I would "happen" to be

around when he came home. I would "happen" to be cooking dinner and would invite him to come in to share it. Sometimes he would tap at my door when he came in around ten o'clock in the evening and we would have a glass of milk together.

From the time I met him until he was called into the Army in 1943, we had only one formal date.

When he went into the Army I didn't see him for two years. Although I wrote regularly, he would write only once in three or four months. Yet, when he was given a furlough, he came straight to see me, said he had missed me and our evenings together and asked me to wait for him. We were married in late 1946.

I quit my job two weeks before we were married and he has been after me ever since to go back to work. He says that two people can never get on in the world unless both buckle down and stay busy. He is continuing his studies at night and works during the day, so we really don't have much married life. He is nice and courteous to me, but somehow I don't feel that he adores me. We are more like good friends occupying the same apartment.

Do you think I should go back to work? Can you think of some way to make my husband fall in love with me—really in love?

Anapola I.

You realize in your own heart, of course, that you pursued this man. That seldom pays.

A man likes to do his own hunting. There are subtle ways in which a girl can encourage a man, but inviting him to her apartment repeatedly is too plain a following of the old adage about the way to a man's heart.

I have a feeling that your husband has never really noticed you as a

woman. He probably thinks of you as a contemporary combination mother-sister who provides him with the comforts of home.

Definitely, you should go back to work. You should also enroll for some sort of evening class so that you will be as busy as your husband. Match his moods (unless he is irritable), try to live so deeply within yourself and your own thoughts that you become somewhat mysterious.

Buy a few becoming new clothes and wear them without calling his attention to them. Make yourself more interesting and more independent, and I believe that—since your marriage is so new—you may be able to duplicate the old novel title, "He Fell in Love with His Wife."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man of seventeen with a serious problem. While I was visiting my aunt in Chicago this summer, I met a wonderful girl who was visiting the people next door.

We spent the summer together, and had a swell time. She is a wonderful girl of sixteen and she is solid. She has always lived in California.

She is back in school out west now, and we have been corresponding.

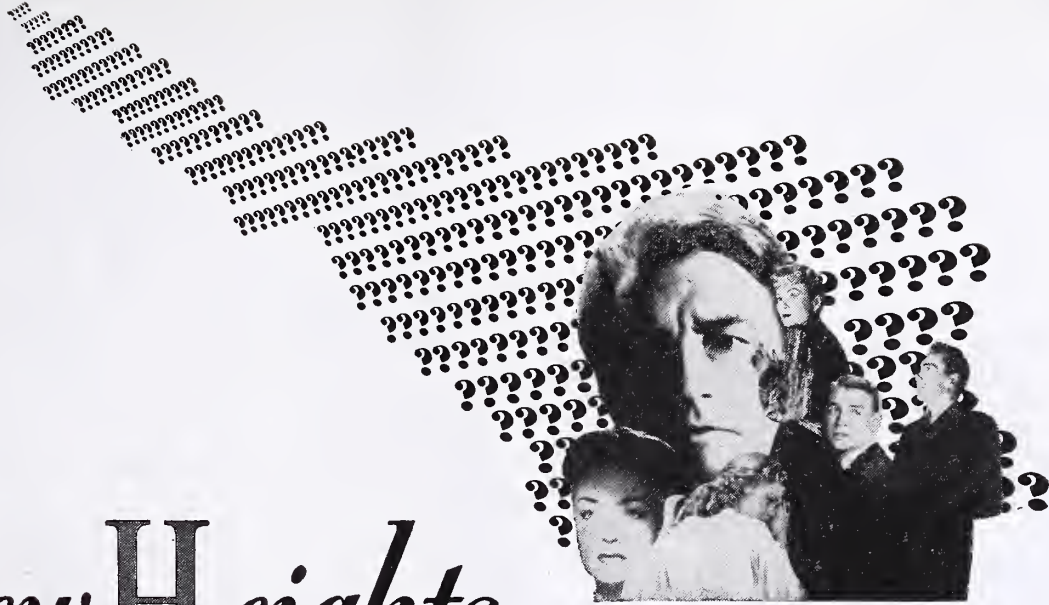
Since I am at home, I am not satisfied with anything. I am also back at school, but I am not getting good grades. All the girls seem like squares and at home things are really rough. My father drinks and he doesn't get along with my mother and me.

I have half a notion to quit school, run away to California and get married. I don't know what to do, but I don't want to continue going to school and living in this mad house.

Harry L.

Being seventeen is a difficult responsibility. You are no longer a child, nor are you yet an adult. I receive many letters from girls of seventeen who ponder the relative merits of continuing with their education or getting married. However, you are the first boy to place the question.

That query leads me to believe that you have no very clear idea of the seriousness of marriage—particularly from a man's standpoint. How would you support a wife? For a time you might be able (Continued on page 6)



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Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
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SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 4) to get a job but the payment for unskilled labor is small and building a marriage is expensive. In addition to feeding, clothing and housing two persons, you would also have to put something aside for the countless emergencies which arise. I believe that you, personally, should settle down to making a success of your school work, and that you should stand by your mother who must need you very much at this time.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have two children by a former marriage. My present husband doesn't care for these children. He says he loves me with all his heart, which I believe he does, and I love him deeply.

We had been married only a few months when we separated because of the children. Not because of anything really wrong that they did, but disagreements about what they should eat, how they were to be disciplined, taught, etc.

When we were apart, I was miserable and my husband said he was too. He said we could start again in marriage only if I would turn my children over to their daddy's mother to be reared. (She wanted them.) Now that we're back together again, I miss my children terribly. I'm just so mixed up I don't know which way to turn. Is it wrong for a woman to give up her children for the man she loves? (Mrs.) Leonard T.

You have answered your own question: You don't feel right in your heart about having given your children to their grandmother to bring up, and you know that I can't reassure you. However, I do think there is help to be had in this situation. Your husband probably loves you very much, and instinctively resents the children because he fears that your love for them diminishes your love for him.

This is a primitive attitude. A woman loves her children one way, her parents in another, and her mate in yet a different way, and every thinking person must—for his own peace of mind—recognize those facts.

I think that, if some wise person (a social worker, a clergyman, a teacher) could talk to your husband, explaining some of the simple facts of psychology, he could be persuaded to be happy with you and your children.

If your husband could be made to see that, by including the children in your home, he was not losing a part of your love, but actually was gaining theirs, I think his behavior would change and the four of you could have a well-balanced family life. At least it is worth trying.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married four years and have two children.

I married at eighteen, my husband was twenty-one and in the service.

Our first daughter was born while my husband was away and he, for that reason, did not supervise her early training, or even get to know her until she was two years old. Lee Anne is a sensitive, nervous child who needs a lot of care and loving, yet he does not understand, nor try to understand her.

My husband and I have similar temperaments, and we argue over nothing at all. For one thing we are continually on edge because of Lee Anne. She cries so very much. We've tried every method of correction—even spanking which was advised by others—but nothing seems to turn her into a good, sunny child.

Can you find any solution for me?

Adele T. H.

For two wonderful years your daughter's world consisted only of herself and you. All babies are little royalists who regard themselves as the center of the universe. In Lee Anne's case, a strange man—and he was strange even if he happened to be her father—began to demand her mother's attention. So, in order to gain attention, she became fractious and difficult to handle.

You and your husband should have been wise enough to anticipate and to understand this. Lee Anne should have been made to feel that her daddy loved her, not that he—quite like another child—was jealous of her. And, while Lee Anne was still bewildered about losing half of her mother to a father, along came another baby to take up even more of your time.

In addition to this, I would imagine that the atmosphere of your home—since you and your husband have been having temperamental troubles—has not been conducive to a feeling of security for the child. She shouldn't be spanked. That will only increase your trouble.

If it is at all possible, you and your husband should see a child welfare expert together. The sooner you do this, the better, because you have the beginning of a serious maladjustment in your home.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Well, here we are, two Marines stationed in China, who have gotten ourselves in one heck of a snafu.

We have a buddy named Al who is a nice kid, but shy. At a dance one night he saw this Russian girl and really fell for her, but he didn't do anything except make barrack eyes at her.

We thought that was wonderful, so we wrote him a letter, signing this girl's name and saying that she had noticed him and would like to be his pen pal. He answered it right away. This correspondence went on for about two months, when we decided that we had better fix it up with this girl, just to add to the fun.

She agreed to pretend that she had written the letters. We thought it was a howl until Al came to us the other night, saying that he had asked this girl to marry him and she had agreed. I went to see the girl to tell her to lay off, but she said that she had always wanted to go to the States and here is her chance eventually.

What shall we do now?

(Sgt.) Denny T.

(Continued on page 8)

*Have you a problem
which seems to have
no solution?
Would you like the thoughtful
advice of*

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



Sister, it can "BLITZ" you!
Start now with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

THOSE distressing flakes and scales can put you in plenty wrong socially, and can raise hob with the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair.

If you have the slightest symptom, better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's easy. It's delightful. *And it treats the infection as infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.*

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Almost at once flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and your hair looks healthier.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

In a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff after 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

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As a precaution . . . As a treatment . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE**



CATCHING COLD?

TRY THE Alka-Seltzer **A B C** COLD COMFORT TREATMENT



Alka-Seltzer. To relieve that headache-y, feverish, ache-all-over feeling, start taking Alka-Seltzer—as directed on the package.



Be careful. Dress warmly; avoid drafts and exposure; get plenty of sleep and eat wisely.



Comfort the raw, raspy throat which so often accompanies a cold by gargling with Alka-Seltzer. You'll like the relief it brings.



30c and 60c—at all drug stores, U.S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer

(Continued from page 6)

I would like to go on record as viewing all practical jokes, when there is danger of someone being hurt emotionally or physically, as shocking examples of human cruelty.

It will be useless for you to tell your friend the truth now. He won't believe you if his lady love insists that she wrote the letters and you are only trying to discredit her.

Luckily you have time on your side. The thing to do, if this girl is as undesirable a wife as you seem to think, is to diminish her charm in your friend's eyes by subtle means. You might ask him how his mother would like the girl, how she would fit into his home town, what sort of a cook and housewife she would be, whether he can imagine her taking care of children properly.

It is to be hoped that the infatuation wears off. In any case, this should teach you not to mislead gullible and lonely Marines in foreign outposts.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm twenty-two years old, and work in a dress shop. In the morning I rush around to get ready, tear down to work, wait on cranky women all day, drag home at night, have dinner without much appetite, then go to my room and listen to the radio. Once in awhile I see a movie, but that is my only entertainment.

I used to go dancing with a group of girl friends, but now they are nearly all engaged or married, and those who are still free live a long way from me. Because I don't enjoy being a wallflower I swore I'd never go dancing again.

The same thing goes for parties. I feel silly playing any sort of a game, so rather than be a bad sport or a drip, I stay away from parties. I have had some good times, but whenever I had a date it was because some friend of mine got the date for me.

Miss Colbert, please tell me how I can make my life a little interesting.

I'm miserable, and I'm making my family miserable. Everything annoys me.

(Miss) F. S.

The first thing for you to do is to go to a good medical doctor and have a basal metabolism test made.

You should have a physical check-up because it isn't normal for a girl of twenty-two to be as world-weary as your letter indicates. If the doctor finds no physical problem to be corrected, you should take an inventory of your mental attitudes. Life can be a bore for anyone too glum or lazy to exert herself. We are living in one of the most dramatic eras of all time. What are you, personally, doing about the challenge of the future? Nothing. You are moping and feeling sorry for yourself.

You live in a large city, where willing hands are always needed. Why don't you go to night school and take up some special course? Why don't you volunteer to work at the railway station for Traveler's Aid once a week? Why don't you serve as a baby sitter one night a week so that some weary young mother can get some recreation?

In short, the secret of building a busy, happy life is to be of service to the community in which you live. Get busy, contribute, and you will have so many

friends that you won't know how to keep up with all of them.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I clipped the enclosed advertisement from a magazine which I was reading recently. As you will see, the ad says that a person can learn to become a motion picture actress by studying their booklet at home.

Since you are right there in Hollywood I thought that you might know something about this company.

Jane M.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Some time ago I received a letter from a screen guild telling me that they were conducting a talent search for new faces for motion pictures, radio, stage, etc.

I sent them my photograph with the other material requested, and two weeks later I received a second letter, which said I had been accepted for membership. The membership fee is \$10.00 payable in advance.

Will you please tell me exactly how reliable this guild is. Would I really have a chance, or would I be wasting my hard-earned ten dollars?

Doris B.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Recently I answered an advertisement in a newspaper, and soon received a letter from a man who calls himself "Chief Registrar of Studio Employment." He is supposed to be connected with a studio registration bureau.

His letter says, "Our fee is \$2.00 for registration and photo processing, plus 50c a month, or \$5.00 per year for keeping your file on the active list."

Would I be getting some value out of spending \$7.50 to be placed in these files?

Mary J.

If everyone, before paying out cash for dubious investments, would consult someone in a position to know what is an honest offer and what is dubious, a great deal of money would be saved and—more important—a great deal of unhappiness and disappointment could be avoided.

I telephoned the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce (to which all reputable firms belong) and was assured that the companies and individuals referred to in your letters were entire strangers to their bureau.

Next I checked the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, and received the same answer. In short, none of these people are operating legitimate business enterprises.

First of all, if a person really could be taught to act by mail, why would studios waste time and money training people in Hollywood? Next, registration bureaus undoubtedly do put your picture on file, but I am convinced that no studio official takes those files very seriously.

Please don't be taken in by these schemes. Check through your local Chamber of Commerce, or write directly to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, Hollywood, California, or to the Better Business Bureau, 725 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 14, California, before you invest in any Hollywood training course or registration bureau.

Claudette Colbert

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID

About Irene Dunne by Elsa Maxwell

In the January issue of Photoplay



**She
thought that
moonlight swim
was a dream...**

*until he
showed up
for breakfast!*



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Ginger
ROGERS • CORNEL
WILDE

It Had to Be You

with PERCY WARAM • SPRING BYINGTON • RON RANDELL

Screenplay by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Directed by DON HARTMAN and RUDOLPH MATÉ • A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION



Now I can be
PROUD
of every
window

39¢

PROUD of my Clopay Curtains

98¢

PROUD of my Clopay Drapes

22¢

PROUD of my Clopay Shades

It's true! These CLOPAY drapes, colorful curtains, and Lintoned* shades cost so little you won't believe your eyes. Made of cellulose fibre, and specially processed for that cloth-like look, they lend an air of graciousness to every room. At 5 and 10c stores, Variety, Department and other stores.

*Some items a few cents higher Denver and West.

CLOPAY

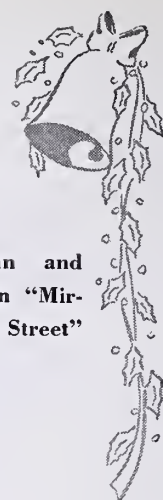
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE BOOKLET:

"Beautiful Windows at Low Cost"
Write to: Clopay Corp., 1268
Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, O.



Edmund Gwenn and
Natalie Wood in "Mir-
acle on 34th Street"



Can't help loving Teddy Gwenn, that genial . . .

Understudy for Santa

ON a mild September day in 1877 in the city of London, England, Santa Claus was born. At the time no one who saw little Edmund Gwenn dreamed that he would turn out to be Kris Kringle. For who could have guessed that seventy years later a new-fangled entertainment known as motion pictures would produce a story called "The Miracle on 34th Street" in which Teddy, a seasoned actor by this time, would play Santa?

The Gwenn trek toward that goal began when Edmund was seventeen. In a stormy session with his father, who expected his son to follow in his British Civil Service career, Edmund made it clear he preferred the stage. Whereupon, disowned, he set out on his own. For ten years he struggled. Then George Bernard Shaw, who had admired him in an obscure one-act play in London, offered him the role of a chauffeur in his play, "Man and Superman." Roles in five more Shaw plays followed, and suddenly he was a celebrity and a mighty fine actor to boot.

During World War I, in which he ranked as a Captain, he returned to London where he aided a young juvenile called Ronald Colman in his first play. British movies, twenty-one in all, came next. And when he returned to the theater in "Laburnum Grove" Hollywood grabbed him right off the stage for a role in "The Bishop Misbehaves." Since then, except for a return trip to his native England for "A Yank at Oxford," his professional efforts have been concerned with Hollywood movies and the Broadway stage.

To all Hollywood Teddy Gwenn is a beloved and respected figure. His life begins and ends with his work and, since he has no family ties, his heart belongs, rightly, to acting.

When the role of Kris Kringle was offered to Teddy, he went first to his M-G-M bosses for permission. They had nothing on immediate schedule for him so after "Green Dolphin Street" he went over to Twentieth Century-Fox to make picture history in "The Miracle on 34th Street."

During the shooting of "Green Dolphin Street" Teddy had not been feeling well but, like the good trouper he is, insisted on going straight into "The Miracle . . ." rather than hold up production. He held on until the picture was finished, then went into the hospital where experimental injections were administered every three hours. It was during this time that the studio discovered a few additional lines were needed from Santa. They rigged up the sound equipment outside Teddy's window and between injections he spoke the additional lines.

"Thunder in the Valley" was next on his schedule. It went into production before he had his operation. However, he thrived so in the rugged atmosphere that the nurse assigned to go on location with him returned to Hollywood.

And when this picture was completed, alone with his chauffeur, he drove to Ann Arbor for an operation that soon had him spryly flitting about the M-G-M studios in his role of the Scottish doctor in "Hills of Home."

For eleven years Teddy made his home at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, but when he returned from the run of a New York stage play to find himself homeless, he and a friend moved into a house in Beverly Hills.

Kindness and good humor, gentleness, a deep sincerity—these are the attributes that make Teddy Gwenn beloved in Hollywood. Like Santa Claus he carries the spirit of Christmas in his heart all year 'round.

Now! Keep your hands
as kissable as your lips...



*with this new, new... New
kind of hand care*

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury lanolin and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury beauty-blend contains *protective* ingredients to help "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS...

CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN



No wonder more women are *changing* to Woodbury Lotion, every day, than to any other kind of hand care. So really and *wonderfully* different. Beauty-blended to protect as it softens. Peaches-and-cream rich. Feels luscious on your skin. Never sticky or greasy. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c & 50c, plus tax.

FREE! MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Let your own hands tell you, in one week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (576)

Name.....

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City.....State.....

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

INSIDE STUFF

Important social event: Lana Turner's party for Tyrone Power



All the girls received orchids! Clark Gable brought favorite date Dolly O'Brien

Photographs by



Director Otto Preminger and Sara Hamilton, Photoplay writer. The guests were serenaded by twelve wandering violinists



Aloha to Ty: The invitation, signed jointly by Lana and Tyrone, requested Cal's presence at a farewell-to-his-friends party in the beautiful Champagne Room of Mocambo, and never to Hollywood's knowledge has there been such a beautiful and lavish affair. Tons of miniature orchids, flown in from Honolulu, clung to the mirrored walls, hung from crystal chandeliers and draped each table and lady guest. Lights from Hollywood below twinkled and glowed through the windowed wall while violins, twelve of them, thrilled the stars who filled the room.

Bob Hope with his pretty wife came over to tell us how much he enjoyed South America. "It was the kids' trip," he laughed. "They were the stars wherever we went." Clark Gable, with the charming and lovely Dolly O'Brien Dorelis, told Cal how nice it was to be working with Lana in "Homecoming." And as always, Cal had many a laugh with the witty Clifton Webb.

Van Johnson, who got in at two that morning from a personal appearance tour, was pleased with the results, he told us. All doubts of his popularity seemed dispelled. Evie, looking well, was with him.

Darryl and Virginia Zanuck, the Gary Coopers, the Louis Jourdans and the Reggie Gardiners were among the last to say farewell and to thank Lana, looking a dream, and Tyrone for the best party to date.

Comings and Goings: Marlene Dietrich is headed back to Hollywood and movies ... Annabella on her way from France to the States to secure that long-expected divorce from Tyrone Power ... Lana Turner finishing up



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

**Cesar Romero and Mrs. Jack
Benny reflect evening's gaiety**

**Van Johnson chats with still-glam-
orous Carmel Myers, former screen siren**

Fink and Smith

"Homecoming" so she can join Tyrone Power on his return flight and go back to Hollywood with him in his private plane . . . Guy Madison and Gail Russell are together again after a minor spat . . . Judy Garland, dispelling all those illness rumors, reported back to the studio and is hard at work recording her songs and rehearsing her dance numbers for "Easter Parade." Talk still is, however, that Betty Garrett (Mrs. Larry Parks) will have the Garland role in "Annie Get Your Gun" as soon as she finishes "Big City" . . . Betty Hutton is not building a nursery addition onto her rambling low bungalow home for the new baby. Betty is going to fulfill a childhood yearning for a two-story colonial house. She always felt it was so elegant to have the children "go upstairs"—more homelike too . . . Don't believe the rumors that Marie McDonald will retire from the screen. Now that she's become Mrs. Harry Karl, she will divide her time between home and screen . . . Billy DeWolfe is getting more fan mail than any other male on the Paramount lot. Most of the fans ask him to create a *Mr. Murgatroyd* and now that he is back from his personal appearances with "Variety Girl" he's hard at work. The routine will be built around a *Milque-toast* character who drives *Mrs. Murgatroyd* to drink.

It's the Little Things: Ronald Reagan admits to a quick, hot, door-slamming temper that wears off in less than a day . . . Lynn Bari possesses one of the best figures in Hollywood, but never wears too revealing clothes. She bakes cakes, too . . . Dan Dailey, who is one of the best horsemen in town and owns seven riding horses,



**Darryl Zanuck and Lana Turner. An ice replica of Ty
Power's plane decorated center of Champagne Room at Mocambo**



INSIDE STUFF



Joe E. Brown and Keenan Wynn collapse while Ed Wynn jeers—Father can take it! Ball game turned into wrestling match, to fans' delight. Below, Danny Kaye and John Garfield wait turn



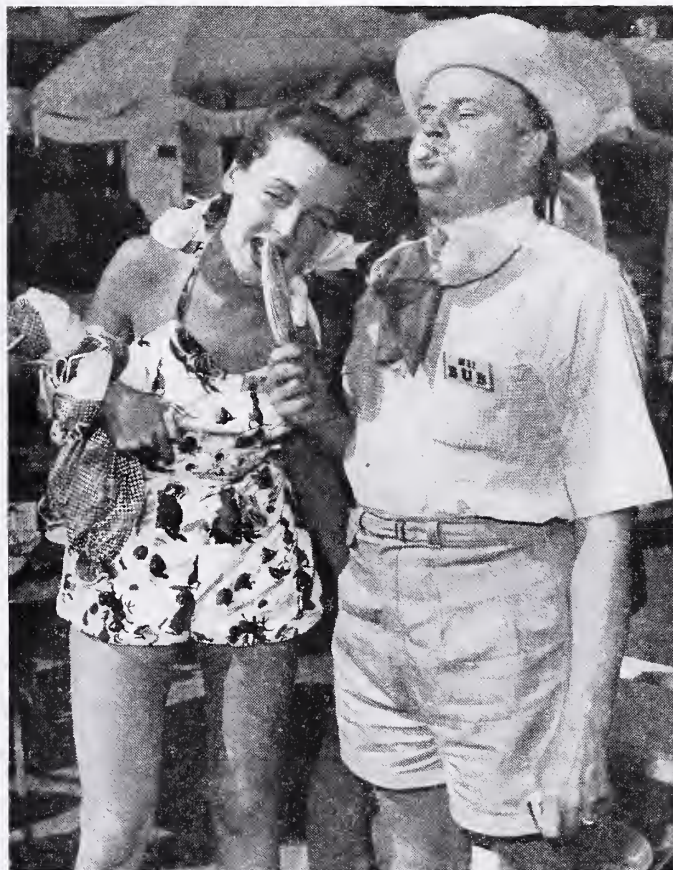
Sinatra captained one of teams at Damon Runyon Cancer Fund softball game. Bat girls Virginia Mayo and Jane Russell made a hit with the fans!

seldom talks about it. He doesn't like gushy praise either . . . Gary Cooper has a shy little half smile off screen as well as on. And talks very little . . . Bette Davis is superstitious about rain and believes all good things happen to her during a downpour . . . Bob Taylor likes to get out of Hollywood between pictures and fish and hunt. He doesn't give a fig about parties . . . Glenn Ford has a slow drawl in his off-screen conversation and usually says "Gee whiz" at the end of a sentence . . . Deanna Durbin has had a will of iron since childhood, which lends her considerable force and provides some unhappy moments, too.

About People: Peggy Ryan back in Hollywood after personal appearances in London . . . Donald O'Connor, her former partner, telling friends at Ciro's his tuxedo is strictly pre-war and darned if he isn't as cute as ever . . . Hollywood wonders how Europe will accept good old rough and ready Wally Beery? Wally will entertain U. S. occupation troops between sight-seeing jaunts . . . Farley Granger, one of the most personable young lads in town, is beaung Ann Blyth, who plays middle-aged Charles Boyer's wife in "Mortal Coils" of all things . . . Barbara Stanwyck likes to eat dinner at the drugstore counter at Schwab's new Beverly Hills pharmacy . . . Dorothy McGuire, bless her, gets herself up like a scarecrow in "Wizard of Oz" and seems to enjoy it . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's brand-new leading man, Cameron Mitchell, has signed to pitch for the Las Vegas baseball team between his "pitcher" chores in Hollywood.



Martha Hyers, a cute kid, gets admiring attention from Marshall Thompson at the Ralph Edwards kiddie party



Edgar Bergen is practising for the bubble gum championship! Mrs. B., however, prefers his lollipop

Set of the Month: Unbelievable is the only word that can describe the get-up and the characterization of Edgar Bergen as a mortician of the pre-gay nineties. On the "I Remember Mama" set, we were fascinated with Edgar's performance as he sat on a park bench talking to his wife, played so well by Ellen Croby. There was no Charlie McCarthy to steal scenes or distract attention.

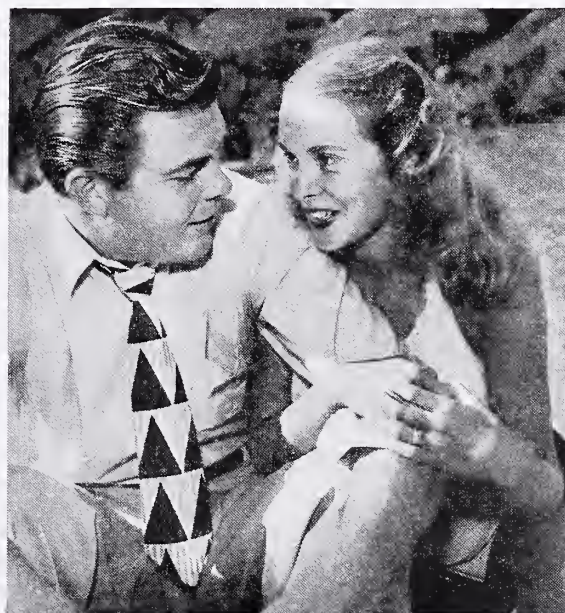
Producer Harriet Parsons came over to chuckle with us as the scene unfolded in the lovely park, built in a corner of the stage. A group of picknickers and children, all in costume, nonchalantly played about while the dialogue went on. Philip Dorn, who plays Irene Dunne's husband, stood by, also amused.

Director George Stevens discussed scenes between each take and if what we saw is a sample, everyone will remember *Mama* for a long, long time.

Writer Goes Actor: Tom D'Andrea, as a writer at Warners, wrote some very funny dialogue for the film "Pride of the Marines" and then, as you remember, delivered the lines himself. Thus Tom, who plays straight to Errol Flynn in "Silver River," advanced from radio writing to presenting service shows he organized and wrote himself as an Air Force Sergeant, and on to studio writing and finally acting. See how it's done?

His first screen appearance was in "This Is the Army." From there he went into "Night and Day," "Never Say Goodbye," "Two Guys from Milwaukee," "Humoresque" and "Dark Passage."

Tom, in his thirties, is a handsome guy, with just a few silver hairs over the temple, wears good looking suits, is unmarried, is now more actor than



Janet Leigh coaxes hubby Stanley Reams to join the group for a swim in the pool

NEW!
a *liquid* 'LIPSTICK'
can't smear!
won't rub off!



Lovely
Barbara Whitmore
National winner of
Columbia Pictures
talent search contest.

**Instantly...
make YOUR lips more thrilling!**

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer.



Liquid Liptone "CLEAR," over cream lipstick gives marvelous smearproof, glossy coat. Easy to use.
NEW OILY REMOVER. Removes any kind of lip make-up. Also helps to keep lips soft and smooth.

liquid liptone

Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes -----
PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 710-C
2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2¢ Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Scarlet—Flaming red—definitely tempting.
- ☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.

Name (print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Hollywood stars auctioned rabbits, hams, etc., at Damon Runyon Cancer Fund benefit at Ciro's. Looks as if the dog and hostess Ann Sheridan will have to be sold together

Ricardo Montalban, dashing star of "Fiesta," in Champagne Room of Mocambo with his wife Georgianna, who is Loretta Young's sister



writer, loves his relatives who still live in Chicago and is rapidly becoming one of the best slow-tempo actors.

Goodbye Party: When it comes to parties where invitations are really coveted, none beats the wonderfully informal gatherings given by Walter Lang and his adored wife "Fieldsy." So with a happy heart, Cal set out for the farewell given to Cesar Romero about to take off for Maine with the "Spoonhandle" company.

In the play room were two bass drums, two tenor drums, cymbals, a piano and a bass fiddle, with only the guests to play them. With Hoagy Carmichael at the piano and Fred MacMurray aiding with his own saxophone, the rest was all in fun and strictly from no music at all. Ann Sothern played the drums for hours with Bob Sterling beating a tortured bass fiddle. Despite any misbeats (when John Hodiak attempted the bass fiddle misbeats flew in every direction) a line-up of tap dancers including Lana Turner, Cesar, Zach Scott and Bob Sterling brought down the roof.

Cute little Mona Freeman, who was expecting an heir then, talked most of the evening with Bill Powell. When unsuspecting Bill gathered up masses of white down on his blue suit, from the Lang cushions, it took an hour to pluck him clean. Pat Nerney, Mona's husband, hovered near the home-grown orchestra while Ann Sheridan and Zach Scott reminisced over "The Unfaithful."

Celeste Holm told us all about her Yogi exercises and psychology courses. Louella Parsons made the toast of the evening, while Virginia Bruce looked lonesome with her husband Ali Apar over in Turkey.

Director Walter Lang and his wife "Fieldsy" are two of the best-loved people in Hollywood. Mrs. Lang, who was Carole Lombard's closet friend, possesses a flair for comic pantomime that simply kills the many friends (Clark Gable included) who constantly seek out their home as the friendliest place to be.

The Kayes "Okay"? By the time this reaches print, it is an even-money bet that the Danny Kayes will be back together. The seventh year of any marriage is traditionally the hardest. In Hollywood the belief is that, had they not been famous, the Kayes would have taken a short vacation from marriage and the dangerous seventh year would have passed without damage. Because their private lives made headlines, the split is wider. Sylvia has a Warner contract to work on all Danny's pictures, and the bets are that they will have settled all their differences before the new contract starts.

Even after Danny moved into the Sunset Towers in September, they continued to see each other almost daily. Separation seems to be teaching these two intense, hard-working people that they're more dependent on each other than they've more realized. Sylvia is maternal, protective and gen- (Continued on page 19)

**INSIDE
STUFF**

frolic

THE FORMULA FOR ROMANCE



Frolic Perfume,
Eau de Toilette,
and Talc, \$2.50



Frolic Perfume
\$7.50; 4.50; 1.25



Gift suggestions by
CHERAMY
perfumer

De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Perfume, Eau de Toilette,
Sachet, Bath Softener,
and Talc, \$5.95

April Showers

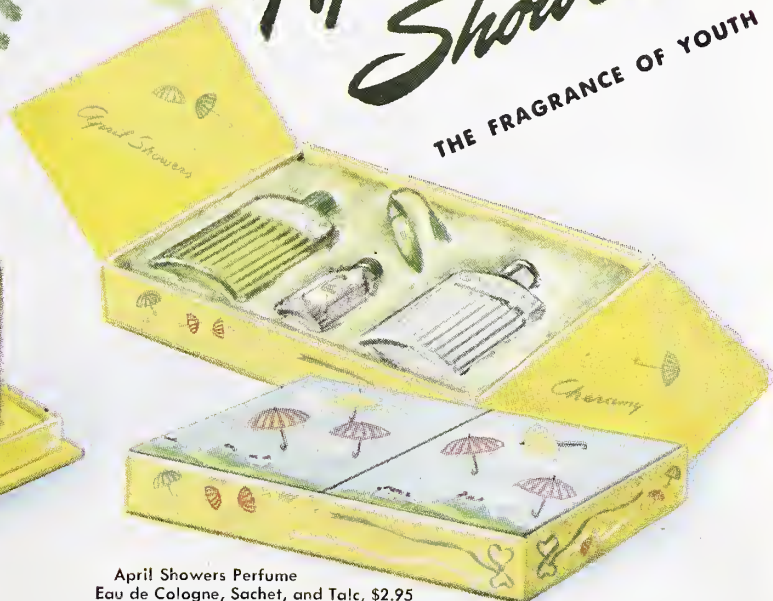
THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH



April Showers
Perfume
\$7.50; 4.50; 1.25



April Showers Eau de Cologne
and Dusting Powder, \$2.25



April Showers Perfume
Eau de Cologne, Sachet, and Talc, \$2.95

Lucky Sweethearts!



The Gift That
Starts the Home

Make A LANE Your Christmas Love-Gift



Thrill your sweetheart with a Lane Cedar Hope Chest for Christmas! Dream-come-true, it's the real love-gift that starts the home. Symbol of your romance, it says: "I love you forever."

The only tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with Lane's exclusive Patented Features. Backed by a free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest companies, The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Ideal gift for sweetheart, sister, mother or daughter. Lane Chests are designed in many exquisite styles and woods.

No. 2180—Front panel of matched American Walnut stump; borders of exotic African Zebra Wood. Balance of case is American Walnut. Has Lane's patented automatic tray.

\$49.95

*Slightly higher in the West and Canada



"A Million Maidens Yearn
for This Romantic Love-Gift"

LANE

Cedar Hope Chest

Tableau romantique:
Linda Darnell with
husband Pev Marley
in Mocambo *tete-a-tete*



"But I haven't got my
driver's license!" Judy
tells daddy Brian Don-
levy at kiddie party
given by Bob Hutton
and Cleatus Caldwell

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) erous. Her talent for giddy writing found its complement in Danny's zany delivery. Danny is sensitive, high-strung, shy. He gives more affection than most and needs more than most. As their talents complement each other, so do their characters.

One of the things that has given Danny the most hurt is the implication of ingratitude to his wife and Samuel Goldwyn. He always has made it a point, in public and in private, of the importance of Sylvia's contribution to his career, and continuing evidence of his gratitude and regard for it is the separate contract he was instrumental in negotiating for her at Warner Brothers. It is equally unfair to accuse him of ingratitude to Goldwyn who brought him to the screen. It should be remembered that Danny was making \$12,500 a week on the stage in a personal appearance at the Roxy when both Goldwyn and Warners offered him movie contracts. He chose to sign with Goldwyn because he felt that it was wiser at the beginning of his career to have the personal attention of that great producer who concentrates his time and that of his whole studio on one production at a time. Many stars change studios without accusation of ingratitude. There is no reason for Danny to be criticized because he has signed a contract that gives him wider choice of story, director and cast.

He Does It Again: "They want me for 'The Hucksters,'" Sydney Greenstreet told Cal several months ago. "What do you think?" What we thought consumed the rest of the evening, for if ever there was a perfect bit of casting, Sydney in the role of the soap tycoon was it. When we met again after his first day of shooting he was a little uneasy at having accepted the part.

The results you've seen. His force and personality explode all over the screen. Into that role went the same painstaking work and study Sydney gives to every character.

His training began with the Ben Greet Shakespearean Repertory Company with whom he toured England and the United States. Then came musical comedies with Mitzi Hajos and years with Lunt and Fontanne. With his only son John he lives a quiet but full life. Best of all he loves having in friends for dinner where talk is lively and gay and the board groans with good food.

Sydney is a simple person. Shopping at Farmer's Market for his own supplies, chatting to customers at Schwab's Drugstore or playing cards with a few friends, he's never the "great star." His mind and heart are ever open to his fellow man.

Important Newcomers: Watch for them—be in the know. This month the new



Lucky you!

● You'll be just as proud as you are lucky when you own King Edward Silverplate! Its exquisite beauty, fine craftsmanship and enduring quality mean years and years of pride and pleasure for you!

● Two famous patterns: *King Edward*—beloved for its traditional elegance. *Cavalcade*—distinction in the modern manner. King Edward Silverplate is guaranteed for unlimited service. Ask to see the complete services for 6 or 8 in anti-tarnish chests. From \$28.95. At silverware departments and jewelers.

KING EDWARD



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NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

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LIED
CHEATED
KILLED!

All
in the name of Love!

JOHN SYLVIA
HODIAK SIDNEY
ANN
RICHARDS

there's DANGER in
"LOVE
from a
STRANGER"

WITH
JOHN HOWARD
ISOBEL ELSOM

Directed by RICHARD WHORF

Produced by JAMES J. GELLER • Screenplay by Philip MacDonald
From a Play by Frank Vosper • Based on a Story by Agatha Christie
AN EAGLE LION FILMS RELEASE



Preview for baby: At Joan Caulfield's baby shower for Mona Freeman—Wanda Hendrix, Virginia Welles, Diana Lewis Powell, Mona. In background, Joan, Mary Phillips, Mary Lou Van Ness, Betty Caulfield

INSIDE STUFF

worth attention are Sam Wanamaker, Leo Genn and Valli.

Wanamaker began his stage training with the Goodman Theater Art Institute and the Chicago Civic Theater and went right on to becoming Ingrid Bergman's leading man in the Broadway show "Joan of Lorraine." Movies grabbed him for "Ever the Beginning" with director Elliot Nugent going crazy with Sam's questions of why, how come, and what for. You see he isn't content with being an attorney and an actor; he must be a director yet. He's about five-foot-ten, married, has a five-year-old child, Abby.

Valli once met Frank Sinatra in her native Italy and said, "I hope some day I make a picture with you." She did, only in "The Miracle of the Bells" they have no scenes together. Darkly different, arrestingly attractive and considered a

great actress in Europe, Valli has starred in thirty-four Italian pictures. During the war she had a narrow escape from the German Secret Service when she refused to work for the Nazis. In 1944 she married Oscar de Mejo, the Italian pianist and composer. Her first American film is "The Paradine Case."

English Leo Genn, who plays Dr. Kit in "The Snake Pit," was an attorney and chief Investigator and Assistant Prosecutor at the Belsen War Crimes trials. What's more, he was a Lt. Colonel in the British Artillery and played in Laurence Olivier's "Henry V," a role that brought him to New York for the play "Another Part of the Forest." From there he traveled to Hollywood to play in "Mourning Becomes Electra." He's married, has black curly hair, brown eyes and was captain of the soccer team at Cambridge.

Lobster grill: Genial Alan Hale demonstrates the right approach to broiled lobster to Mrs. Clarence Day and Gov. Hildreth. They're guests at world premiere of "Life with Father" in Skowhegan, Maine



Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)



See how easy it is to give yourself
a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Soft, smooth, natural-looking curls and waves. Yes a Toni is truly lovely. But, before you try TONI, you will want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only

2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

Why is TONI a creme?

Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently — leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2 . . .

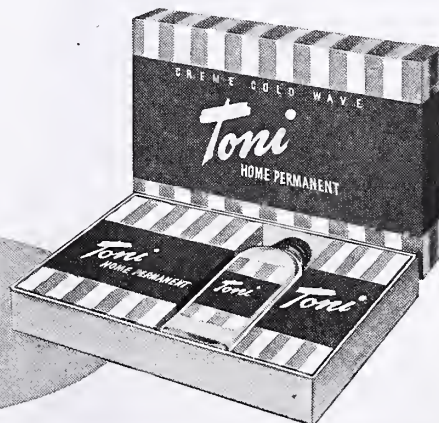
with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which is the TONI Twin?

Kathlene, at the right, has the TONI. Ask for Toni today. On sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



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cosmetic since lipstick!



Lip-Stae keeps your lipstick on you. Before using this magic clear liquid, apply your favorite lipstick as usual. Then brush Lip-Stae lightly over your lips.



Now MAKE THE KISS TEST!
At last, kisses leave no tell-tale mark. What's more, Lip-Stae adds an alluring sheen to your soft, soft lips.



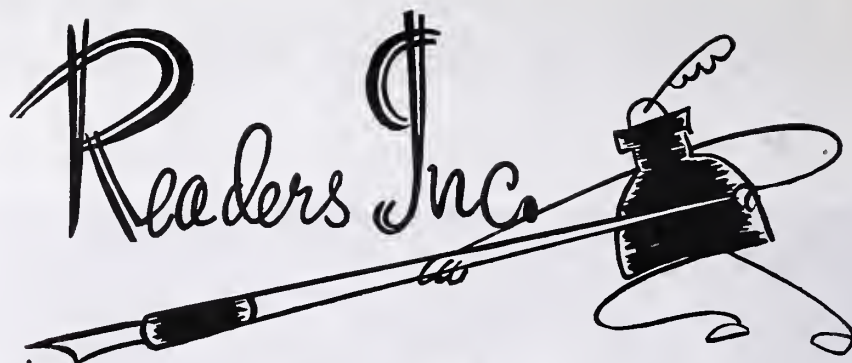
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LIP-STAE*

by *Renoir*



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Point your pen at Photoplay if you want to
be heard in this monthly review of reader remarks



Correspondents Wanted:

This spot in Photoplay is for readers to tell us—and the world—what they think. So send your letter, mail, it today! Write what you think about stars or double features, censorship or English movies, critics or Photoplay is on your mind. Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Brain Waves

Dear Photoplay:

Thanks for the story "On the Amber Spot" in the June issue. It was wonderful! We're always interested to read about this breathlessly awaited movie. Why not publish portraits of the leading members of the cast in the roles they portray in "Forever Amber"? Above all, you must give us a Paul Hesse cover portrait of Linda Darnell as *Amber*! A Photoplay cover of the beautiful Linda as the tempestuous heroine would be worthy of hanging in a museum.

BOB ROSTERMAN
Blair, Nebraska

Photoplay is playing the fairy god-mother and you'll have your wish for a Darnell cover by Hesse very soon.

Dear Editors:

After many years of reading your magazine, it is very refreshing to find an article—even a short one—on Jerome Cowan in the September issue.

It is my belief that the general public has grown tired of the brilliant write-ups on the more important players. Won't you publish soon one long article on Gene Lockhart—a talented player who deserves an Oscar for every performance?

Also, couldn't you be a little less fantastic in your descriptions of forthcoming films? None of us have left the theater "mopping our brow"—nor did we "scream with fright."

D. P. SHANKS
Kansas City, Missouri

Producers Take Note:

Dear Photoplay:

Not so very long ago I read in our one and only newspaper that the "Keeper of

the Bees" was coming to town. I was thrilled, but when I saw what that picture did to such a grand book, I was so disappointed I could almost have cried. They took out the good and added an almost cheap, worldly thing that we see around us all the time. In fact, we see so much of it, it's a wonder we don't all lose what little faith we have in our fellow man.

If a book has any backbone at all, for goodness sake, don't tear it out, or it will do just what "Keeper of the Bees" did—fall flat on its face.

MRS. ANN HORTON
Searcy, Arkansas

Open Letter to Al Jolson:

Mr. Jolson, you're terrific! The verve, the vigor, the vitality of your voice! Why, it's as fresh and youthful as it was twenty years ago when I first heard you in "The Singing Fool." Unaltered by time is the magic power of you and your songs to sway an audience—to produce a smile, a tear, and those nostalgic yearnings for yesteryear. Stop me . . . I'm ravin'.

So, let Larry Parks, Skolsky, Columbia Pictures, et al, gather their well-deserved plaudits for "The Jolson Story." As for me, I'm gonna make with the laurel wreaths and dust off that pedestal for you, Al Jolson, 'cause you're still "the greatest entertainer of them all."

MRS. CHARLOTTE WHITE
Hastings, Nebraska

Editor's Note: In the "Jolson Story" Larry Parks played the role of Al Jolson, but the singing was done by Al himself.

Brickbat We Won't Forget

Dear Sir:

In the article "Conversation Piece" by Anita Colby in your October issue it was stated that Lauren Bacall was given a whistle by Humphrey Bogart after production of "Casablanca." Ingrid Bergman starred in "Casablanca." Also in "I Can't Forget" by Sheilah Graham, the authoress mentioned that she would never forget Van Johnson's smiling face in "Of Human Bondage." It seems to me that Miss Graham has already forgotten. Mr. Johnson has never appeared in this movie to my knowledge.

Please set me straight on these facts.

HARRY ROBINSON
Muskegon Hgts., Michigan
(Continued on page 31)

At last! and it's about time! A braid of fine, imported real hair at a price you can afford!

Imagine! A braid, twenty inches long, of three strands of supple, lustrous real hair matched beautifully to your own hair! A braid so natural no one can tell it from your own hair. So versatile, dozens of different hair-dos are quickly yours. So simple to attach and secure—just follow directions. 6-strand \$18.00, 3-strand **\$12⁵⁰**

MAIL ORDER ONLY: Be sure you enclose ample hair samples—Snip one inch close to scalp from top, side, and back to assure perfect match. No C.O.D.'s, please.

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Victor Vito illustrates a few ways with the braid he designed exclusively for Tresses. 3-strand braid shown. La Tausca Pearls.

25 Ways of a Maid with a Braid by VICTOR VITO

Victor Vito is one of the few creative hair stylists who believe in simple but effective hair-dos you can manage at home. That's why Victor Vito designed these braids (right length, right widths) exclusively for Tresses... then created 25 different ways to wear them. They're all in the illustrated booklet, "25 Ways of a Maid with a Braid," that shows you how quickly and easily you can do them at home. Booklet is enclosed with your braid order.



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In pursuit of laughter: Blonde Signe Hasso and Bob Hope score in "Where There's Life"

✓✓ (F) Where There's Life (Paramount)

FREE of the fancy trappings that impeded him in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Bob Hope goes places in this latest laugh hit. Once more he's in the clutches of court life, a victim of mistaken identity. This time he's a carefree disk jockey, peddling dog food; carefree, that is, until a sinister delegation, headed by Signe Hasso, descends upon him, full of wild talk about becoming king of a country he never knew was on the map.

In vain Hope pleads he's about to be wed, and simply can't fly off to *Barovia* or anywhere else. What with secret spies all over the place, determined to assassinate him on the one hand, and his fiancée's furious family of cops after him on the other, life's no picnic for poor Bob. How he and the beautiful blonde foreigner manage to outwit their pursuers makes for a gag-strewn story of royal intrigue.

With the competent assistance of William Bendix, Hope tosses about quips left and right—and he's the boy to toss 'em. Although he may never become monarch of a mythical country, Bob Hope can certainly claim the title of Crown Prince of Comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Bob Hope in top form.

A reliable guide to recent pictures.

✓Good. ✓✓Very good. ✓✓✓Outstanding.

F—For the whole family. A—For adults

THE

✓ (A) Out of the Past (RKO)

A LOT of low characters play for high stakes in this fast-moving motion picture based on the novel by Geoffrey Homes, "Build My Gallows High."

As a private detective, attempting to outsmart his gambler-employer and have himself a little romance on the side, Robert Mitchum dominates every scene. And Jane Greer effectively handles her role of wily female, too greedy for her own good. These two discover the dire consequences of the old double-cross, but not before corpses pile up one upon the other, involving them in no end of trouble.

Virginia Huston is sympathetic as the girl who loves Mitchum despite his unsavory past, precarious present and dubious future. Decidedly decorative is Rhonda Fleming, and Kirk Douglas's smiling scoundrel is convincing. Much of the crackling dialogue between them develops into a sparring contest with nobody emerging as the winner.

However, they do manage to drive home the point that there's no one in the world you can trust.

Your Reviewer Says: A murder-packed meller.



Present tense: Bob Mitchum, Jane Greer star in mystery hit, "Out of the Past"

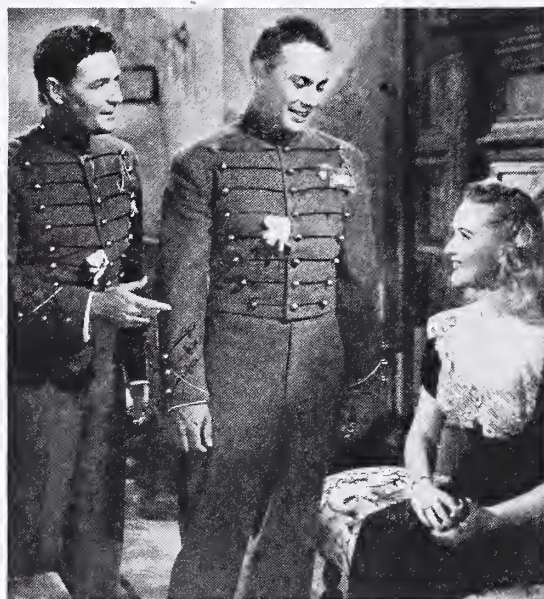
✓ (F) **Spirit of West Point**
(Film Classics)

THAT great American sport, football, is in the foreground here with that great American institution, West Point, serving as background. The leading players are the "touchdown twins" themselves: "Doc" Blanchard and Glenn Davis. Surprisingly enough, these giants of the gridiron make acceptable actors; especially Blanchard who, with his powerful build, ingratiating manner, soft Southern accent, seems at ease before the camera. However, it isn't acting prowess that counts, but the All Americans' sensational performances on the field. And when fame overtakes Blanchard and Davis, they must decide whether to switch to professional football with its financial advantages, or stick to Army careers.

You'll get your fill of football, as played by experts, including the exciting Army-Navy game of 1944 with sportcasters Bill Stern and Harry Wismer giving a play-by-play description of the scrimmage. You'll also get a glimpse of the grind—physical and mental—that's part of the training of every would-be officer at the Academy.

It all adds up to a picture which for football fans is at once thrilling, compelling, entertaining.

Your Reviewer Says: A field day for football fans.



Touchdown: Glenn Davis, "Doc" Blanchard, Lee Bennett in "Spirit of West Point"

SHADOW STAGE

BY
ELSA
BRANDEN

✓ (F) **Ride the Pink Horse** (Universal-International)



Race for vengeance: Bob Montgomery, Wanda Hendrix in "Ride the Pink Horse"

SEEMS Robert Montgomery—the kind of guy your big sister dreamed of dating—is competing with Bogart these days, in portraying hard-boiled characters. He played a disillusioned detective in "Lady in the Lake." Again in the dual capacity of actor-director, he's a tight-lipped gent who learns that revenge isn't always sweet.

It's primarily revenge for the murder of a pal by big-shot crook Fred Clark—and a bit of blackmailing on the side—that bring Montgomery to a little town in New Mexico. There he runs into a government detective Art Smith, also seeking to get the goods on the gangster, and the latter's girl, Andrea King, a double-dealing doll as dangerous as she's deceitful. By way of contrast Wanda Hendrix plays an enigmatic young Indian maid, wise beyond her years, who stubbornly sticks to Bob through thick and thin. Another who proves a friend in need is the owner of the town's merry-go-round, Thomas Gomez, himself merry and round.

One and all perform their parts adroitly against the colorful background of a fiesta.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-hitting gangster film.

✓ (F) **The Foxes of Harrow**
(20th Century-Fox)

AN ultra-conventional costume drama has been fashioned from Frank Yerby's novel set in New Orleans of 1830. The picture's principal asset is Rex Harrison, who lends his extraordinary personal charm to the role of Irish adventurer turned country gentleman. A common gambler robbed of his birthright, Rex must live by his wits. He manages to win a plantation and wed New Orleans' most beautiful belle—none other than Maureen O'Hara.

Now Maureen's a standoffish wench who won't admit his great attraction for her, so the eternal war 'twixt the sexes is on! She spurns Rex with single-minded persistence, meanwhile suffering exquisitely. Instead of bringing them together, their child causes more misunderstandings. They sulk and rage at each other until you begin to wonder if these two ever will reach that kiss-and-make-up stage.

Unfortunately, the story doesn't travel along a straight line but in a series of spirals. Extraneous situations are dragged in which are diverting enough, but have little bearing on the main theme. Strange voodoo rites among the slaves and violent thunder storms achieve a theatrical rather than dramatic effect. Standouts in an all-around good cast are Richard Haydn, Victor McLaglen, Gene Lockhart.

Your Reviewer Says: That Rex is so romantic!

✓ (F) **Desire Me** (M-G-M)

MOVIE-GOERS with a preference for drama-drenched romance will revel in this film from a Leonhard Frank novel, originally bearing the more suitable title,

"A Woman of My Own." True, there's nothing very new about the Enoch Arden theme, but with Greer Garson to infuse fresh life into it, and Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart on hand to help her, "Desire Me" becomes a dynamic drama calculated to stir your emotions.

Garson, of course, has that elusive charm that sets her apart from other glamour gals. Her portrayal of a lonely woman in a French fishing village, longing for the return of her soldier-husband only to have a fellow-prisoner of war show up in his place, is a penetrating one. As the crafty interloper who hopes to supplant Mitchum, supposedly killed in a Nazi camp, newcomer Richard Hart of the Broadway stage imparts considerable vitality to a demanding role. The story builds up to a gripping climax when the two men meet, one armed with a gun, the other a knife, to fight for the woman they love.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of punch.

✓ (F) **Unconquered** (Paramount)

GET your Indian war whoops ready for this boisterous business straight out of Cecil B. De Mille's sleeve. He's here again with his big all-star cast, his million-dollar spectacle and a plot full of more perils than *Pauline* ever encountered. The cool and calm *Captain Christopher Holden* is Gary Cooper, equal to any emergency Mr. De Mille might cook up; and in this one he cooks up plenty. Paulette Goddard is *Abby* who steps right off a slave ship into the wilds of the colonies where Indian chief Boris Karloff lurks behind a tree with his war paint on. The wicked conniver is Howard Da Silva and Katherine De Mille is his Indian wife.

History comes in with lots of wonderful

Technicolor to dress up old Fort Pitt and there's some interesting chit-chat between that young Indian fighter, Colonel George Washington, and his stalwart cohorts, not to mention some sets that must have cost a pretty penny. Cooper settles into his role in fine fashion, but Miss Goddard sometimes looks as though she just thought she was playing *Injuns*, which is certainly no way to act when massacres are going on.

If you like your history and your De Mille you'll find both of them here, blended into a big motion picture production that sometimes borders on the implausible side but still has more hearty old-fashioned action than you've seen in many a Hollywood day.

Your Reviewer Says: A De Mille special.

(F) **Robin Hood of Texas**
(Republic)

GENE AUTRY and the Cass County Boys are themselves again, this time in a Texas town where they get taken by some city slickers and land behind the bars. But not for long—they get right out only to land in more trouble in some place called *Serenity*. Lynne Roberts backs up the boys and *Champion Jr.* out on a dude ranch where so many dastardly things happen in fast succession, the Saturday-afternoon audiences are going to run clean out of yells.

Sterling Holloway looks familiar as do the sets, but it's all comfortable and routine in straight Western style. Send the children and if you like Gene and those moments of hummin' and strummin' go yourself.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know Autry.

It's Keen!

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Candy Coated
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12 PIECES

SERVES ONE-AT-A-TIME

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.

(F) Louisiana (Monogram)

LOUISIANA will sit up and take notice of this movie starring their own governor Jimmie Davis. Once they see it, however, they may sink back in their seats, for, while it's something to watch a "first man" playing a first on the screen, "Louisiana" is still a boring movie. As a short portraying the hard sharecropper's-farm-to-governor's-mansion saga of the crooning legislator who conducted his campaign braced with a band, it might have provided fifteen minutes' adult entertainment, but drawn out to a full-length feature it's apt to have its audience squirming.

Jimmie Davis plays himself—which is certainly something of a "first" in any movie. He is not an actor and there's no one else around to carry the weight of the piece. Margaret Lindsay fills in the background as his wife, John Gallaudet is Charlie Mitchell and there are some familiar Hollywood faces as politicians. The plot skimpers around trying to make the most of Jimmy's odd crooning-professor-politician life, but it was more enjoyable as a small magazine feature than it is as a marquee headliner. Somebody made a mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe—if you live in Louisiana.

(F) Springtime in the Sierras
(Republic)

WHAT the title has to do with this Roy Rogers endeavor is a little song hummed by Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers. The rest of the reels, in a questionable Tru-color that sometimes endows everyone with a greenish tinge, deals with the doings of some illegal hunters who are shooting venison out of season. One of the most lethal of these is Stephanie Bachelor who wears clothes well and looks as though she should have a chance in something more than a Western. Jane Frazee is the good girl with the bad brother and Andy Devine is made to look and act silly as a cameraman in a smock.

All told, this isn't up to those nice Roy Rogers films. It gets a little of a horror-story touch with Roy locked up in an ice-house. We like our Rogers straight, riding Trigger over the range and catching the good old-fashioned villains in his good old-fashioned way.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to standard.

Best Picture of the Month

Where There's Life

Best Performances

Robert Montgomery in
"Ride the Pink Horse"

Rex Harrison in
"The Foxes of Harrow"

Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum,
Richard Hart in
"Desire Me"



*He's helpless in your hands
with the New HINDS!*

Your hands feel softer, smoother—*instantly* with Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Enriched with lanolin and other special "skin-affinity" ingredients, it soothes and lubricates . . . *satinizes* your hands with longer-lasting loveliness. Is not sticky.

If you want hands men admire, try New Hinds today — now in handsome larger "Beauty Bottle" . . . giving you an average of $\frac{1}{3}$ more lotion for your money. Four economical sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

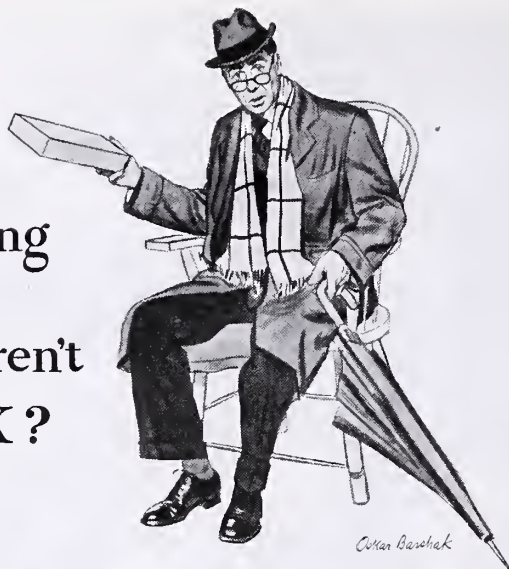
FASTER! SOOTHING! LANOLIN-ENRICHED!

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

*Now in the new
Beauty Bottle*



Are you trying
to tell me
All tissues aren't
KLEENEX?



Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've *always* told you Kleenex and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex box is different. It *serves up* tissues — saves time and trouble. I want *Kleenex* — there's no other like it!



PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I find Kleenex most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffing condition which accompanies a cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!



Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently*! But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? No. You mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!



Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Ixnay! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your *eyes* tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...There is only one KLEENEX

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*REG. U. S. AND CAN. PAT. OFF.

DON

LOPER'S

Clinic

by Don Loper

JOAN CAULFIELD looked most exquisite when she stepped into the studio to be photographed by Paul Hesse for Photoplay's Christmas cover. While she stood under the lights and Paul began to line up his shots, I glanced into Joan's dressing room. Everything was perfectly in order. The dressing table had all her make-up neatly placed on a white towel. The clothes Joan had worn to the studio were tidily folded over a chair back. Her shoes were arranged below in a straight line. She had not simply stepped out of them and left them lopsided. Everything was so neat and orderly I knew we would get a wonderful picture. You may wonder why neatness should tell me this. Here is the reason and an important reason it is, too: You must be neat to know how to wear your clothes. And you must have a healthy respect and understanding of your clothes to get the best effect.

Joan, as she walked under the lights, asked Hesse where he wanted her. He pointed to a low bench. Before Joan sat down, however, she gently pulled the fabulous silver lamé dress to one side. There would be no wrinkles, no folds when she arose.

Have you ever watched a girl plop down in a chair? Seen her skirt rise above her knees? Watched her jacket hunch on her shoulders? Observed her waistline tighten and strain? Then, when this girl stood up, have you seen her pull and adjust her costume? These things are not only unattractive to look at, they are extremely bad for the suit or dress. There is stress and strain on the seams and, of course, where your body has pressed against the fabric, there are wrinkles and folds. Those who design the clothes you wear work very hard to make them flattering and beautiful. So, my fashion tip is to be neat in everything you do, a tip so simple that every-good designer wishes he could tell it to all his customers. I've told you because, via this cover of Photoplay, I am in a sense your designer.

What questions do you want to ask about your clothes? About motion picture fashions in relation to your way of life? About buying a wardrobe for all occasions? I help solve the problems of stars like Ginger Rogers, Diana Lynn, Anne Baxter and all the other girls who come into my shop and I would be very happy to help you, the fashion-conscious readers of Photoplay, too. Photoplay will send your letters to me. See you next month.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

ADVENTURE ISLAND—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: The plot's from Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" and the acting's by that picturesque young couple Rory Calhoun and Rhonda Fleming. (Oct.)

BLACK GOLD—Allied Artists: Anthony Quinn as Charley Eagle is such a nice Indian. Katherine De Mille, as his wife, has too much of an Oxford accent to be convincing, but you may still warm to the affairs of Charley and his Chinese protegee. (Oct.)

✓**BLACK NARCISSUS**—Rank-Universal: This is a strange movie based on Rumer Godden's strange book about some nuns up in the Himalayas. Kathleen Bryon may give you some shudders but Deborah Kerr is too restrained to be outstanding. (Oct.)

✓**BOB, SON OF BATTLE**—20th Century-Fox: A loved children's classic gives Lon McCallister and Peggy Ann Garner a chance to try out their Scotch accents. Edmund Gwenn plays a fine Scot. (Sept.)

✓**BODY AND SOUL**—Enterprise-UA: Something more than just another prize-fight story with John Garfield shaking everything out of his role and Lilli Palmer as the prettier side of the picture. No hearts-and-flowers story; the punches are delivered straight; and you won't want to miss Canada Lee. (Nov.)

✓✓**BRUTE FORCE**—Universal: A straight right from Hollywood with a strong brutal plot about a prison break and some brutal portrayals by Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn, Charles Bickford. (Sept.)

CARAVAN—Eagle-Lion: This has a plot straight out of one of Grandma's old novels with Stewart Granger running into a long line of cut-throats in old Spain. Ann Crawford is the befouled heroine and Dennis Price the monocle-twirling cad. (Nov.)

✓**CROSSFIRE**—RKO: An A-1 movie, dealing with plain facts and plain people—and the touchy subject of intolerance, in an intelligent and courageous manner. Robert Ryan and Robert Mitchum excellent as two soldiers poles apart in their ideas. Robert Young solves the murder. (Oct.)

DARK PASSAGE, THE—Warners: Some plastic surgery features in this. Lauren Bacall exchanges weighted glances with convict Humphrey Bogart who's on the lam; Agnes Moorehead and Bruce Bennett try hard to keep things in high gear. (Oct.)

DEEP VALLEY—Warners: On-the-dreary-side film about a broken-down family with Ida Lupino in between feuding parents Fay Bainter and Henry Hull, and Wayne Morris being unexcitingly good and honest. Convict Dane Clark snaps Ida out of her depression, then comes the posse. (Sept.)

✓**FIESTA**—M-G-M: Lively Technicolor happenings down in Mexico including gay bullfights and symphony concerts, centering around Esther Williams and her twin brother newcomer Ricardo Montalban. There's Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova and Akim Tamiroff to help carry this off successfully. (Sept.)



Mrs. Murgatroyd (Billy DeWolfe) just couldn't wait to remove her hat before trying out the new Crosby Derby game

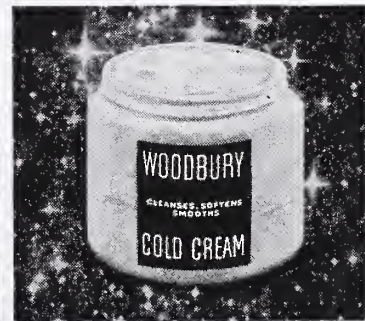
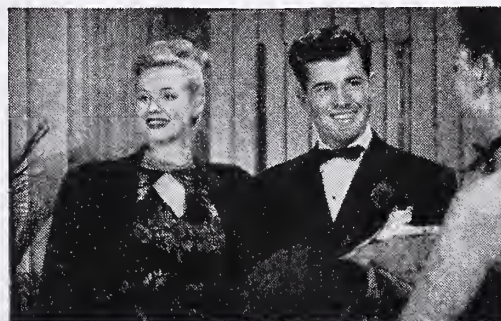
—that Always-Fresh look



says **VIRGINIA MAYO**, co-starring in
Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

*"My
beauty-glow
cleansing"*

"No secret about a lovely-to-look-at complexion. Just beauty-cleanse the way I do with Woodbury Cold Cream. Whisks off even the heaviest movie make-up." Ginny is wise to Woodbury. It contains rich oils. It's really deep cleansing. Smooth it on quickly... skin blooms clean. Try Woodbury for that "Always-Fresh" look.



Excitement in the air—enter Virginia. She says, "First after work comes my date with Woodbury. Its rich cleansing smooths my studio dry skin. In a flash skin's fresh—oh, so smooth." Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin—but surely. Try it, and see!

*—with
Woodbury
Cold Cream"*

**WOODBURY
CREAMS
FOR
PROBLEM
SKINS**

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!
OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It melts—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

✓✓**FRIEDA**—Universal-International: That man Rank is here again with another good film on an up-to-the-minute subject. *Frieda* is a German war bride who comes home to trouble in a British village with Flora Robson, David Farrar and Glynis Johns helping you to make up your mind just what you would have done. (Nov.)

✓✓**GOLDEN EARRINGS**—Paramount: Quentin Reynolds plays himself to track down the story of why British Colonel Ray Milland's ears are pierced. It's some story, featuring Marlene Dietrich as a dirty-faced gypsy and Murvyn Vye as a chorister. (Oct.)

✓✓**HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS**—Nebenzal-UA: Bob Cummings sprouts some invisible wings and comes down to earth as the *Archangel Michael* to straighten out the life of bad man Brian Donlevy. Despite the wings this is just another Western with Jorja Curt-right looking exotically out of place. (Sept.)

✓✓**HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS**—Columbia: A light touch of nonsense about the married life of Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, this has some big laughs about bigger black beards and Edward Everett Horton, Larry Parks bows in briefly. (Oct.)

✓✓**HUCKSTERS, THE**—M-G-M: Quick and to the satirical point with Clark Gable as the advertising "Huckster" and Deborah Kerr the lady who can resist a sales talk. Sydney Greenstreet, Ava Gardner and Adolphe Menjou help get the laughs. (Sept.)

✓✓**I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW**—20th Century-Fox: Musical about the life of composer Joe E. Howard. Mark Stevens, June Haver, Lenore Aubert and Martha Stewart dress it up; the songs and Reginald Gardiner's clowning add the finishing touches to a dandy musical. (Sept.)

✓✓**IVY**—Universal-International: "Ivy," despite Joan Fontaine's deft manipulations, doesn't give you as many chills as she should. Despite nice performances by Herbert Marshall, Richard Ney and Patric Knowles you'll still just go along with it. (Sept.)

✓✓**KISS OF DEATH**—20th Century-Fox: Mature entertainment with Victor Mature coming through a blue-ribbon actor in a realistic new-type gangster film. Richard Widmark and Coleen Gray are two new faces you won't forget. (Nov.)

✓✓**LIFE WITH FATHER**—Warners: *Father* practically ran Broadway for six years and now, thanks to a brilliant performance by William Powell, he's taking over the movie audiences. Irene Dunne is *Mother* and Elizabeth Taylor mixes sweetly with the four sons. On your don't-miss file. (Nov.)

✓✓**LIVING IN A BIG WAY**—M-G-M: The be-all of this fairly chuckly little story about veterans' housing is dancer Gene Kelly who does some pretty

footwork all the way through. Marie McDonald and Phyllis Thaxter are the gals. (Sept.)

✓✓**LONG NIGHT, THE**—RKO: You'll keep rather dreary vigil with Henry Fonda in the room he refuses to leave after he's committed murder. Barbara Bel Geddes and Ann Dvorak try and convince him to face the police but before he does you'll hear the story of why he killed off slimy Vincent Price. (Sept.)

✓✓**LURED**—Stromberg-UA: This is all fairly handsome hokum conducted by Lucille Ball, George Sanders and Boris Karloff. When all's said and done it's still just a *papier mâché* mystery. (Sept.)

✓✓**MAGIC TOWN**—RKO: Everybody will see this because Jimmy's Stewart's wandering around in it as a public-opinion expert who comes up against small-town philosophy expounded by Jane Wyman. (Nov.)

✓✓**MERTON OF THE MOVIES**—M-G-M: Red Skelton takes over the famous *Merton* and brings him up to date in a nice little slapstick comedy. Virginia O'Brien keeps it all lighthearted and Alan Mowbray, Gloria Grahame and Leon Ames play around. (Oct.)

✓✓**MOTHER WORE TIGHTS**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable and Dan Dailey step up in a light-hearted musical of the good old days. It's a family-type story with Mona Freeman and Connie Marshall as *Mother's* little girls and everybody pulling together to give you a nice look at some good dancing. (Nov.)

✓✓**OUT OF THE BLUE**—Eagle-Lion: A pretty surprise in the way of a jovial comedy in which George Brent wins handclaps in his role of the husband henpecked by Carole Landis and picked on by Ann Dvorak. Turhan Bey's the romantic ticket. (Nov.)

✓✓**RED STALLION, THE**—Eagle Lion: Small fry will probably love this business about a big horse named "Red" and his young owner Ted Donaldson who saves *Grandma's* ranch right at the last moment. Older audiences can pass with no regrets. (Oct.)

✓✓**REPEAT PERFORMANCE**—Eagle-Lion: Rather a different little idea in this: i.e., that a girl has the chance to live over one year of her life again. Seeing as how Joan Leslie shot husband Louis Hayward the first time, you may be interested in seeing how she fares on her second run. (Sept.)

✓✓**ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE, THE**—M-G-M: Van Johnson gets mixed up in the feud that went on down in the Ozarks after the Civil War. There's real music in that hill-billy accent, plus O. A. Whitehead, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle and Janet Leigh to keep the story running along. (Sept.)

✓✓**ROOSEVELT STORY, THE**—Tola Productions: A series of newsreel clips takes on the feeling

of a narrative film to recount the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt from the time of his marriage. Whether you're a Roosevelt man or no, you'll be intensely moved. (Sept.)

✓✓**SADDLE PALS**—Republic: Another Autry episode with Gene and the Cass County Boys fighting a rent rise and taming Lynne Roberts. (Sept.)

✓✓**SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, THE**—Goldwyn: Danny Kaye turns up as the daydreaming *Mitty* of Thurber's famous short story and with the help of Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, Virginia Mayo and Boris Karloff makes this a leader. (Oct.)

✓✓**SOMETHING IN THE WIND**—Universal-International: Deanna Durbin is a disk jockey eager to find out why John Dall thinks she was mixed up with his grandfather. There are some excellent songs as usual from Miss Durbin including a chuckleful duet with Jan Peerce. Donald O'Connor ducks in and out of this fairly interesting piece. (Oct.)

✓✓**SONG OF LOVE**—M-G-M: Schubmann's life is portrayed by Paul Henreid in a fascinating interest-rouser accented with great music with Katharine Hepburn as Mrs. Schumann, Robert Walker as Brahms, Henry Daniell as Lizst. You'll look and listen. (Nov.)

✓✓**UNFINISHED DANCE, THE**—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien's about the nicest little ballerina floating around. Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth are prima donnas with ease and all the proceedings have a delightful Technicolor storybook touch. (Nov.)

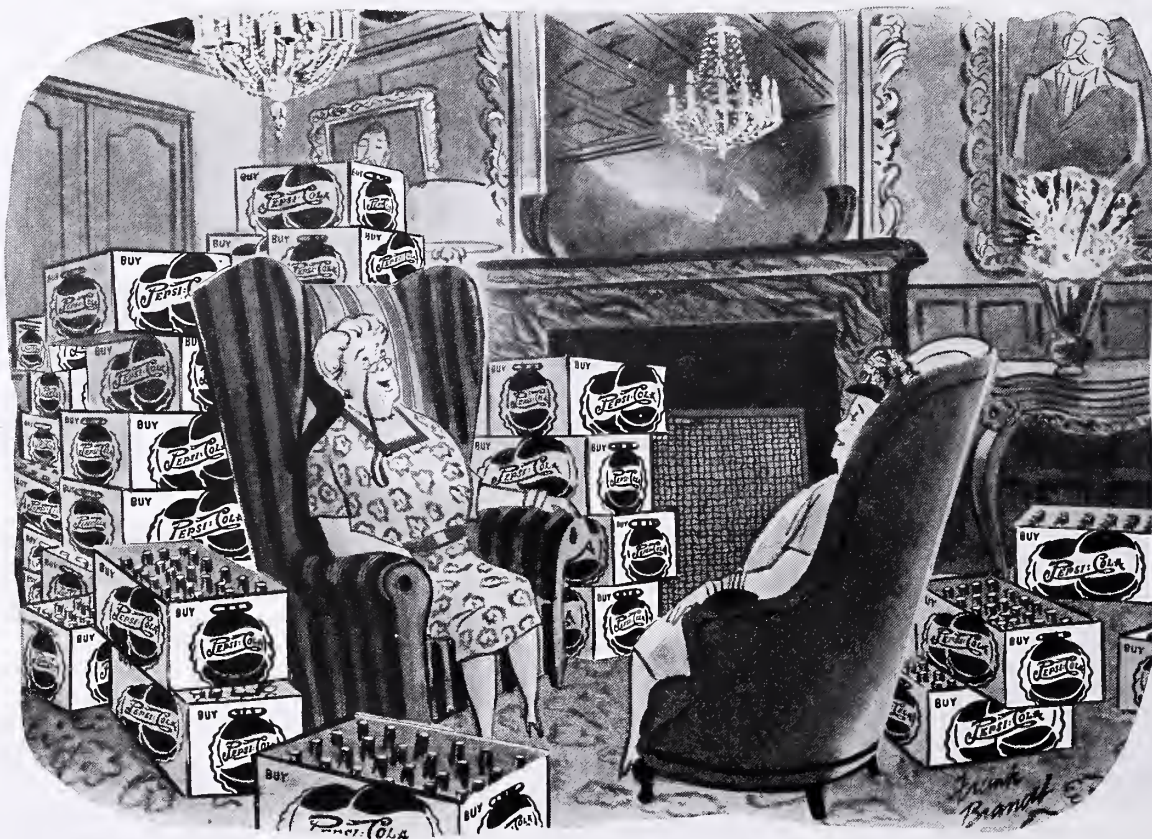
✓✓**UNSUSPECTED, THE**—Warners: You'll know who's guilty all along in this minor thriller starring deft Claude Rains. Michael North plays along with Joan Caulfield and there's Audrey Totter, Hurd Hatfield, Connie Bennett and Jack Lambert. (Nov.)

✓✓**VARIETY GIRL**—Paramount: The history of the Variety Club, "heart of show business," is the idea behind this. Everyone in Paramount makes a bow, with Crosby and Hope leading. Mary Hatcher and Olga San Juan center the theme adequately. (Sept.)

✓✓**WEB, THE**—Universal-International: A fast-moving film with fast dialogue bantered by Edmond O'Brien, Vincent Price, Ella Raines and that sure-fire character Bill Bendix. (Sept.)

✓✓**WILD HARVEST**—Paramount: Alan Ladd and his toughminded harvesting crew, including Robert Preston and Lloyd Nolan, roll over the wheat fields in those big new combines that are fun to watch. Not so much fun is the high-heeled maneuvering of Dorothy Lamour who never belonged on a farm. (Oct.)

ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"John and I are terribly happy. He's given me just about everything a woman could want!"

(Continued from page 22)

You are perfectly correct, and so are a score of our readers who have already noted this Photoplay error. Lauren Bacall's first picture was "To Have and Have Not." And Humphrey Bogart, who starred in that picture with her, gave her the whistle which serves as a conversation piece. Van Johnson was not in "Of Human Bondage." The picture referred to should have been "The Human Comedy."

Casting

Dear Editor:

Now that 20th Century-Fox owns screen rights to "Burlesque," I am going to start a return-to-the-screen campaign for Alice Faye. I saw Miss Faye at her broadcast here last spring. She was perfectly poised and beautifully groomed and I now know who has the best looking legs in Hollywood—and it ain't Betty Grable or Marlene Dietrich.

Incidentally it would be okay with me if Fox borrowed Larry Parks to play opposite her. Alice and Larry in "Burlesque" would have a line at the Roxy all the way to Radio City Music Hall.

DAVID A. POWERS
New York, N. Y.

Question Box:

Gentlemen:

I am at a loss to know where else to inquire the name of an actor appearing in "Calcutta." He was a gambler in that picture and was shot at the end. I would really appreciate it if you could tell me.

MRS. F. DA COSTA
Vienna, Virginia

Lowell Gilmore plays the role of Eric Tasser, the gambling-casino operator in "Calcutta." A review and cast of the picture appeared in PHOTOPLAY last June.

Dear Sir:

Can you give me some information regarding the musical scores in "Cover Girl" and "Cheyenne"? I would like to know the names of the musical numbers played in these two pictures and whether they were recorded.

JOHN C. BERKEL
Rochester, N. Y.

The musical score in "Cover Girl" was written by Jerome Kern and the two hit songs were "Long Ago and Far Away," and "Make Way for Tomorrow." There are a number of recordings.

The score for "Cheyenne" was by Max Steiner. With the exception of "Going Back to Old Cheyenne" and "I Am So in Love I Don't Know What I'm Doing" the rest of the score is untitled. None of these songs have been published.

Dear Editors:

Would it be possible for you to give me the name of the book that Joan Bennett wrote several years ago? I believe it was a book on manners.

JEAN MARSTON
Minneapolis, Minn.

The title of Joan Bennett's book is "How to be Attractive" and it is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Dear Editors:

In your latest edition I saw the picture of Ann Blyth and Frankie Van discussing his book on figure control. Would it be possible for me to get a copy?

BETTE RISCH
Chicago, Ill.

You may obtain a copy of Frankie Van's book by writing to Mr. Van, c/o Universal Pictures, Universal City, Cal.



GLADYS SWARTHOUT singing the great finale of *Mignon*. Look at her hands! They're strong—but smooth and softly feminine. The vigorous hands of an eloquent artiste.

"For my hands? CREAM!"
said GLADYS SWARTHOUT

And the cream she uses is PACQUINS, the choice of so many stars



It's amazing!...the way women are changing to cream for hand care. To PACQUINS Hand Cream But, then, it isn't really so amazing when you see and feel what Pacquins does for hands.

TONIGHT give your hands star care. Cream care. Pacquins care.

Smooth on a dab of this snowy-white, quick-melting, fresh-fragrant cream.

Ahh... feels good! Really luxurious.

What's this? What's happened to that roughness, dryness, flakiness, chap? Why, your skin feels smooth, soft, velvety as the fabled gardenia petal.

And look! What's milk... or a pearl... or a moonbeam got that your hands haven't? Nothing!

Try Pacquins tonight. Just a 12-second massage. And tomorrow morning. And every night and morning. Pacquins isn't sticky or greasy. Disappears fast. It's a joy to use—as well as to have used. Try changing to cream... to Pacquins... now.



ELIZABETH WILKINSON,
NURSE, REPORTS:
"Pacquins was originally formulated just for nurses and doctors. Nurses' hands take a nasty beating—30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day. We must have this kind of hand care."

for "dream" hands—cream your hands

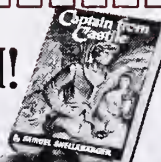
with
Pacquins
HAND CREAM



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

ADVENTURERS ON THE MARCH!

CONQUERORS OF A NEW WORLD!



A whole new world of drama, love, violence and spectacle lay before their sword of conquest! Fired with passions—dynamic with a brilliant cast—a saga of gold, empire and glory!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

CAPTAIN from CASTILE

color by Technicolor
STARRING

TYRONE POWER

JEAN PETERS · CESAR ROMERO

with Antonio Moreno · Thomas Gomez · Alan Mowbray

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Directed by HENRY KING

JOHN SUTTON · LEE J. COBB

Barbara Lawrence · George Zucco · Roy Roberts · Marc Lawrence

From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

A 20th
CENTURY-FOX MAGNIFICENT EPIC!



INTRODUCING...

Again the Photoplay family circle enlarges.

Beginning with this issue, with the lovely Joan Caulfield portrait, Don Loper contributes to the Photoplay cover series, so brilliantly executed each month by Paul Hesse. The name of Loper in the past year has become established in Hollywood for top-drawer designing of wardrobes for films (most recently Eagle Lion's "Out of the Blue" and "Prelude to Night") and of star clothes sold in the swank new Loper salon on the Strip.

For Photoplay, Don will design the cover costume to be worn each month, consulting with Paul Hesse as to decor and color scheme. Photoplay's editors immodestly herald future covers, costumed by Loper and executed by Hesse, as the most successful in Photoplay's history and invite readers to look forward next month to June Haver, in a skating ensemble, the month thereafter to the most eloquent camera study of Ingrid Bergman to cross these editorial desks. Future months will bring Hesse portrait studies of Betty Grable, Betty Hutton, Linda Darnell and Rita Hayworth, among others.

Then, beginning with the February issue, Mitch Leisen will write a series of home decorating articles, illustrated with photographs taken in stars' homes. The name of Leisen is familiar to you as the director and/or producer of a long list of distinguished films. A few: "Perils of Pauline," "Golden Earrings," "Dream Girl" (to be released), "To Each His Own." In Hollywood, he is equally famous for the decorating he has done. Most publicized of his achievements in this field is the apartment house off Sunset Boulevard, where live many of the popular film stars, more notably, Olivia de Havilland Goodrich and Paulette Goddard Meredith.

For Photoplay's readers, Mitch Leisen will create articles to guide them in the successful decorating of their own homes—whether one-room apartment, teen-age bedroom in the family homestead, honeymoon cottage or substantial house. It is a series intended to bring to Americans, interested in creating or re-creating beautiful homes, some of the brilliant talent reserved until now for million-dollar motion picture productions.

Welcome, Don Loper and Mitch Leisen.

Fred Sammis

Search for Happiness

So many rumors to be answered, so many questions

to be asked—who else but Greer Garson

could speak so revealingly about herself?

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



Black and white poodles complement a vivid redhead

NEVER again will I let troubles get me down. All the unhappiness of the last year is disappearing like a cloud. I feel like a new person. I *am* a new person."

It was Greer Garson speaking. The past ten unhappy months of frustration, ill health and a broken marriage are over and past for her and she is herself again—lovely, gay and independent.

If this were not true I would not be writing this story, for when Greer was completely miserable she saw no one, not even her oldest friends.

In many cases, I'm inclined to have my tongue in cheek over the "troubles" of the successful and indulged beauties of Hollywood. So many of them are just the pinings and pipings of spoiled darlings temporarily deprived of what they want.

But certainly Greer's assorted bad breaks were far from imagined.

Early in the year she suffered a bad accident when she was washed against a rock at Carmel, while making scenes for the jinxed "Desire Me." The injury and shock resulted in months of ill health.

To add to this, (Continued on page 77)

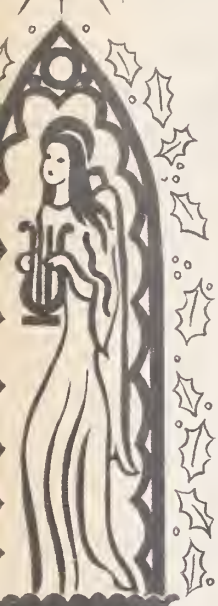
Beauty's field day:
Greer Garson of "Desire Me"

Bull





CHRISTMAS GIFT



It began in Hanyang, China, and
ended in Hollywood, where an old missionary's
faith came to rest on a star

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

AFTER five years at the Mission in Hanyang, China, Father Ranaghan was back in the United States to raise funds for the work the St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society was doing in China, Korea, Burma and the Philippines.

It was a heartbreaking struggle but they were winning over overwhelming odds. . . . A wound healed at the dispensary, food given to a starving family, dark eyes brightening over the story of the Christ Child born in the manger in Bethlehem. They asked for that story now, "Yeh-su Sheng-than," they said, meaning Jesus' Holy Birth. The priest smiled to himself thinking of their bubbly greetings on Christmas Day. . . . "Gung-shi . . . Gung-shi"—meaning, "Isn't it wonderful, it's a great day, a Merry Christmas to you!"

As he drove along Sunset Boulevard that warm sunny December afternoon, the bespectacled, cherub-faced Irish priest determined again that the good work must go on and again asked himself how he could better make this country see the distress that existed there. Somehow he must find his way to our hearts.

The air was heavy with orange blossoms. Christmas poinsettias spread scarlet splendor as far as the eye could see.

Hanyang and his beloved mission, 400 miles up the Yangtze River . . . all the ignorance, destitution and famine—and the Japanese massing at the border—seemed very far away.

As he stopped the jalopy in front of the Paramount Studios where Bing Crosby had his offices then, (Continued on page 96)



Bing Crosby, whose "Silent Night" echoes 'round the world



Honeymoon

YOU'RE on Stone Canyon Drive, in the ultra section of Bel-Air, just beyond Cary Grant's Normandy house and Greer Garson's English dwelling. The country is wooded and hilly. Bel-Air used to be a wild bridle path. And the Bel-Air Hotel, unique because of its tropical landscaping and distinctive architecture, although opened in 1944, was completed only this year.

With our young honeymooners, Nancy Guild and Charles Russell, we cross a stone bridge over a brook bordered by flowering eucalyptus and hibiscus and register at a long pink stucco building. The other buildings are detached yet linked by gorgeous plants. The dining room, built around a tall gray sycamore banked with ferns, boasts a huge fireplace in which burn enormous logs. At night, the hotel is at its dreamiest. Hidden flower-shaped lights throw lacy shadows on the walls.

Recommended for honeymoons: Bel-Air Hotel.

Bride and groom, Nancy Guild and Charles Russell at the Bel-Air Hotel. A yellow flagstone court, filled with expensive cars, and a green canopy mark the entrance to this center of Hollywood's "elegantes." A lattice-work, formed by branches of tall, stately trees, frames the tower



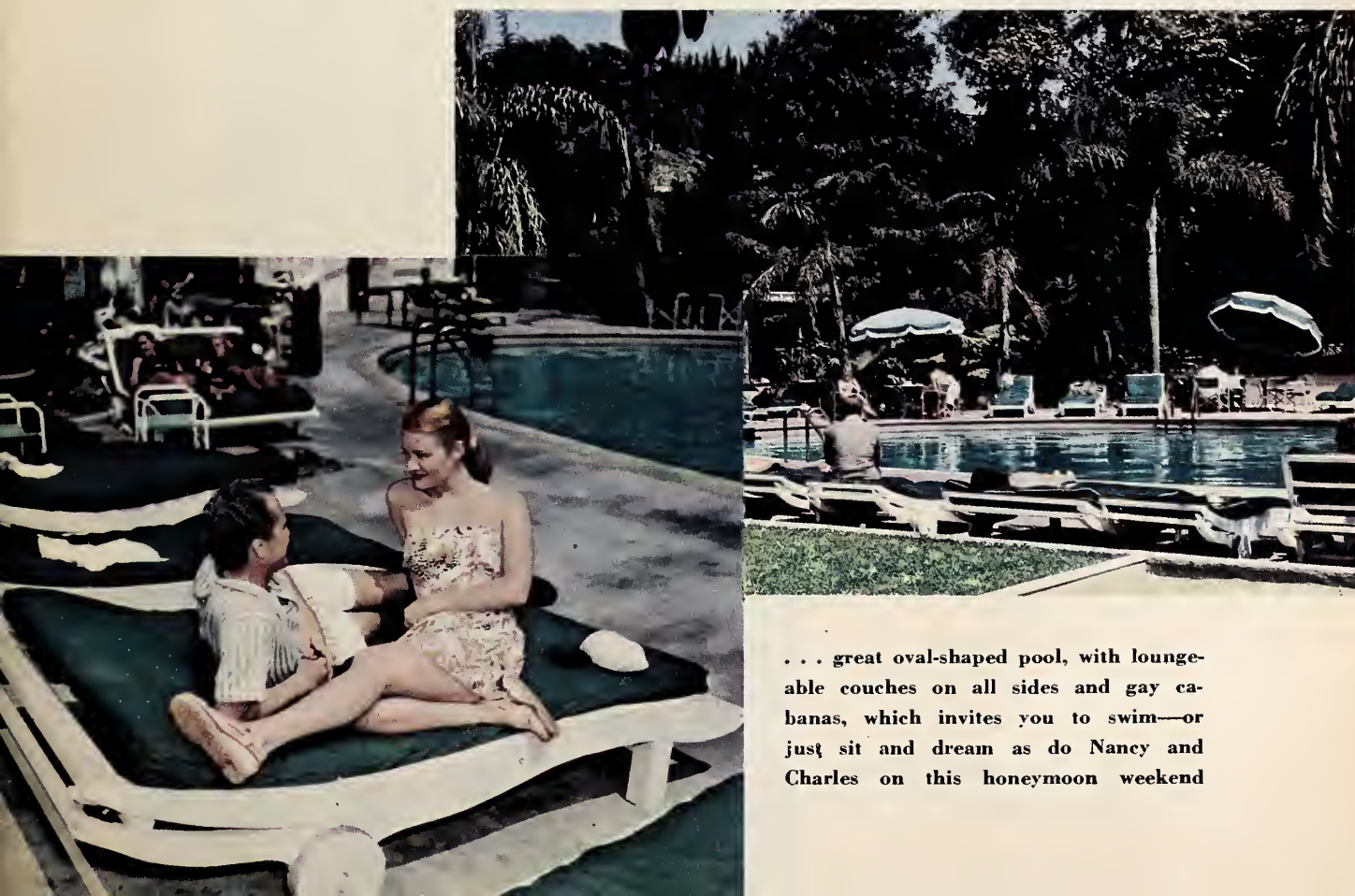
Hotel

Join your Hollywood Tour
through famed Bel-Air
Hotel where life's at its
dreamiest and enchanted
hours pass all too soon

Photographs by Fink and Smith



No numbered halls or numbered doors here. Each room has a private entrance, is furnished comfortably with smart simplicity. The accent is on living in the sun in the tropical, fragrant setting of the . . .



. . . great oval-shaped pool, with loungeable couches on all sides and gay cabanas, which invites you to swim—or just sit and dream as do Nancy and Charles on this honeymoon weekend

Time out for Laughter

BY KAY CAMPBELL

Engstead



Time out for a Bergman grin at entrance to "Arch of Triumph" lot

SILHOUETTED against the California dusk, a maid in shining armor rides the crest of the hills. In the stretching shadows the animal beneath her seems more like a mediaeval beast than a horse.

Residents of the upper Beverly Hills colony do a double-take over their before-dinner cocktails. They think they are seeing things. And they are—they are seeing a dream realized. For Ingrid Bergman, in a coat of mail, has been riding an immense percheron, the farm horse of the 15th Century, in order to accustom herself to the rigidity of the metal she wears in "Joan of Lorraine."

It has always been Ingrid's dream to play "Joan of Arc." Even as a child she pored through books on the subject of her favorite heroine with the result that today she is an authority on the life of the Maid of Orleans.

In fact, it was an unwritten agreement between her and David O. Selznick that someday he would cast her as Joan, which lured her to this country in the first place. That understanding was never fulfilled, which is probably just as well, for now Ingrid is half-owner (*Continued on page 106*)



It must be good: Sidney Kingsley, writer, and Ingrid at Mocambo



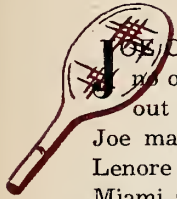
*Ingrid takes the Hollywood hurdles with humor
and meets life on her own terms*



100% COTTEN

He wears life like his old tweed coat,
with a debonair charm and
cosmopolitan air

BY ELSA MAXWELL



JOE COTTEN always reminds me of Joe Cotten. I know no other man who could be supported by his bride without losing her respect or his self-respect, or both. But Joe managed this. You've heard, of course, how he and Lenore met. Serving his acting apprenticeship with the Miami Civic Theater, Joe was cast in a role that required him to play the piano. And he couldn't play the piano. So backstage, Lenore—Lenore Kipp then—played the exquisite music that the audience believed Joe played onstage.

It didn't take them long to discover they were meant for each other. I'm literal, not sentimental, when I say that. For still, over fifteen years later, they are inseparable and indissoluble. To speak of one without the other would never occur to me.

For a long time Joe's career was, to say the least, uncertain. Sometimes he worked and sometimes he didn't. Lenore, on the other hand, had the steady income of an editor of Harper's Bazaar.

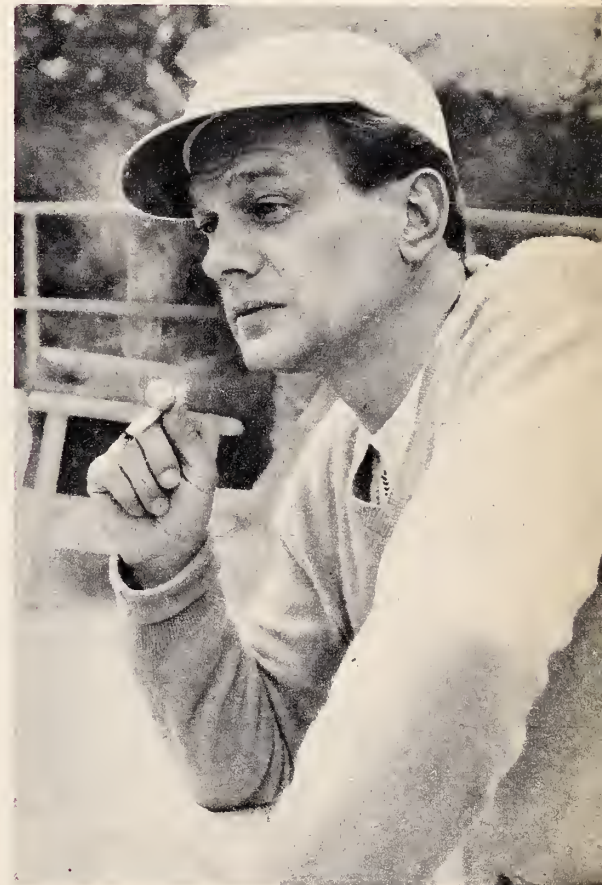
Joe never liked this set-up but he managed to be civilized about it most of the time. It was only when some disappointment grimmer than others came along that he let off masculine steam, that he expostulated, as he did one day: "My God, Lenore, I can't live on you forever!"

Upon such occasions, Lenore, bless her, always was magnificently casual. "Darling," she would say, "don't worry! You're going to be so rich you won't even mind when I come to you for a new diamond necklace.

"We're partners, Joe," she would go on, not too seriously. "I'm not unselfish or noble or (Continued on page 95)

High percentage in tweeds: Joseph Cotten of "Portrait of Jennie"

Miehle



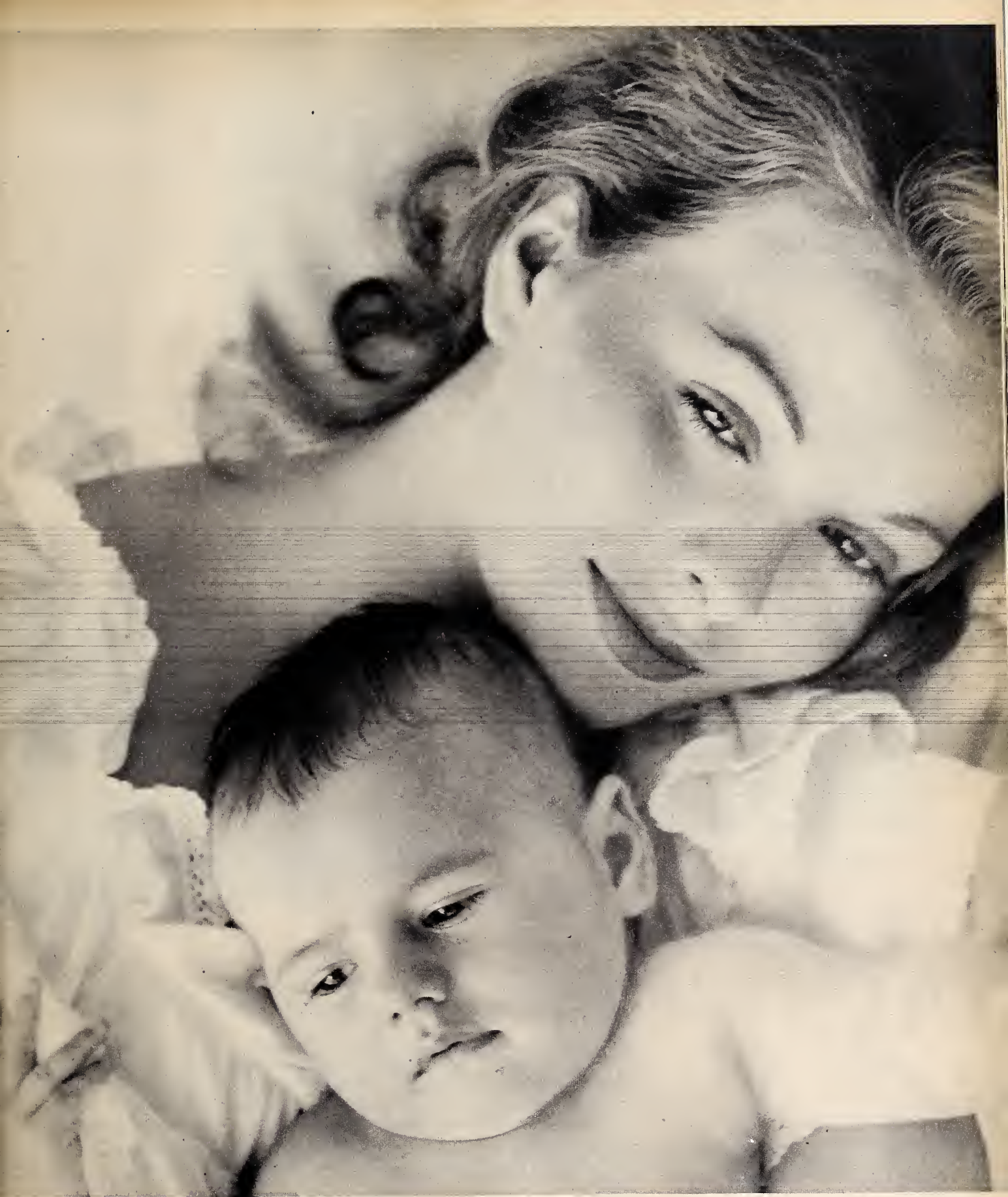
A tennis enthusiast, Joe relaxes between sets on the famed Cotten tennis courts

Joe and Lenore enjoy good cooking
—are noted for their dinner parties

A Christmas Prayer

*How close the narrow circle of embrace
Can hold a world of love, made manifest
In starfish hands, and flower-textured face,
In rosy flesh, by innocence blest,
By nature, vulnerable; the child, at birth,
A legatee of joy and grief and pain,
Also inherits wonder; and the earth
Aware, in patience, of both sun and rain.
Therefore, oh Child, who once from Mary's breast
Smiled to see dawn, and did not fear the night,
Christchild and Saviour, grant our Christmas prayer,
Give to all mothers, wisdom; dwell, as Guest
Within our homes; and shelter, in Thy Light,
All little children, always, everywhere.*

FAITH BALDWIN



Engstead

Love encircled—Jeanne Crain Brinkman and baby Paul, inspiration for Faith Baldwin's prayer

BY SHEILAH



Romantic interlude: Mark Stevens and Hedy Lamarr. She's in "Dishonored Lady"

Can This

AUGUST 1946, the happily married Mark and Annelle Stevens . . . September 1947, the happily romantic pair, Mark Stevens and Hedy Lamarr . . .

October 1947, the unexpectedly reunited Stevenses . . .

And by the time you read this who knows? For the Mark Stevens marriage, I'm afraid, is too typical of recent Hollywood unions.

How emotionally unstable can you be, this reporter of the Hollywood scene asks herself, recalling that only three days before Mark and Annelle announced that they had reconciled Hedy Lamarr was decorating a small apartment in which Mark had set up bachelor's quarters.

Mark and Hedy fell in love, you'll remember—or so they said—just

GRAHAM



Be Love?

Reconciliation: Mark, of "The Snake Pit," is back home with Annelle

four days after Mark broke up with his wife and just six weeks after Hedy had brought her divorce suit against her husband John Loder.

I don't know how soon Mark telephoned Hedy for a date after he moved out of his home with Annelle, but I believe it was within forty-eight hours. And within two weeks after leaving Annelle, Mark was flying with clockwork regularity to visit Hedy at Lake Tahoe where her doctor had sent her to regain her shattered health. He flew four times in four weeks, although each trip he could only stay one day, Sunday. Because he was working with Olivia de Havilland (as her husband) in "The Snake Pit" at the time, Mark made the long plane journey to Hedy late Saturday night, returning on Sunday evening to be ready to report for work Monday morning (*Continued on page 101*)

PARTIES I CAN'T FORGET



*Spiciest gossip appetizer in
town: The night that Mr.*

Atwater Kent dined alone!

They keep coming back when
he least expects them so this
restless reporter tosses away
the sleeping pills and tells all!

BY EARL WILSON

Drawings by Van

IN HOLLYWOOD, the land of milk and honey, the town where men are men and women are padding, all the memorable events occur at parties. And, by memorable events I of course mean fights. Yet I've never seen anybody so much as raise his dukes at a Hollywood brawl.

A Hollywood party isn't like a party anywhere else. One of the most brilliant that the Beautiful Wife and I galloped off to was given by Atwater Kent, the enormously popular old geezer who used to make radios in Philadelphia. In one month Mr. Kent may give six, seven or eight parties. One person laughingly said, "I haven't attended the last twenty." But everybody has a good time and enjoys the hospitality as the wine and food are called. The first party at Kent's I attended was exclusive—only 150 guests.

As soon as you get inside the door (which is not too easy in case you have been to a Hollywood cocktail party just before) a waiter sticks a champagne glass in your hand. Just to be polite you take a drink out of it. The waiter fills it up and you take another drink—you have to be well-mannered at a time like this—and this goes on for some time. This can get very dangerous, especially for poor Mr. Kent's furniture.



*Larry Adler's gift to his
host had an ancient wheeze*



*A blonde with bounce:
Unwelcome guests find
Sonja Henie irresistible*

Good old Mr. Kent is so party conscious that recently he was embarrassed when a guy came up and said: "I heard something uncomplimentary about you."

"Heavens, what was it?"

"I don't like to repeat. It's only hearsay."

"Out with it," said Mr. Kent.

"Well," stammered the guy, "I heard that one night last week you had dinner . . . alone!"

Mr. Kent hung his head, and hollowly said, "It's true . . . but please don't ever mention it."

A thing like that could ruin him socially.

Well, about eight champagnes after we got there, we all sat down and ate the most wonderful dinner we'd ever had, which we wished we could have seen, only we couldn't, on account of the champagne. Then there started a beautiful evening of entertainment, with Edgar Bergen sitting on Charlie McCarthy's knee . . . excuse me, that's the way it looked to me at the time.

"Charlie, we have here the cream of society," Bergen said.

"Did you say scream of society?" said Charlie.

"No, cream of society."

"Hasn't it curdled in spots?" said Charlie.

"But cream always (Continued on page 110)



*One columnist found a
way to get around a
difficult situation*

Be a Christmas

Morris



Loretta Young has a bright idea for sleepy-time glamour—you'll find it here

Illustrations by Claire McCanna



THIS article is a plot, frankly—a plot designed to make you a "Christmas Belle."

All that is necessary to sketch in the background of this plot is a thoughtful you. Cost is less important than thoughtfulness. Remember, thoughtlessness can be a very expensive thing when you try haphazardly to fill a generous impulse just before stores close on Christmas Eve.

Start by minutely planning your Christmas list, your parties and your appearance. Self-discipline should be the keynote of this planning. Begin right now by shaping up your Christmas list with things carefully chosen, which your friends really want and can use.

If you know how to knit, crochet, or sew, now is the time to put your needles and your originality to work. Why not make a stole of diamond-shaped design for a pretty young girl who could use it?

Loretta Young this year took (Continued on page 99)



Janis Carter has a different way of saying hello on Christmas Day

Belle



*Little girls
will spoil their looks
if they dress up like
Hazel Brooks*



*Joan Crawford
has no Yuletide fear.
She's at the
listening post all year!*



*Ring out the old ideas, ring in
the new, with some Yuletide tips for your
friends and you*

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor

I Was There

BY HYMIE FINK



RITA HAYWORTH and Victor Mature—what a combination for a Hollywood photographer. That was something we boys never thought we'd see again. Especially since we knew how Vic felt when Rita broke off with him during the war, while he was on North Atlantic Patrol, to marry Orson Welles. Many of us thought Vic had never been able to forget her.

I'd heard from a fan at Ciro's that they were having dinner at the Chanteclair, so me and my camera hot-footed it over. And there they were—in deep conversation. It was the first time I'd seen Rita since she returned from Europe—and she looked beautiful! I told her so too. (What guy wouldn't?) She's letting her hair grow and it's now in a long bob. I liked it and I told her that I did. "I'm awfully glad, Hymie, because otherwise I'd feel badly about it," Rita joked. She said she and Vic were on the town doing the night spots "just like old times." Seems Vic had to leave the next morning at seven for Kanab, Utah, where his picture "Ballad of Furnace Creek" is being filmed. This was his only chance to see Rita for some time.

Just then the violinist came over to the table and asked them what they'd like him to play. They settled for a Strauss waltz and that was my last look—Rita and Vic, soft candlelight and sweet music.



For Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature the muted strains of a Strauss waltz, recalling the past

It happened one eventful night when a chance remark

led Photoplay's photographer to a candle-lit corner

where two people were meeting again, just like old times



Who'll buy my wares? Claudette Colbert and William Goetz couldn't resist Jennifer Jones's selling appeal

Auction, run by Mrs. Travis Banton for visually handicapped children, was held on Harold Lloyd's estate



Going, going, gone! Gowns, hats, fabulous as stars met in gay competition

Laraine Day and Leo Durocher were among guests who watched m.c. George Murphy present star entertainment at the event



THE MONTH



jewels auctioned to the highest bidder
at lavish children's benefit



Super strip-tease: It began when auctioneer Harry Crocker sold evening dress worn by Esther Williams

Esther immediately delivered, revealing a gold swim suit . . .

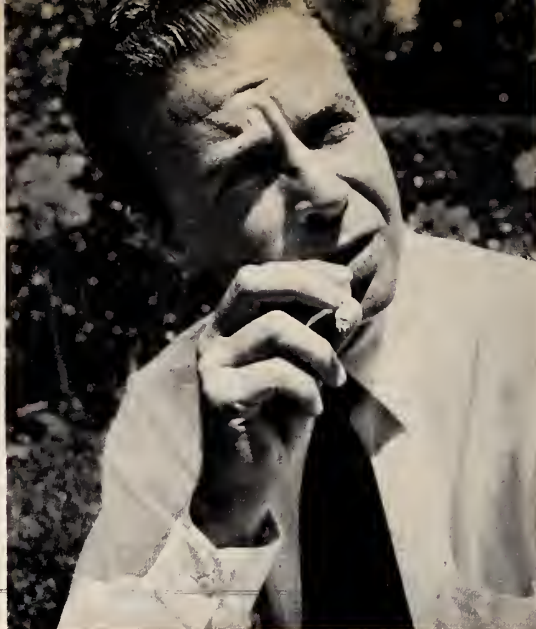


. . . which fetched \$350.00 for the cause. Delivery, needless to say, was not made on the spot!





Dick, of "Assigned to Treasury," has set a new course for his future!



D.P.

Up to the minute: Dick, an enthusiastic sailor, sets the clock ahead for an early rising but. . .



June has other plans! She's much more enthusiastic about sleeping

LATELY, Dick Powell has been haunting the docks in San Diego and Balboa. He's looking for another sailboat. This time he'd like one which is bosomy and comfortable about the waist. One which won't lift her skirts and go dancing across the sea like a hussy, but will wallow a bit and probably shake her bustle as she waddles out of a long trough—one, above all, that June will enjoy and trust.

"That ship, that Santana," Dick still murmurs, talking of his erstwhile ocean-going sailboat. "Oh, she was a lady. But she was dangerous. That's why June didn't trust her. For, like many beautiful ladies, she was skittish, she was temperamental. You couldn't take your eye off her for an instant. June has to



Hard-working Dick still
finds time for a spot of fun!

That's Dick Powell, who acquired
a new outlook instead of a large
waistline and proved a detour
can lead straight to success

be around things and people she
believes in."

June Allyson's complete distrust
of the Santana began one day re-
turning from Catalina when a brisk,
slatting breeze behind sent them
through the green combers with
their bow buried and their rail
awash.

"Every time the Santana rode a
big one out," Dick says, "she shook
herself like a wet spaniel and got
set for another. I was at the wheel
and June was crouched behind a
companionway trying to keep one
square inch of her clothing dry. I
howled with a kind of insane delight
—which comes over people who like
sweet-going sailboats. June thought
I'd gone suddenly nuts."

"There's. (Continued on page 92)



June came along at just the right time to be the cornerstone in Dick's new life

BY HYATT DOWNING

LINES ON LON

McCallister by name—young enough to be intrigued

by life, old enough to be intriguing

BY BEN MADDOX



No Hollywood front for McCallister

LON McCALLISTER called for Ann Blyth at half-past five, in his opinion the best time for a date to start on fine evenings. They drove leisurely towards the Pacific, responding silently to the sunset as they wound through the hills between Hollywood and the ocean. He mixed in romantic music from his car radio. He used to drive too fast, but Ann's cured him of that. Besides, less zipping through traffic lets him hold her hand comfortably. Strolling to the end of the pier at Malibu Beach they watched row after row of waves pour in below them. Any girl Lon likes must savor the sea. Suddenly hungry, they hurried into the Tail o' the Cock, his favorite restaurant that's perched above the pounding (Continued on page 103)

Marriage is a hurdle he won't tackle—yet



Any girl he likes must savor the sea



Naturally nice: Lon McCallister, star of "Thunder in the Valley"

Fink





Powell Sr. and Powell Jr., who thought his father glamorous at seven — still does at twenty-two

He clings to an old bathrobe and a hat he
bought in 1912. He loves big words and uses them
exactly. He's definitely Junior's favorite Pop

BY BILL POWELL, JR.

WHENEVER I am asked if I have ever been to Venice, I make the questioner decide the answer for himself. Here are the facts.

You see in 1924 my father, William Powell, and my mother, Eileen Wilson Powell, had agreed to disagree. They had not gone to the point of getting a divorce, but a parting of the ways was decided upon. Unknown to one another (both being romantic) they decided to go to the same place to forget—Italy. They ran into each other in Venice. It was midsummer. A full Italian moon was riding the skies—music floated up from the gondolas gliding along the Grand Canal. I made my debut in 1925.

My first boyish awareness of my father was in 1929, when he had come back from Paris. (In spite of Venice, my arrival had worked no miracles. Shortly after my birth, father and mother were legally separated, although they remained good friends.) What a glamour parent Father seemed to me then! *(Continued on page 80)*



Father's favorite sport—sitting in the sun



Off to the christening! Hilarious scene from Warner's "Life with Father." William Powell as *Father* has been raising chuckles and S. R. O. signs



"Mousie" plays a mean game of tennis — taught husband Bill Powell a wicked samba

"UNCONQUERED"



In the early frontier period of America men or women white slaves were sold for about fifty dollars. Convicted of murder complicity, *Abby Hale* (Paulette Goddard) has been sentenced to servitude in this country



Capt. Holden (Gary Cooper) buys *Abby* but she is tricked into believing *Garth* (Howard Da Silva), trader and traitor, owns her. Against a background of massacre and horror they battle for love of this English bond slave

Hollywood shakes history

out of its doldrums with frontier

America the stage, Cecil B. DeMille

the lavish producer and the

heroine a beautiful bond slave

Capt. Holden's trek through Indian country has authentic background. Location units traveled 5000 miles—spent 8 weeks in Pennsylvania forests





A scandal is created when *Capt. Holden* takes *Abby* to the King's Ball in the frontier post, Ft. Pitt—one day to become a steel empire, Pittsburgh!

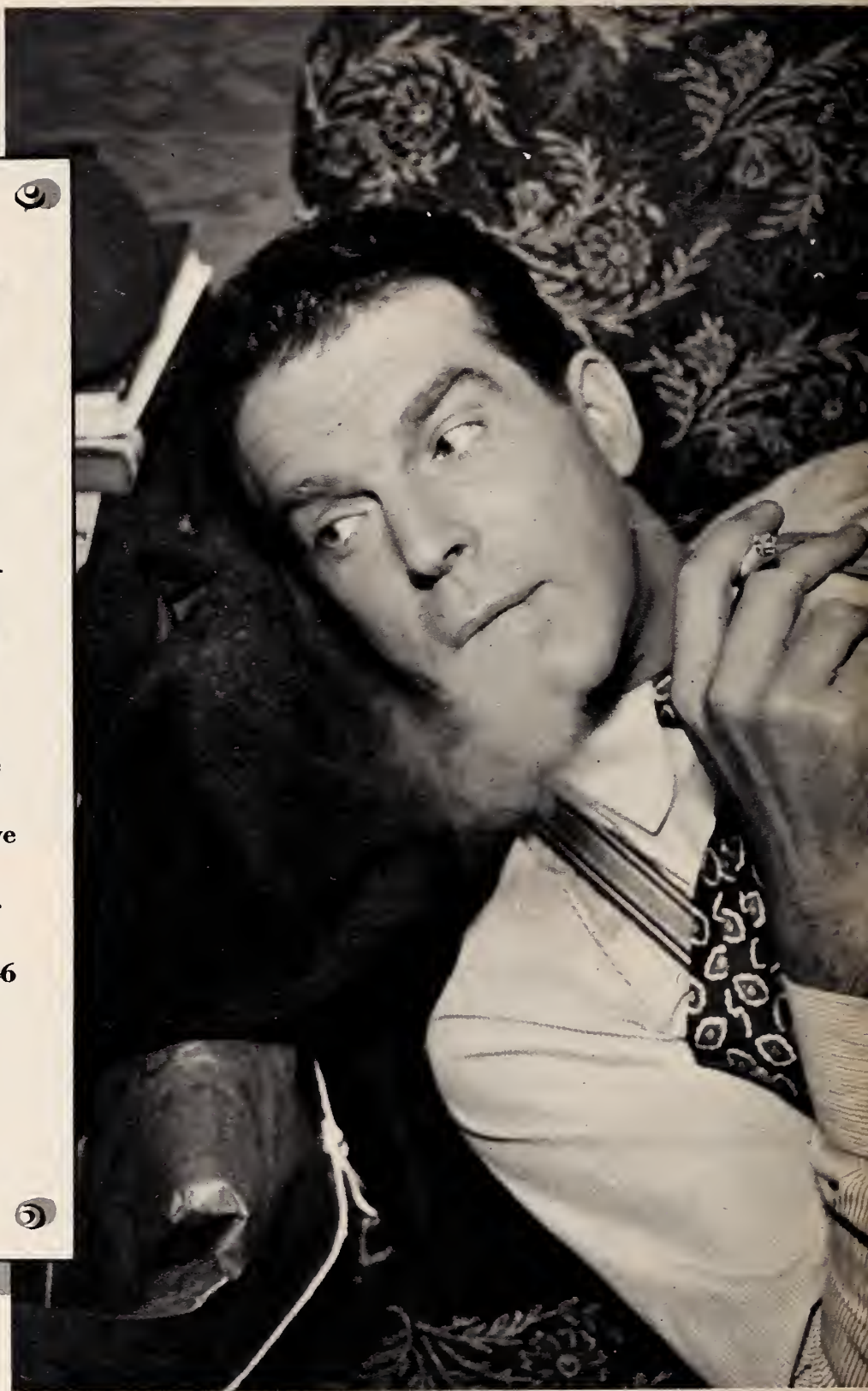


Torment and destruction spreading across the frontier bring *Abby* to the torture stake and *Holden* through the agony of the historic ninety-day siege of Ft. Pitt

LAZIEST MAN IN TOWN

He prefers the hammock to the
hoe but Fred MacMurray must have
swung both to be one of Holly-
wood's highest paid actors in 1946

By Herb Howe



Beaver Dam Bud in characteristic repose on set of "Miracle of the Bells"



**Mr. MacMurray avoids
tiresome words in favor of
the half-inch nod**

THE man who earned one of the highest salaries paid for acting or anything else last year is a monument to our great Midwest, rising six-feet-three in air from pedestals size twelve. In Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, they call him Bud.

Most men are like trolley cars running contentedly on their rails, Somerset Maugham observes, but now and then you are fascinated by a sprightly flivver that darts in and out of traffic and speeds jauntily across country.

Beaver Dam Bud was a hot rod.

There was a time, after coming to Hollywood, when Bud hid out by day in a woman's apartment and baked pies to relieve his tension. Under influence of pie the woman married him. He has baked only one pie since but continues to hold her. He taught her to cook.

This colossus of the dramatic and domestic arts is grandson of a Presbyterian evangelist. The Rev. MacMurray must have depended upon free-will offerings for his livelihood but his take was nothing like Bud's. Our free-will offering last year to Beaver Dam Bud, now revered as Mr. Fred MacMurray by the United States Treasurer, amounted to \$203,525.66.

"Mind the sixty-six cents," says Mr. MacMurray, of Scottish descent.

What, you ask, (*Continued on page 84*)



In Hollywood they call them ranches, back in Wisconsin they call them farms.

Farmer MacMurray, his missus, their two sprouts, Robert and Susan

FASHION

THE stylists and garment-makers are begging Hollywood to take a firm stand in the matter of the extreme fashion changes and tell the world what film stars will or will not wear on the screen these coming months. Obviously, a lot of manufacturers feel there's no use making the type of things that Hollywood glamour-pusses won't wear and consequently gals across the nation won't buy.

Well, they really ought to talk to some of the Hollywood glamour-boys! I haven't met up with one yet who liked any of the changes, and certainly not the *extreme* ones. And as for the padded hips, the rounded shoulders, the long day-time droops, Clark Gable says, "Pretty soon *every* girl will be a blind date!"

But, as we leap about we note that most of the Hollywood belles at this point are not going to extremes. Take Joan Crawford, for instance. I've seen her in ballet-length cocktail and evening dresses (the one she wore to the Darryl Zanucks' party for Gen. Montgomery was a dream of white net—yards and yards gathered to a tiny, corseted waist—the bodice of which was heart-

(Continued on page 108)

Ava Gardner's satin evening dress shows its Edwardian influence in the draped hip line and boned bodice. Ava is in "Singapore"

Carpenter



REFLECTIONS

There's a festive air to the Hollywood scene as

the old blends with the new in gay patterns of fun

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town



Black magic: Dorothy McGuire's evening dress by Kay Nelson, with deep round neckline and tiny buttons parading down the back to the corselet waistband. Dorothy stars in "Gentleman's Agreement"

Povolny

TINSEL 'ROUND



Joan Caulfield of
"Welcome Stranger"



CHRISTMAS is really my favorite holiday because of the opportunity it offers one to relive the joyous, familiar incidents of past years. Yuletide magic, compounded of warmth, gayety, charity and generosity, rest deeply in the hearts of everyone during this season.

To me, especially it is a "home holiday." Being an Easterner, I'm fond of a "White Christmas." And, when December arrives in Hollywood, Mother and I busy ourselves arranging our return to New York, where Dad and my sisters, Betty and Mary, are living.

Our family are basically sentimentalists and we go all-out for tradition. Milk-and-brandied punch for the familiar Christmas Eve toasts—church on

Christmas morning for the familiar prayers—dinner with the old-fashioned trimmings and, as a natural result, the stuffed feeling that follows.

Some families open their gifts on Christmas Eve. Our own custom is to wait until morning, perhaps merely to heighten the suspense. Pile 'em under the tree, and no one cares if one can't sleep for curiosity.

Then the exciting, shared joy of trimming the tree. I confess I'm the careless type of trimmer, but Mary, Betty and Mom, however, are the meticulous type, hanging each gold and silver ball and each string of tinsel with calculated artistry. Luckily, the general over-all effect has never depended on my usually

(Continued on page 70)

MY FINGER

And chimes in her heart, reminding
her of Christmas past, Christmas
present and Christmas yet to come

PHOTOPLAY BY JOAN CAULFIELD

As told to Dorothy Deere



*Cover
Girl*



Love at first sight
for Joan and David



Christmas is a "home"
holiday to Mom and Joan



Three sisters: Joan,
Betty and Mary—with
Joan's dog Buttons

TINSEL 'ROUND MY FINGER

(Continued from page 68) impatient efforts which consist of tossing a handful of something shiny and then hoping it has landed in the proper place.

Opening the dusty boxes of ornaments and lights each year is akin to opening a memory book. One finds the silver star that's probably older than I. Something would go wrong with my holiday world if that particular star wasn't twinkling on top of the tree. And there's the wax angel with the gauzy skirt. She made her debut on the same tree that sheltered the most exciting gift I ever received—my first wrist watch.

As most of us do, I like lots of small gifts, and all of them surprises—rather than one big and oh-so-final present. However, in my gifts, I try to include one gay, mad thing that the recipients wouldn't think of buying for themselves. By wrapping the presents with colorful paper and ribbons I manage to give to all packages a measure of mystery and excitement.

UNTIL the present time I've liked to spend Christmas afternoon alone with my sisters and parents.

"Until the present time," I say, because this year I find myself with the luck to be able to give some pleasure to others just by offering some of the time that used to belong entirely to me. If I may, I should like to explain this by citing a recent incident.

It was shortly after finishing "Welcome Stranger," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, that I made a personal appearance trip. One night, after the theater, I was eating in a small, midwestern restaurant. Timidly, a waitress asked me to sign an autograph book. It was for her daughter, a girl about my age, slowly dying of tuberculosis of the bone. Bedridden since she was fourteen, this girl had given herself a college education. After hearing the story I asked the waitress whether I could visit her daughter. She said we could and after she had finished work we left for the hospital.

I can still see that girl's eyes as I stepped through the door of the ward. She had never seen me on the screen. But I came from Hollywood, and appar-

ently she felt I brought with me some of the movie magic from the pictures she hadn't been able to see for five years. Moreover, I had talked with—even worked with—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. What were they like in real life? Were they as happy-go-lucky off screen as on?

She was holding my hand while we talked and when I was about to leave, she let go of my fingers, one by one. And as I left the ward I'll always remember her face and the other faces and eyes strained after me all the way to the door. Those patients didn't know where I came from—just the coming of *any* visitor was a break in the terrible monotony.

Remembering these things, I'll make it a point to see that a good part of my holiday this year will be spent visiting hospitals, Veterans' homes, or orphanages and taking them simple gifts. It seems so little to do for those less fortunate.

Another opportunity for added joy for those of us who spend Christmas in this country is the realization that we can do something to make Christmas a little happier and less dreary for those overseas. For my overseas gifts I hope to purchase those wonderful little articles that cost us so little and still mean so much. I read the newspaper ads and when I notice a sale on cosmetics, for instance, I'll buy them. I'll undoubtedly have a wonderful time visualizing the European girls opening the lipsticks and scented soaps—frivolities they haven't been able to buy for years.

No doubt about it, the way to get the most out of the holiday is to give, and not only to receive. It seems to me that in this way, we absorb so much more of the good Christmas spirit.

It may sound a little silly but it would be wonderful if one would mentally tie a string of tinsel around one's finger as a reminder that the good things of life remain forever.

Christmas and the Christmas spirit could conceivably be 365 days a year.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions

Adele Whitely Fletcher	Director
Peggy Thorndike	Fashion Editor
Jack Force Jr.	Fashion Art Director
Gerry Southmayd	Fashion Service Manager
Ben Studios	Photographers
John Engstead	West Coast Photographer

This striped taffeta by Dartford Deb
has the new longer skirt and the newer minute waist.
Sizes 9—15. About \$20.00 at Russek's, New York
and The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
(For other stores in your vicinity see page 89)



Gail Russell has a special young appealing charm. Watch for her in Paramount's "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"

Joyeux Noël

**For dances at Christmas—and
through the New Year**

**Lovely Beverly Tyler of
Metro's younger set**

**A ballerina evening dress with the fullest
skirt and tiniest waist ever. A Fred
Perlberg original in bright danceable
taffeta. Sizes 9—15 and 10—16. \$25.00.**

**At Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.,
and Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md. (For
store in your vicinity where these
dresses are available see page 89)**





You'll dance the night and his heart away in
this chiffon dress designed by Nite Club.

Comes in bright and pastel shades. Sizes 10—

16. \$29.95. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn,
N. Y., and Wm. Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland, O.

P HOTOPLAY'S

PATTERN

OF THE MONTH

The dress Travis Banton designed for
Joan Bennett in
"Secret Beyond the Door"

Make this dress, wear this dress, for loveliness and glamour. It has the new longer length, soft shoulder line and easy grace you love. Make it of Lucia martinized velvet for dress-up-dates. In Mystilon which is an all nylon sheer and comes in soft pastel shades, which would be lovely for weddings or dances. And it would be so wearable now, under furs, made of a jersey screened print. Concordia-Gallia fabrics.

More fashions on page 87

For other views of pattern see page 89



Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Joan Bennett-"Secret Beyond the Door" dress in size (Circle size you wish)

12 14 16 18 20

My name and address is:

Name

Street

City State



Jane Powell who is in "The Birds and the Bees"

Beauty Spots

By *Cosmetics for Christmas*

MARY
JANE
FULTON

Pretty teen-ager JANE POWELL is giving her family and relatives cosmetics for Christmas. Crazy about them herself, her theory is that those to whom she gives such

glamorous gifts should be as delighted to receive them as she would be.

Here's Jane's List

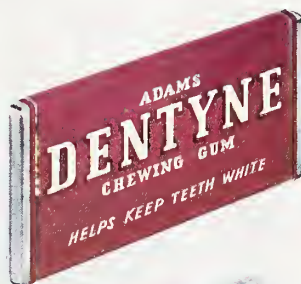
For her mother, Mrs. Eileen Burce, she's getting a make-up kit. Every time Jane, whose real name is Suzanne Burce (she also answers to her two nicknames, "Hep" and "Bert"), pauses at a cosmetic counter, she admires the make-up kits displayed. Some, no larger than pocketbooks, can be used as one when the cosmetics are taken out. Then there are the kind which, when the tray is removed, make pretty jewelry cases; or, if large enough, overnight bags. She's looked at the expensive as well as the budget-priced ones. Like every Christmas shopper, Jane has the budget problem, too . . . Her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Baker, of Portland, Oregon, loves perfume. So Jane will give her a bottle of her favorite scent.

Cousins are Included

For her twenty-two-year-old cousin, Barbara Carlson, of Beverly Hills, Jane is getting cologne and either sachet powder (it's really dry perfume) or novelty sachet bags. They're nice to scatter among lingerie or to tie to dress hangers. She might, if her budget permits, also buy Barbara an attractive purse-size perfume dispenser. They're so reasonably priced . . . Billy Ann Baker, another cousin, lives in Tacoma, Washington. She's eighteen and has lots of dates. Like all young girls, she's always trying new lipsticks. So Billy Ann is slated for a set of three or more of the newest shades, so she can have a regular lip-color bar . . . Her other Baker cousins, Shirley, twelve, and Nancy, seven, also live in Tacoma. She knows they'll squeal with joy over a set each of one of the combination bath sets, containing two or more of these lovely items: Perfumed soap, bubble bath, bath powder, talcum, bath salts, cologne, or toilet water . . . Jane plans to give her male relatives something nice in men's toiletries . . . She hopes that you'll get some ideas from her gift list for yours. She joins me in wishing you all a Merry Christmas!



Like a melody,
Dentyne's flavor lingers on...

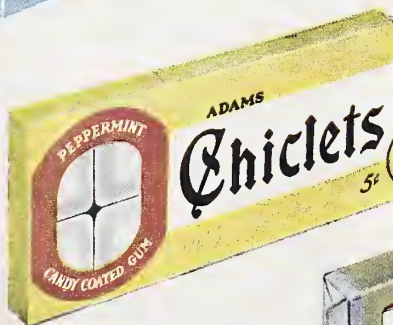


Clean-tasting! Deliciously different!
Dentyne Chewing Gum—it's *keen* chewing gum!

But there's more to Dentyne than refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne's firm, chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too!

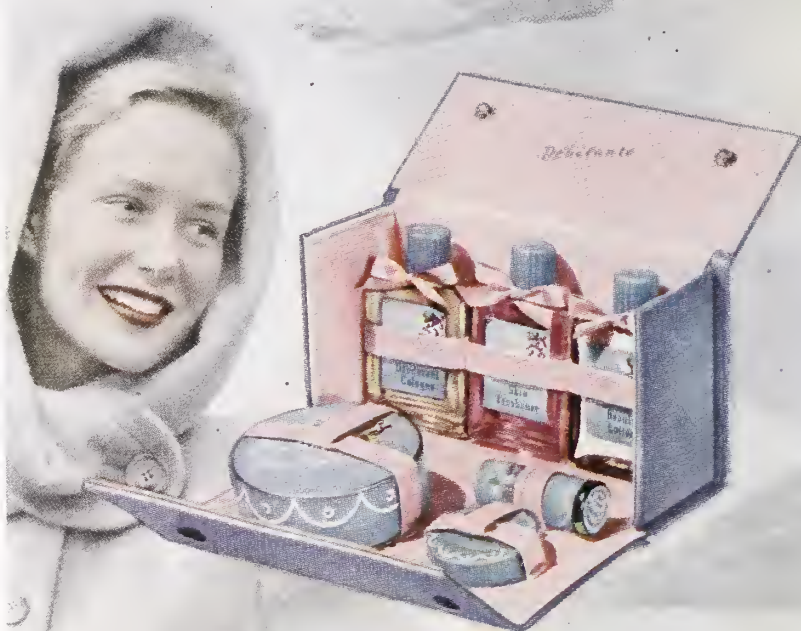
Make your next pack of chewing gum Dentyne. Enjoy the really satisfying result of 75 years of Adams know-how. And for variety, try the other delicious Adams quality gums . . . always—

buy gum by Adams

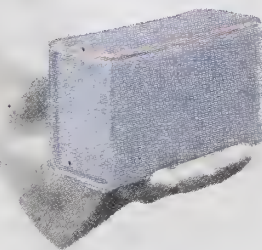


All-Aboard!

You
shall have
beauty
wherever
you
go!



Débutante "All-Aboard" travel kit



GOING AWAY? "All-Aboard" holds just the beauty aids you need to arrive refreshed, radiant, fragrant. And this soft blue washable plastic kit is so air-light, so compact, it tucks away in a suitcase corner!

BEAUTY LOTION . . . quick cleanser, softener, powder base *all in one!*
SKIN FRESHENER . . . tingling refresher to remove that travel "shine."
DEODORANT COLOGNE . . . for fragrant, flower-fresh daintiness.
FACE POWDER . . . with dainty puff. Can't spill or leak—it's *pressed!*
CAKE ROUGE . . . smooth, easy-to-apply, lovely "blushing" color.
LIPSTICK . . . creamy, smear-proof, long-lasting, exciting new color.

Get "All-Aboard" at your favorite cosmetic counter . . . \$5.85*

Created by The House of Daggett and Ramsdell

CHARM OF Coleen



Winsome Coleen Gray charms again in "Nightmare Alley"

YOU saw Coleen Gray as Victor Mature's love in "Kiss of Death." The critics of course are still exclaiming that she is "sensational" and "terrific." Small wonder then that the week before she had finished her next picture, "Nightmare Alley" opposite Tyrone Power, she was scheduled to start work in still another, "The Ballad of Furnace Creek," in which she will again appear opposite Mature.

Honey-blonde and blue-eyed Coleen is another of the "new intellectual school" of newcomers now making good in motion pictures. She holds a B.A. degree from Hamline University, St. Paul, Minnesota, and was well into her postgraduate work at the University of Southern California when she became interested in little theater. An agent spotted Coleen in her third play—then came the movies.

Coleen and her writer-researcher husband, Rodney Amateau, have many spirited arguments—usually about books. But she has never been as annoyed with him as she was the first day she met him—October 12, 1944, to be exact.

Coleen was to be tested by Twentieth Century-Fox and during her interview with the test director a strange man was present. He didn't say a word, but sat in a corner and watched her with detached interest. Coleen, uncomfortably aware of him, tried to concentrate on the director's questions. But the more she thought about the silent man, the madder she became.

After the test, the silent one introduced himself and asked, "How did you like the test I wrote for you?" Light dawned. Coleen realized he had been observing her under difficult conditions to see what kind of test would suit her best. He'd done a good job. She told him so—and a romance was born.

Two days later the studio signed Coleen. A year later she married Rodney Amateau and now they have a year-old daughter, Susan.

Rodney and Coleen love to go to the little theater performances where struggling novices showcase their talents. The Actor's Lab is their favorite little theater, for it was here that Coleen learned the techniques that helped her so in her first picture, "Red River." It was her outstanding performance in this which led to the lead in "Kiss of Death."

Coleen has boundless energy and leads a busy life. Besides working in motion pictures, she keeps house herself, takes ballet and is learning to paint. And—with all this, she's a good cook too!

(Continued from page 34) "Adventure," her co-starring picture with Clark Gable cleaned up at the box office but met with blistering reviews that must have struck deep at the pride of a girl who, since she has been in Hollywood, has been nominated for the Academy Award every year, except one. Greer has also been a two-year winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for "favorite actress" in polls conducted by Audience Research, Inc.

Last, but far from least, the moorings holding her marriage to Richard Ney together were slipping and straining dangerously.

At the time of their romance, her close friends had begged her not to marry young Ney. They had prophesied the marriage would not last.

"But I was incurably romantic," she told me. "Richard represented youth, romance and happiness to me. I flatly refused to listen to the friends who told me we were unsuited in temperament and ideas."

WE were sitting in Greer's living room in the beautiful home that frames her personality so perfectly. She was wearing a white dress with touches of her favorite bright green, her red-gold hair soft around her face, and I thought what a bitter thing it must have been for this proud woman to admit her hasty marriage had been a mistake. She is so independent, so self-reliant and such a stickler for convention.

"I want to say very quickly, Louella," she went on, "that I am not sorry I married Richard. We had happy years together and I am still fond of him. He can be very amusing and witty and there were times when we were very happy."

"I think I understand," I said. "His jealousy and his juvenile actions were difficult for a mature woman to take."

"Remember," I told her, "I know Richard very well, and I, too, am fond of him. But I realize his adoration of you and his constant fear of losing you must have been dreadful to live with. I still say—somewhere, sometime there will be a happy marriage in the cards for you, Greer."

She shrugged her shoulders almost imperceptibly. I knew she was thinking of her first marriage in England, to a barrister much older than she was, and then of this second marriage to a boy emotionally and mentally so much younger.

"It would be stupid of me to say I'll

It's young, it's gay,

it's about

Betty Greer

with a lovely color portrait—
in the January issue of

Photoplay

On sale December 10th



"Franchot Tone HAS IDEALS ABOUT WOMEN"

says JANET BLAIR:

"Franchot likes feminine women—is distressed by rough hands in a girl. He's right—you can have soft, smooth hands. I know—I use Jergens Lotion."

Other feminine Stars, too, use Jergens Lotion. It's their favorite hand care, 7 to 1.

Will you have even smoother, softer hands today? Jergens Lotion is finer than ever today—more protective, too—due to new skin-care research. Two ingredients now in Jergens Lotion are used by many doctors for soft-smoothing the skin. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no sticky feeling.



For the Softest, Adorable hands, use Jergens Lotion

FREE!

**Try-it Bottle
of this
finer hand care
the Stars use.**

Mail coupon now to Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

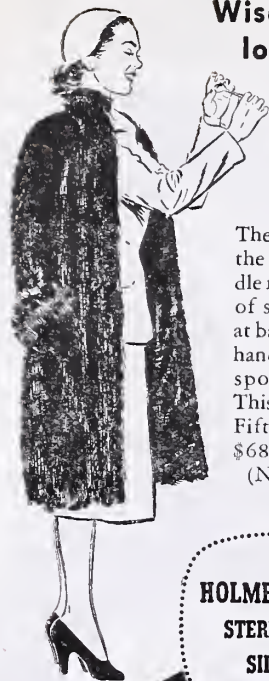
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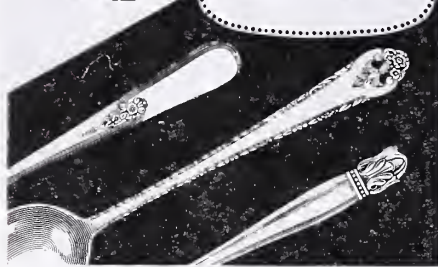
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The mark INLAID at the back of the handle means; two blocks of sterling are inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. This finer silverplate: Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest (No Federal Tax).

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When scrubbing and drubbing

cleaning and tubbing...



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

You'll need
a gay

COVERALL

This big Coverall apron by Starcross is designed for you the busy mother, housewife, cook, who require plenty of dress coverage and hard wear in an apron, yet want to appear neat and attractive. Gay floral prints—two large pockets. Material in pre-war 80 by 80 percale. Sizes—36 to 50. Medium, large, extra large.

Aprons by **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

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GREENVILLE, S. C. • 1450 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

never marry again," she replied, "but now I don't feel I ever shall. I have been too deeply hurt twice. I am very romantic. When I love, it goes very deep.

"Now, I want and hope to find happiness in my friends. I used to be very gay and I had so many amusing friends in England. In Hollywood, I have been virtually a recluse. Believe me, that was a mistake. Now I want friends and vital and interesting people around me."

"Such as," I suggested slyly, "—George Sanders?" I knew Greer had been dining and dancing with the fascinating Mr. Sanders a number of times.

Greer threw back her head and laughed gaily. "Oh, not you, Louella. The truth about that is, I knew George in England and we are old friends. He has been very unhappy and lonely. Personally I believe he is still in love with his wife. But we find each other good company. I enjoy going out with him. But as for any romance—it's just too ridiculous to discuss."

And I believe her!

We spoke of Greer's career.

"I HATE the word *career*," Greer said. "Why do people use it as though it were something you bought at the store? I love acting. I couldn't be anything else but an actress—but it is nothing so intangible as a career I'm seeking. I want good acting roles—good, bad, old, young characters, it makes no difference. But, if an actress doesn't get that opportunity, well, what can she do?"

Before I could interrupt, Greer went on quickly: "I don't mean that I am ungrateful to M-G-M. They couldn't help 'Adventure' any more than I could. They, too, were disappointed that it didn't come out the way everyone hoped. I would be ungrateful, indeed, if I didn't appreciate the fine pictures Louis B. Mayer has given me. I have had 'Madame Curie,' 'Random Harvest,' 'Blossoms in the Dust,' 'Mrs. Miniver,' 'Goodbye Mr. Chips' and 'Valley of Decision'—all fine and successful pictures.

"So, let's forget 'Adventure'—it wasn't any better for Clark Gable than it was for me. It was as bad for him as 'Parnell.' There was mischief in her eyes when she said that.

There had been rumors that Clark and Greer did not hit it off so well during the making of "Adventure" and that their personalities didn't click. My hostess scoffed at this. "Nonsense. I like Clark very much. If the right story came along for both of us, of course we would make another film together.

"As I look back, Louella," she went on, "I think that most of my misery of the past year came from bad health. I really hurt myself when I fell and was almost drowned at Carmel. I am just now getting over it. When you are ill, nothing is right. Even trivial things assume nightmare proportions. Being depressed mentally and physically, combined with emotional upsets and my eagerness to make a good picture, gave me months of unhappiness. Now I have a new philosophy."

"Which is—?" I prompted.

"Liberty—and the pursuit of happiness," she replied with a challenging ring in her voice. "There is no happiness without personal liberty. I mean to have that. I will never tie myself down again to the point where I am overburdened with obligations. I want to be gay, and above all,

cheerful, and find happiness in each and every event in my everyday life."

Greer, who has supported her widowed mother from the time she was a little girl, striving to give her beloved Nina everything, is a wonderful daughter and is getting an enormous kick out of Mrs. Garson's career as a movie actress. As Nina Ross, Mrs. Garson is having the time of her life accepting small but interesting character roles.

In spite of "turning actress," Nina still has time to run Greer's home delightfully and to take the responsibilities of domesticity off her daughter's shoulders.

People who do not know Mrs. Garson have been unkind enough to intimate that it was her dislike of Richard Ney that brought about the trouble. This, I know, is not true. I believe Nina Garson made a sincere effort to like and understand Richard. He is a difficult boy, super-sensitive and always conscious of his wife's position as an important star. More than anything, Richard wants success himself. When that comes, I believe he will no longer be so unhappy.

"I am convinced there is a future for Richard," Greer said. "Whether he realizes it now or not, our separation is good for him. He wasn't happy with me. Now, I believe he will find himself. When matters between us were uncertain, he couldn't settle down to his work. But it is over and done with now. He knows any chance of a reconciliation is hopeless."

"Is that why you went to court and made the separation legal?" I asked.

"I made up my mind in a hurry to get a divorce," she replied. "I realized it was wrong for me not to make a clean break. I like to dine with other men, and it wasn't in accord with my ideas of propriety to accept dinner and dancing engagements when I was married. I knew, too, if Richard once realized the whole thing was definitely over, he would not be so miserable. He would calm down.

"You see, I am fond of him and I do want his happiness. I knew there wasn't happiness for either of us while we were together. There could never be—no matter how many times we tried to make a go of it. There is much I don't want to discuss. It is unfair to both of us. Making the break cleanly and swiftly may hurt for a little while, but this way I can keep Richard's friendship."

Of this I am sure—there is no semblance of Greer's carrying a torch in her break with young Ney. Where she is concerned, their marriage that lasted four years is a closed chapter. He still has her best wishes, her sympathy and her friendship, but not her love.

Greer is definitely facing forward from here on in. If her last two pictures have not been to her liking—they, too, are being relegated to the past while the lady, herself, looks ahead.

"There are good things in the future," she told me with that self-assurance I admire so much about Greer. "I love the stories lined up for me this coming year—'The Chimes of Bruges,' 'The Nutmeg Tree' and a sequel to 'Mrs. Miniver'—all stories I like.

"But best of all, I like feeling like myself again—and belonging to myself again."

And belonging to all of us again, I might add, the same vivid, intense, independent Miss Greer Garson who first won our movie hearts seven years ago.

THE END

For More Photoplay Fashions See Page 87

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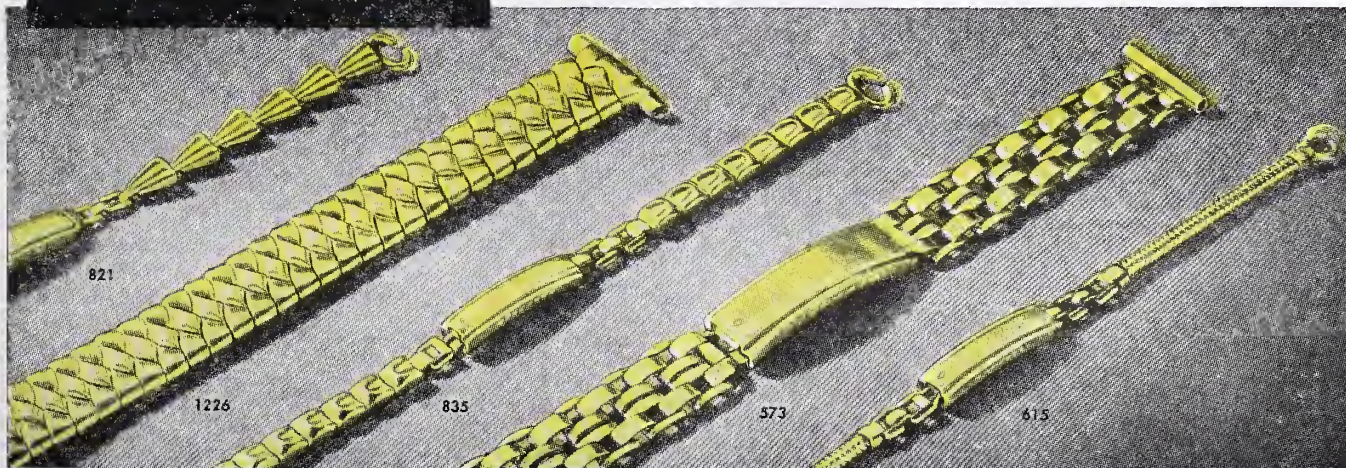
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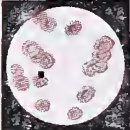
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Life with My Father

(Continued from page 60) What a glamorous parent he still seems to me! He had bought a new gold watch and, holding me on his knee, like parents from time immemorial, he let me listen to it. “Tick, tick,” said father. “Dig, dig,” I said to myself. I associated that sound with him. So I began calling him “Dig, Dig”—and I still do, except for times like this when I’m being full of dignity.

It wasn’t until 1930 that I got to know him intimately. Mother had moved us out from New York, and I went to live with my father for two enchanted months. One fatal day he sang “Old Man River” to me. The way I got it was “Old Man Ribber” and after that I tagged him everywhere saying, “Dig Dig, sing ‘Old Man Ribber’.”

He was wonderfully patient with me. On the street, when I’d urge him to break into song, he’d turn his face so people wouldn’t see him at it, but he would still carol at my request.

From that time on, althought I spent most of my time with my mother, I loved Father in a special way. My mother lived until 1942 and she was always wonderful, but the human heart is arbitrary, and no less than he charmed audiences, my father was able to charm me.

And yet, I now know I must have been jealous of him as I grew up, jealous of his poise—which he had carefully acquired, jealous of his wit, which was native to him. He had carved out his own destiny, starting with nothing but ambition in Kansas City. I now began carving out mine, in reverse.

I mean I became a problem child. This started when I went to a grammar school not far from the Paramount studios, and for the first time became aware of the fact that I was “William Powell’s son.” This

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gave me a rather uncomfortable sense of importance. I was somebody special—but it wasn't on my own merit. It was because of Father. So I set to work being a young devil—and I did nicely at it for some time.

I went from there to a private school, and from that to a military academy, and from that to a summer camp, and from that, eventually, to Hollywood High—and so on right until I got to Princeton, but everywhere I was a horror.

Father tried. He certainly did. He isn't the type of guy who tells people how to run their lives. But we did have a few skirmishes.

I REMEMBER those three awful summers when he insisted I go to camp, which I hated, as it meant I packed off around the entire West, roughing it in mountains and desert, when I would much have preferred being at my father's then luxurious home that was all white paint, glitter, swimming pools, outdoor patios, parties and that beautiful girl who for two years was his wife, Carole Lombard.

Don't misunderstand. Father didn't send me off because he wanted to get rid of me. He thought I might get some little discipline that way, and maybe I did, but it wasn't very noticeable.

I remember one time when Father was interviewing the head of a highly select school, which he was trying to worm me into. Father was in the drawing room, playing a very refined scene, detailing to the visitor what a dear, quiet boy I was. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in Hollywood. From the hall I overheard this conversation and, nattily arrayed in a beat-up pair of riding trousers and an awful hat, I picked up a revolver and rushed in on the tableau, yelling, "Stick 'em up."

It was quite a curtain.

I recall, too, when I first went to Princeton and Father accompanied me down there, from the Waldorf-Astoria where we had been staying. My going to Princeton was the gratification of a dream of his.

He'd never been able to afford college but he attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art and had played stock in Trenton, N. J., in 1913. He had seen "the gray, ivoried towers of Princeton" at that time, and had never recovered.

When I checked in, Father decided to help me unpack. As he opened one of my bags, he found several of his best ties. But that wasn't what made him sore. I had also packed two hotel towels. He hit the roof, not so much because that isn't done (it says here!) but because of what the hotel would think. "They will say William Powell stayed here and stole towels," he pointed out with dignity. There was no calming him until I sent the towels back.

As *Father Day* on screen in the present ent "Life with Father," he thunders about magnificently—but that is acting. Personally, when he gets sore, he never shouts. Instead he goes in for a very chilling reserve. But he is like *Father Day* in his love of food. Every dinner is an occasion and the food and service must be perfect.

When he goes into a new restaurant he has the maitre d' over, explains his likes and dislikes. If the next time he goes there, the maitre d' doesn't remember all this he is very disturbed. His sense of elegance is disturbed. He knows what wine must be chilled to what degree, what goes with what, and all the rest of the epicurean routine.

Yet, though he dresses elaborately on screen, or when any necessity for display comes up in private life, among friends, his favorite costume is a bath towel, no more, how could there be less.

He has one hat. He bought it in 1912 and he deeply loves it. In its youth, it was a brown Fedora. Now it is battered and

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The Present with a Future

stained, but he clings to it reluctantly. He also has an old bathrobe which he has owned for nobody knows how long. It has a rip down the back, but he won't change it. Mousie, his wife, hopefully buys him new ones but he gives those away.

When I was a little boy, he built a house in Beverly Hills—the one that was all white glitter pools. It cost a fortune—but he was very lucky. For it worked all that ostentation out of his system and then—trust him—he unloaded it at a profit. Now he alternates between his comfortable house in Beverly Hills, a small place he has in Palm Springs, and the house in the Valley where my wife and I live.

MOUSIE is always up in the mornings, bounding with energy. She plays a mean game of tennis. Father used to play and once he tried to teach it to me—but now he says his favorite sport is sitting in the sun on his two-by-six piazza. When they are in Palm Springs, Mousie plays daily at the Racquet Club and Father will sit there, watching her, commenting on her game. But all he wants is the sun-tan.

He drives back and forth to Palm Springs in his Pontiac. The Pontiac is as beaten up as his old hat, and he loves it just as much. At premieres or swank hotels, when cars are being called and big slick Cads and Lincolns come rolling out, they announce "Mr. Powell's car" and then that ten-year-old job comes rattling up. People turn and say, "Why the poor man," but it doesn't bother Father at all.

Every once in a while somebody asks me what it is like to have a step-mother who is merely five years my senior. I say it is great—if she is like Diana Lewis. Ten years ago, Father was very ill. He was depressed and moody and he felt that the best part of his life was over. Then he met Di. He is inclined to be retiring. She is all outward going. She taught him to play games. She taught him to dance. He had always insisted that he couldn't dance, but you should see him now. He is particularly wicked at the samba.

She's made him into a party hound. He says he doesn't want to go out, when the invitations arrive. Di pleads, "Oh, come on." Father protests. He knows he is going to be bored stiff. He'd rather stay home. Then he goes to the party—and he's always the last guest to leave.

He has always loved big words, and he uses them very exactly. He is constantly "abjuring" me, and everything is "by token of." Before he uses a word, he carefully looks it up, getting its Latin or Greek derivation. Then if it is something no average human would use, he'll start tossing it about, and get a big boot watching people squirm, not knowing what he is talking about.

He is a very generous guy and he had always, uncomplainingly, carried a great responsibility. He started with nothing—and he now has a whole group of people whom he supports. My grandmother is the oldest, but there are many others.

I feel that I first began really appreciating Father after I was in service. Just before I enlisted we had our only clash. I had survived a pretty wild semester at Princeton, during which we had got our wires crossed. I had understood Father to say he'd send me a \$100 a month allowance. So my first New York weekend, I spent the whole hundred, but fast. Then I wrote, reminding him of his promise.

He replied that I was suffering a gross delusion if I thought he was going to finance me in a New York night-club education. After that we wrote insultingly back and forth. Finally he offered to loan me money and I said I'd take it, but at 6% interest. He refused. I insisted. He sent me the \$100 and I started paying it back,

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twenty dollars a month and the interest. It was very rugged. Then the Christmas holidays came and I went berserk. I majored in the Stork Club and had to sell practically everything I owned. Father had given me a typewriter. When I started writing him in long hand he knew what was up and I was in the dog house. When I enlisted I still owed Father \$60 of that \$100.

The Marines—or something—knocked the idiot out of me. Whatever it was, when I got out in 1945, I was glad to go back to Princeton and really work.

When Father came to see me at that time—and incidentally, he gave the best performance as an old Princeton alumnus you ever saw—I was delighted to discover we had become closer than ever before. He was no longer merely my old man. He was my friend. It was great. Now that I'm out of school and working here in Hollywood, the closeness has kept on growing.

I'm no actor. I didn't inherit Father's ability. I am in the story department at Warners. And I'm very happily married.

Father is even mixed up in that. Except for him having taken me to a cocktail party in New York, I might never have met my bride. It was a Sunday noon cocktail party and for me it was the end of a tough night. The room was swarming with pretty girls. One of them came over to me, asked me if I felt as rocky as I looked. Her name was Irene Booth and she was a New York stage and radio actress. Father had given me some tickets to a game at the Polo Grounds. I asked her to join me. She did—and now look.

She's very cute. She insists her nose turns up too much—but I don't agree. I like it just the way it is. I like her just the way she is, which is a very nice deal.

Father and I pack these wives of ours off to bed and then we sit up and have bull sessions. We have the whole world dissected before we finish. Then we put it back together again the next night.

Father is constantly mellowing, and he is much more liberal in his point of view than he used to be. But he is still a kid in many ways. He always will be. He loves his work and he basically loves life. He really suffers when he gets a bad picture, but when he hits one like "Life with Father" he is very happy about it.

I guess, if I tell the truth, and nothing but, I'll have to say that while I have always loved him, it is only the last few years that I have come to appreciate his sensitiveness, his artistry, his honesty. He's a great man.

And he is, definitely, my favorite father.

THE END



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Laziest Man in Town

(Continued from page 65) has Mac that the rest of us Macs haven't got? Nothing. Just more of the same.

Around the studios he is liked by all hands, who consider him the regular normal guy. He never blows up except in his lines, and that he does often. He has never overcome the diffidence that makes us Midwesterners lovable. A gossip columnist thinks there is something lacking in a man who has not provided a line of gossip during twelve years in Hollywood.

"I am lazy," says Mr. MacMurray. "I guess that's why I am an actor."

All men who prefer the hammock to the hoe will hail him hero.

In longitudinal repose, Mac reaches from end to end of his perambulating dressing room. He could be mistaken for an embalmer's display were it not for a flick of the lip when speaking, harder to detect than ventriloquist Bergen's. He avoids tiresome words in favor of um, humpf, and a half-inch nod.

"You prefer comedy," says the feeder. "Um," says Mr. M. "Easier."

This oration depletes him. From pants pocket he gropes a disheveled cigarette. It revitalizes and he adds: "I'm not a funny man though."

LUCK and laziness made him a funny man he says. He neglected to latch his trousers. He was conducting a band on the stage at the time. He also was impersonating a seal and Leopold Stokowski. It was as Mr. Stokowski that the neglect became evident. The audience immodestly whooped. His furtive attempts to reunite the baggy trousers drove them hysterical.

Mac's gift for relaxing brings to mind that relaxed race of admirable Africans as portrayed by the two Black Crows. One sighed that the early bird catches the worm; the other drawls, "Well, who wants a worm?"

Bud was an early bird. There were extenuating circumstances. His father, a concert violinist, had ambition for him.

At age four Bud was standing on a chair fiddling for a concert audience.

"This is a heck of a life," he mused.

He threw up the fiddle and the bow and took up sketching. He drew a horse and made seventy-five cents. Fame struck over night. His name was published as a

contest winner. "That's that," said Bud, washing up art along with music.

Casting about, he decided to be a general. The reason there is not another Mac wearing brass is that Bud quit military school after one year. His mother and father had been divorced and he rejoined Mom in Beaver Dam to lend support.

Soon the fury of creative energy flared again. He worked twenty hours a day in a cannery during school vacations. He canned every freedom-loving pea from Rio Grande to Great Lakes.

Pea-rich Bud bought a baritone horn and next season a sax. He blew hot jazz in a five-man band. Fame struck again at sixteen when he graduated from high. The American Legion nailed a medal on him. He had wrapped up all the athletic and scholastic records.

With limelight hot on his tail he blew to Chicago where he found work in a sports goods department. Already six-foot-three and weighing two hundred ten he was proficient in selling men's sweaters and hunting jackets to women who thought their husbands would look big as Bud in them. When the ladies got home and saw them hanging like shrouds on the shrimps they had married there was a wave of husband beatings in Chicago.

Bud sought refuge in art again. He dropped in on the Chicago Art Institute and spent three evenings.

Art still pursues him. Last Christmas, Miss Lilli, the woman he had the pie crust to marry, gave him a set of water colors and brushes and sent him ski-daddling to the big red barn on their Brentwood place. Lights have been seen burning nights. Artists are worried. They fear paintings will flood the market soon. Agents were sent sleuthing to determine whether landscapes or marines or fat nudes would be surplus.

"I haven't got going," Bud says. "I'll be doing a series of red barns a long time."

He has come a long way since he scared himself to death bopping the Paramount boss for his first raise. He thought he would be rubbed out, off the payroll anyhow. He faded from his boarding house and sought refuge in the apartment of Miss Lillian Lamont. She is the only girl he ever went steady with. Though beautiful and smartly fashioned Miss La-

mont did not linger long in pictures.

"She looks sophisticated but she isn't," says her husband. "That was her trouble."

Miss Lamont had her chance. She was tested for a star part, a flip-lip character who was supposed to say things no girl brought up in St. Joe, Missouri, would say. The words would not come. Mutely Miss Lamont led herself off the lot and took a job modeling at Magnin's.

When refugee Bud appeared at her door she was naturally sympathetic. She gave him a book to read and told him he could hole up there while she was working. The book failed to quiet Bud's nerves, so he decided to bake a pie. Culinary art was one he hadn't tried. The woman who ran his boarding house informed him the secret was to use little water. Bud laid it on with a teaspoon gently but then got tough and beat the dough. Pies got tough too. When he got around to giving them the feather massage he turned out the flakiest crust Miss Lamont ever tasted.

"It's dreamy," she said, swooning.

Soon she was on a plane for Las Vegas. They were married on the wedding anniversary of Bud's parents.

The MacMurrays have a farm sixty miles north of San Francisco. In Hollywood they call it a ranch but back in Wisconsin they call 'em farms and so it is a farm, by gum.

"But six thousand acres is a ranch," he is told.

"Six thousand acres?" Mac mutters. "It is only a thousand, I sold five hundred."

At the MacMurray farmhouse door the visitor probably will meet a Belgian stallion named Mike, Mac's chum and closest follower on the little farm of a thousand acres. Sheep gambol over pine-topped hills and level meadows and in the pastures 150 Shorthorns, with pedigrees going back to the Mayflower, hold sedate picnics. Mac also breeds quarter horses and raises 300 acres of prunes.

For six years Mac has invested all he could save out of his sixty-six cents. This year the farm shows profit.

"You don't aim to get rich any more," farmer MacMurray says. But as an early bird, before war taxes, he caught a number of worms, including a couple of apartment houses, citrus orchards and stock in refrigeration and other enterprises.

He used to think he would retire and go fishing but now he is content to rest on the set. "There's plenty of time for fishing between pictures," he says.

Claude Binyon, who wrote seven of his pictures, goes with him fishing. Mac is not a mixer. A reserve due to shyness, along with discrimination, kept him on his own. The MacMurrays entertain little. The Ray Millands, Dwight Taylors and Walter Langs are often to dinner. Mac makes a sage observation on Hollywood friendships. He says this is a hard town to keep friends; they move away or get divorced, or somehow you aren't thrown with them steadily.

Though calm as Buddha, Mac has his crosses to bear. The tall tales of press agents unnerve him. In "The Miracle of the Bells" he plays a press agent and the big-tale boys are ribbing him. He also had to eat pie in one sequence. The press agent gleefully calculated that with all the "takes" Mac consumed twelve pies. Honest Mac quivered over this, not only because the figure wasn't strictly true but because the pies were bakers' pies—not the flaky swoony stuff of the old master.

Mac says he feels sorry for press agents working on him.

"There is nothing to write about," he says. "No one could make me colorful."

Go bake a pie, Bud.

THE END



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and she's an inspiration too,
to fashion-wise America. She knows a
Seamprufe* Figure Proportioned Slip
fits smoothly, and follows the
rounded lines, nipped-in waist
that is fashion's latest look.
In Bur-Mil* quality rayon.
At better stores.



Cotton for Christmas

Susan Hayward, in private life Mrs. Jess Barker is Mom to her small twin boys. She wears anything she likes—and it all looks well with her red hair and lovely skin. You'll see her next in Universal-International's production "Tap Roots"



Here is a new reversible peignoir to keep you looking a dream child Christmas morning and every morning. Wear it checked side out or red side out. It's of washable Dan River gingham. Styled by Dorian in sizes 10-18. About \$20.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y. and Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

(For stores in your vicinity see page 89)



Angela Lansbury
whose charm and artistry
you will see in Metro's
"If Winter Comes"

Be festive with a Victorian Air

Liselle designs a delicious three-some. French crepe blouse, \$7.95. Black velveteen skirt with the new length and high waistline, \$12.95. Pearl and gold belt, \$5.95. At John Wanamaker, New York, N. Y. and The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Sizes 9—15 and 10—16.

(For the store in your vicinity see opposite page)

Wherever

You Live

You Can Buy

Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Striped Taffeta Dress

Dartford Deb
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Ballerina Taffeta Evening Dress

Fred Perlberg
525 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Chiffon and Ostrich Evening Dress

Nite Club
525 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Cotton Peignoir

Dorian-Macksoud
1 East 33rd St.
New York City

Blouse and Skirt

Herbert Labandter, Inc.
270 West 38th St.
New York City

For other views of pattern see page 74



BACK

FRONT



BACK

FRONT

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Address Ruth Stone—"Perma-lift" Stylist
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Chicago 7, Ill.—Dept. 66



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Stays up without stays



Enjoy the comfort of this slimming
"Perma-lift"* Pantie Girdle. All elastic leg
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Best of all, this wonderful pantie won't ride up. Deftly styled—the magic inset prevents rolling over, wrinkling, entirely eliminates the annoying discomfort of bones. Yes, it STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS. "Perma-lift" Panties, Girdles, and Foundations are available at your favorite corset department—most styles priced from \$5.95 to \$12.50.

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PROPORTIONED NYLONS
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Travis Banton who designed

Photoplay's Pattern of the Month

DREAMS OF FAIR WOMEN

and makes his dreams come
true with the clothes he designs
for Hollywood stars—and you

This year Travis Banton celebrates his 26th anniversary as a Hollywood designer. Now, since he is with Universal, you see such stars as Deanna Durbin, Maria Montez, Merle Oberon, Yvonne De Carlo, Joan Bennett and Susan Hayward looking even lovelier because of Banton designed clothes. And because PHOTOPLAY's pattern this month is one of these Banton designs you, too, can be lovelier. Beside his talent for making women look as they dream of looking—and he dreams of them looking—Travis has the most divine sense of humor, a fascinating wife called Biddy who wears his clothes to perfection and an apartment filled with beautiful furniture and paintings gathered from the four corners of the world.

Talking of current views on fashion, Travis says: "I'm doing practically the same length skirt that I've done for the last year—from 12 to 15 inches from the floor. I'm very fond of the unpadded Chinese kimono type coat which wraps snugly around the figure. I like normal shoulders. Evening gowns, I think, almost without exception should reach the ground. I am sick to death of ballet dancers. I like to emphasize a womanly quality."

Fashion is Fun

And Makes You Lovelier

Something new and wonderful has been added to your lingerie wardrobe—Suspants. This revolutionary pantie, made of fine soft rayon, fits like a dream with nary a wrinkle. But here's the real news—Suspants are made with four garter tabs that hold your stockings taut so you can bend and twist. They also offer plenty of figure control for gals who like the smooth sleek feeling without binding. They come in sizes 9—17 and are about \$1.30.

The styles this year make your bra wardrobe more important than ever, so try on a bra before purchasing. Renée of Hollywood has designed a bra that will give you the rounded contours you need for the new tight little jackets and snug-fitting dresses. Made of broadcloth and called "Academy," it has "balanced support" because of a special arrangement by which the shoulder straps run into and become part of the cups. The price is \$2.00.

A marvelous fabric by Skinner that can be bought by the yard for home sewing is called Sunbak*. One side of this fabric, which completely eliminates interlining, is soft wool and the other is shimmering smooth satin which all adds up to warmth without weight. Just think how easy it's going to be now to make a coat, jacket or negligee that is really soft and warm. Simply line these things with Sunbak*.

Do you have a suit or dress you'd like to "dress-up" a little differently? Buy enough fabric to make collar and cuffs and then neatly fringe the edges of the fabric. A plaid set would be charming on a simple dress and you might even top the whole thing off with a small off-the-face beret in the same plaid.

Matching accessories are all the rage in Hollywood these days. So put the accent on one-color ensembles, which is the new monotone look. This means your suit, hat, bag and gloves will all be the same color.



Frills Galore... **GIFT APRONS OF DAN RIVER FABRIC**

Dan River's Starspun*, cotton mouth-watering as Christmas bonbons in aprons that give year-round pleasure as every gift should, stay true to color and size† no matter how often they are washed. Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia.

Aprons by Nona-Lou, pink and blue predominating, jumbo pockets, gandy frill in choice of pastels. About \$2.50 at B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; T. J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Schuster, Milwaukee; and other fine stores.

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"ROAD TO RIO"

A Paramount Picture

Highlight your natural soft beauty...

Let the lustre and moonlight glow of a strand of *Deltah* simulated pearls add that sought-after touch of glamour to your décolleté. Its close resemblance to precious Oriental pearls will make your *Deltah* necklace a luxurious adornment for every costume, daytime or night. Necklace from \$3.00, earrings to match.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen —
Always Treasured*

(Continued from page 57) such a thing as going quietly and harmlessly crazy," June says, "and there he was, screeching like a banshee at nothing but water and wind."

There aren't any rational grounds on which to explain men who love ocean-going sailboats, and Dick knew better than to try. So he sold the lovely Santana to Humphrey Bogart, another actor half daft with the song the wind makes in rigging. And when June protested only faintly he knew he had been right.

Dick's a great one for tempering his course to the prevailing winds. That's why D.P. today stands for his initials only.

You don't have to be a dramatic war evacuee, after all, to be a displaced person. You can be one of the thousands who lose their way in the everyday business of living. As Dick did four years ago. He was fortyish. He had had his divorce from Joan Blondell. And younger crooners had shoved him off the cinematic flower-strewn paths along which he previously had wandered, singing of moonlight and love.

He could have retired, of course, and acquired a waistline and a conservative outlook on living. But he didn't.

"That's all right for a member of the Union League Club," he says, "but not for me. I want to wade into life up to my armpits. I can still work fourteen hours a day and come up fresh for a spot of fun."

Now lest you think that all this is merely a frantic clutching at the things which belong to youth, Dick's flying instructor will tell you that he has had few students whose coordination and sense of timing were better. "The guy's a natural," he says. "He can put a ship down on a handkerchief and his landings are smooth as silk."

JUNE ALLYSON came along at just the right time to be the cornerstone of Dick's new life. For when he found he was still young enough to earn a backward glance from a twenty-two-year-old actress over whom directors were dancing in the street, he became more determined than ever to convince producers he would have greater box-office appeal as a screen menace than he had had as a crooner. Finally Charlie Koerner at RKO listened. And with "Murder, My Sweet," Dick's professional life became as elysian as his personal life with June had turned out to be.

Now, with three box office sensations behind him, Dick is looking into the future with a certain equanimity and assurance. He is excited about "Assigned to Treasury," a vivid tale of the dope traffic, and in his forthcoming "Mr. Miracle." And he has in mind another toughie, "Pitfall," a story concerned with a chain of events which contribute to the disintegration of a happy and successful life through a single sinister contact. This he hopes to produce himself.

"This producing thing," he says, "now there is something. I'm not getting any younger and the time will come when I'll have to content myself with a subtler form of self-expression—perhaps from a producer's or director's chair. And there's that little consideration—money. Some very second-rate people have made a lot of it in Hollywood and I'd like to try my luck."

And so the world is wagging along at a very happy rate for Mr. Richard Ewing Powell, what with his married life with June. With his spine chillers proving completely successful. With a new boat in mind: "A good stout boat that will take you where you want to go with no nonsense about speed and grace."

Once again Dick charts his course wisely, and, good skipper that he is, he will bring his barque safely into harbor.

THE END

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Famous Philco 1201 Radio-phonograph, just slide in a record and it plays. No fussing with lid, tone arm or needle. Ideal for parties.

*Now only \$69⁹⁵**

* Prices slightly higher Denver and West

(Continued from page 43) anything of the kind. I'm banking upon you becoming so successful that I'll have everything."

Whereupon Joe would take a deep breath and go out to look for a job. And he would wear his one—but well-cut—tweed jacket with such an air that no one suspected the turmoil that went on under the pipe he carried in his breast pocket.

Another thing about Joe and Lenore: They don't compromise. There was that memorable time following Joe's first signal success on the stage in "Philadelphia Story" with Katie Hepburn, when a movie producer offered him a leading role at \$1,500 a week. Believing Lenore's diamond necklace to be within reach, Joe asked for the script. He loathed it. He told Lenore, "It has an ancient and fishlike odor. And so will I if I play it!"

Visions of the diamond necklace faded. Lenore still doesn't have it actually, since it never was anything more than a convenient figure of speech. The Cottens are not the diamond-necklace type. They go in for a tennis court; such a fine court that the tennis pros make their way to it. It gets around that anyone who plays a good game and observes court etiquette is welcome at the Cottens'. Rex Harrison plays there frequently. So does Joe's boss, David O. Selznick. And, almost every day Joe and Lenore play singles alone.

JOE and Lenore also go in for a good cook. The food at their intimate dinner table—they never give large parties—surpasses that served in many more elaborate homes. There's just the right amount of garlic in the salad and a touch of red wine in the sauce, even if it is, as you hope it will be, having had it there before, beef stew.

They have a beautiful garden too. And Joe, when he isn't in production, works outside all day. But come five o'clock, all over mud and weary from hauling rocks or building a driveway, he will shower and join Lenore on the tennis court. Often, too, between pictures they motor up to Santa Barbara and there, where motion picture stars are not generally popular, have a wonderful time.

At a recent Santa Barbara party, a music-loving hostess enchanted her music-loving guests with a pianist, cellist and flutist from one of our fine symphony orchestras. It was late when dinner was served, for one guest after another, overwhelmed with the artistry of this trio, would request one more selection.

"I enjoyed it for a few hours," Joe relates. "But I was relieved when dinner was announced. Imagine my horror therefore, when after dinner I saw the trio reassemble, and beheld Lenore with a look of enchantment making requests for the most abstract selections!"

"Maybe our hostess heard me groan. At any rate, all smiles, she asked, 'You're a music lover, like your wife, Mr. Cotten?' I just shook my head. Then I said, 'I used to think so. Now I know better!'"

Last winter found Joe and Lenore in New York. The exteriors for the Selznick production "Portrait of Jennie" were filmed there. I didn't know Joe and Lenore had reached the city until driving in the park one day, I saw a man who could be no one but Joe Cotten and a girl resembling Jennifer Jones, skating on one of the lakes.

"What in the world are you doing here?" I asked, leaving my car and walking towards them. "Singing for our supper," explained Joe, skating with Jennifer over to the bank where I stood.

It's typical of the unpretentiousness of Joe and Lenore that they did not swank in a big suite at an elegant hotel while

they were in New York. It would have been no more than anyone would have expected of an actor as successful as Joe. This year, in fact, the nation-wide poll which Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., conducts for the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards finds Joe one of the ten most popular actors in the land. But no, Joe and Lenore lived instead, downtown in the very neighborhood they knew before Joe struck it rich; in the very apartment—that of John Housman, the writer—in which Joe toiled when he was associated with Housman and Orson Welles and the Mercury Players.

"It was wonderful," Joe says, "to be back in the old neighborhood, to walk around the corner to the same grocery and little French baker we patronized in the old days. And in the apartment I found all the familiar photographs and programs—all the old relics of our Mercury days."

It's typical of Joe, too, that Orson Welles remains a dear friend and a frequent and welcome visitor at his home. This, of course, is also a great tribute to Lenore. Wives so often are jealous of a man's old associations. Plainly, however, Lenore feels that it is the most natural thing in the world for Joe to continue to hero-worship Orson, even though Orson is younger than he and, despite his genius, not as over-all successful. During the war, for instance, when Orson gave his circus for the GIs, Joe labored as his assistant. Irrespective of how long and hard he might have worked in the studios that day, you found him at Orson's side.

Joe and Lenore, you see, neither regret their past nor wish to forget it. They roar with laughter over the old years. They haven't lost their sense of humor. And they haven't lost their ability to dream. Mostly they dream of travel—which must wait while Joe is in this success cycle.

A realistic novelist writing a love story that began like Joe's and Lenore's inevitably would have Joe, once he was successful, forget all that Lenore had done for him and fly to the arms of a young fluffy thing, not one-half as clever and magnetic and soignée as Lenore. It happens, however, that reality is sometimes more sentimental than realistic writers like to believe. Which brings me to my favorite story about Joe. . . .

A few years ago, Joe, working with one of Hollywood's attractive young women, was as charmed with her as was Lenore. Outside of the studio he met this girl at several parties and danced with her. A columnist, hungry for news, promptly printed insinuating items about Joe and this young star in her column.

"The next time I see you," Joe told her over the phone, "wherever we are I intend to kick you in the customary place."

She didn't believe him; until they met at a great reception. Both, it so happened, were on the dais. Nevertheless, Joe remembered his promise with action more humiliating than painful. For everyone saw it. "That will teach you!" he told the columnist. "And if you ever mention my name again you'll get a much harder kick—believe me!"

Obviously she did, for she has not mentioned his name since. She is terrified of him. And other columnists, remembering, are wary. Lenore, therefore, is spared the hurt too many Hollywood wives know when their husbands' natural and harmless admiration for other women is exaggerated into a scandal.

My dictionary tells me a "cosmopolitan" is "a citizen of the world, one free from local prejudice or affection." But I have my own definition—Joe Cotten.

THE END



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Christmas Gift

(Continued from page 36) the little priest peered hopefully through his spectacles at the confusing maze of buildings and the hangar-like humps of studio sound stages.

In his worn, black bag, he carried a film that had been made in China with an old-fashioned hand-cranked camera. It showed the mission, the dispensary and the orphanage. It showed natives working in the rice fields. And it showed the famine, floods and poverty. It was his hope that this film shown at parishes throughout the States would raise the funds needed for St. Columban's work to go on. He was sorry the film was so old and worn. It needed to be re-edited and brought up to date. Maybe Bing Crosby would help. Some priests he was visiting in Los Angeles had suggested his name.

But inside the studio the missionary looked at the chattering extras in their colorful costumes, at all the movie make-believe, and again thought, "How can I bring Hanyang here?" He passed the wardrobe building and entered the Crosby office next door.

BING and his brother Larry were both in. The little priest rushed eagerly into his story of the St. Columban Mission, watched tense and hopeful as the old reel of film was run off on a studio projection machine.

Bing watched too, his casual blue eyes, as always, giving no hint of his feelings.

"If only," Father Ranaghan began timidly when the film had run its length, "I could have a new more up-to-date negative. Maybe you know someone who might possibly be interested . . ."

"Well, Father, we should be able to knock that out for you here," said Bing. "And I think we should put a patter of some kind with it so folks will know what it's all about."

Larry, also deeply interested in the missionary's tale, added, "Why not put the dialogue on a sound track?"

"If we make a sound track for it," Bing said, "might as well throw in a musical background, too."

Father Ranaghan hadn't even hoped for this. Emboldened, turning to Bing, he asked, "And would you, as part of the background, perhaps, sing 'Silent Night'?"

Bing had always believed that sacred songs were, as he put it, "A little out of my league." But reasoning that this track would only be played in the parishes, he agreed.

The new print was made at Paramount Studios complete with commentary and musical background. The priest packed his jalopy happily and headed cross-country to raise funds.

It was spring before he came to Hollywood again. The hills beyond Paramount were green. Promise of new life and hope bloomed anew. "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," he had asked. And they had answered. He called on Crosby to give him the good news.

"How much?" Bing asked, getting as usual to the important point.

The good Father named a sum far in excess of any collected before. Bing shook his head. "Not enough rice," he said. "Not nearly enough rice."

"Tell you what, Father, we might take some records off the sound track so you'll have something to sell when you pass the hat."

He had a number of recordings of "Silent Night," "Adeste Fideles," "Stabat Mater" and the "St. Columban's Marching Song" taken off the track and gave them to the missionary who jubilantly headed out again with his cargo for the Cause.

It was a year, this time, before Father Ranaghan returned to Hollywood. Enthused



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siastic over what he had netted that trip, he again sought Bing promptly. And again, "How much?" asked Bing. The figure named, although impressive to the priest couldn't be compared with the money possible to raise through a commercial outlet.

"Not enough," Bing said again. And anyone who knew him well could have told by his preoccupied manner that he had a plan.

He had decided to record "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles" for Decca Records with the understanding that his share of the royalties go to the missionary's fund.

Bing always had been one of the many who are sentimental about "Silent Night." Just hearing it took him back to the days when he was a little groaner back in Spokane, brought memories of his Christmas loot, the new skates that he broke in on the lake up by the Jesuit Monastery. Of his mother's plum pudding, stuffed turkey and hot raisin bread. Of a balcony seat at the Orpheum Theatre on Christmas afternoon, walking the four miles each way from home to town so he could spend the carfare at the confectionery after the show.

He had sung "Silent Night" on school programs, in church and at neighborhood parties. And he had sung it at the Christmas clambakes at home, with his sister Catherine on the ivories, his dad accompanying on the mandolin or guitar, and the other Crosbys giving out with holiday harmony for which none of the neighbors had asked Santa Claus.

He loved to sing "Silent Night," actually. But where, he had always asked himself, did a crooner get off singing Christmas carols on records or on the radio? He'd better stick to the blue of the night and gold of the day and leave religious songs for fellows with a trained "up-town voice."

But now, interested in the missionary's work, he talked himself into recording it. Folks were pretty charitable around Christmas, maybe he'd get away with it. If the Columbans could brave what they did in Korea and China, he could risk a few tomatoes singing "Silent Night."

The Irish priest was very happy. He set out with a singing heart to make another round of the parishes and add further to the fund. That was the last time Bing saw

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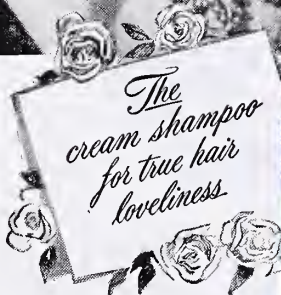
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City _____ State _____

Father Ranaghan. He was killed in an automobile accident at Council Bluffs, Iowa. With his death and the Japanese invasion of China, which made communication almost impossible, Bing lost contact with the group of St. Columban's missionaries in Hanyang. Meanwhile, the royalties on every recording of "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night," were coming in.

"Why not just spread it around among all recognized charitable organizations," suggested Bing to Larry.

"A good idea," Larry agreed. And arranged for the royalties to go into a trustee account to be "spread around" among church groups of all denominations everywhere. That was eleven years ago.

Today "Silent Night" is the largest selling record in the world. It spreads pretty thin because of the impossible number of requests for help the Crosby office receives. Long before Christmas comes around again the fund is depleted. There's only enough for a token contribution at any time, an expression of Bing's faith in the good work being done by the various groups to help humanity . . .

It goes to Innsbruck, Austria, to help provide a cup of milk a day for 3000 school children during the cold winter months. A few rupees go to a convent in India to encourage Sisters who are rescuing Indian children abandoned in filthy market-places. Some guilders go to war-torn Holland. A token contribution goes to Franciscan Fathers for packages of food for Poland. There are the missionaries who are caring for a group of lepers in a mud hut in South Africa. To a small group of Methodists here trying to buy an oil heater for their country church. There's that mission in Kwangtung, China, for the relief of the starving children found scrounging around in garbage pails. That hospital for poor colored children in Alabama. The Jewish Children's Hospital for under-privileged children, in Denver. And to help repair the roof of a Baptist church in Arkansas.

Today, thanks to the energetic dreams of a little Irish priest none are too far away to feel the encouragement of "Silent Night," Crosby's Christmas gift to the world. It reaches all races and religions and, at long last through Father Joseph P. Mullen, a missionary back from China, it has again reached the St. Columbans, who during the war years sheltered starving natives from the enemy, guided our troops through jungles of Burma and rescued the Doolittle fliers and kept them in their mission at Nanchang.

Just hearing the records is a gift for the rest of us. For when Bing invites "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," our hearts lift and when he sings "Silent Night," we feel reassured that all is calm, all is bright. And we determine anew to hold on to peace on earth and good will to all men.

THE END



Benny Goodman, Deanna Durbin confer on script which "Voice of America" short-waved to Russia at U. S. Embassy request.

Be a Christmas Belle

(Continued from page 50) great delight in haunting the lingerie shops for novel and interesting bed jackets. She copied the designs, picked the colors and materials best suited to the individual women, and sewed each by hand. This was thoughtfulness which is bound to be appreciated.

Another indication of holiday, and every day thoughtfulness, comes from Joan Crawford. Joan is convinced it is never necessary to guess or ask about gifts for a friend or member of the family. She advises you to be a thoughtful listener and, without intention, they will tell you what they want or give you an idea for the ideal gift. How many times have you heard a dear one say, "Oh, how lovely! I must get that."

The next item on our list of things to do is one that can really be an expression of you—your Christmas cards and stationery. Janis Carter uses Victorian embossed cut-outs which she has found in antique shops. She places the white sides together to form a Christmas card. One year Janis used white and red ribbon for her messages. On the red ribbon she pasted gold lettering spelling out "Season's Greetings"; on the white ribbon she pasted "from Janis" in gold lettering.

AND, while you are working out the problem of what to do for others, do not neglect yourself. For this is a season of joy. Be a belle—from the top of your soft, feminine head to the tip of your subtly pointed toe.

Organize your affairs, business, shopping and social, so that the holidays don't linger in your memory as the "holidaze."

Also, it's a good idea after a day of shopping, or working at the office, to save an hour to unkink your nerves and put sparkle into tired eyes. No Christmas "belle" ever rang with fatigue.

Ella Raines has the perfect answer for relief from tension during the day. She sits in a chair, bent over slightly, allowing her head, shoulders and arms to go limp. Then she revolves her head slowly to relax nerves at the back of the neck.

A beauty mask, one of those which can be applied and removed in less than twenty minutes, goes a long way toward giving you a lovely rejuvenated look for the evening. Be sure to cleanse your face thoroughly before applying. Relax completely while the mask is drying. Wash off with cool water or remove with a mild astringent.

If you haven't time to go home from the office before going out for the evening, keep your own little beauty kit in a desk drawer as well as a few touches to dress up your outfit. A scarf tucked into the waist of a dress or your best jeweled clips or pendant earrings, will give you a fresh approach to life.

If you can afford to play "Lady Bountiful" and are thinking of giving furs, here are a few tips.

New processing and dyeing have given exquisite beauty and wearability to furs. However, if you are petite, remember that short-hair furs look best on short girls. Leave the fox and lynx for the tall, willowy creatures like Hazel Brooks. Hazel, five-seven, can wear a luxurious stole of silver fox. But a gal hugging five feet will tend to look dumpy.

But whatever you do in this season of goodwill—the old adage holds good: It is always more blessed to give than to receive.

And on this note we end our plot for a Happy Holiday to you!

THE END

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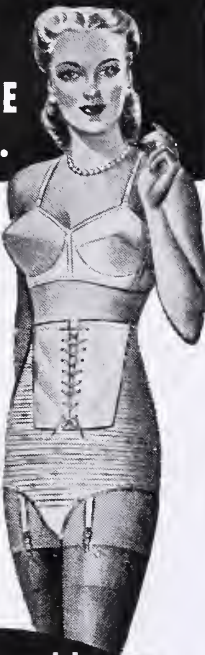
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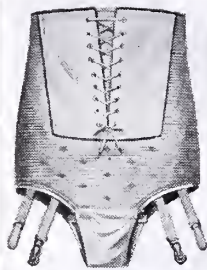
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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A crisp catalog of the latest recorded doings of film personalities and the songs from the newest photoplays



Gordon MacRae

MacRae is due for a picture build-up at Warners.

SUMMER HOLIDAY: M-G-M's musical version of "Ah, Wilderness" has Mickey Rooney in an appealing role and a sure-fire hit tune by Warren and Blane. It's called "Stanley Steamer" and both Dinah Shore (Columbia) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) don dusters for pleasant rhythmic rides.

DOWN TO EARTH: Columbia's technicolor splash for Rita Hayworth and Larry Parks has a winning love song called "They Can't Convince Me" which Betty Rhodes (Victor) sings convincingly.

LIONEL BARRYMORE: The veteran actor does double duty as narrator and composer of a special M-G-M album for Hallowe'en which the braver kiddies will adore... Another Metro star, Keenan Wynn, also does a favor for the younger ones as he tells on records the story of "The Bear That Wasn't There" (M-G-M).

DEEP VALLEY: This sombre Dane Clark Warner drama is considerably lightened by Max Steiner's lovely theme song. Tommy Dorsey and his fine orchestra have a slick Victor pressing of it.



Lionel Barrymore

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE: Eddie Cantor and Joan Davis click in this new RKO musical. The film blends old tunes and new ones. So take your "cherce." Mr. C. sings "Margie" and the title number on a Columbia re-issue, while Vaughn Monroe (Victor) and Hal McIntyre (M-G-M) play the new "My, How the Time Goes By."

FUN AND FANCY FREE: Spearheading the rash of records caused by this latest Disney feature is Capitol's album "Mickey and the Beanstalk" with Johnny Mercer as narrator and our old cartoon friends, *Donald*, *Mickey*, and *Goofy*, helping him out. Gene Krupa (Columbia), The Dinning Sisters (Capitol), and Phil Harris (Victor), groove the title tune. Louis Prima (Victor) and The Modernaires (Columbia) swing out the slap-happy "Say It with a Slap" while Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M) prefer the dreamy ballad, "Lazy Countryside."

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Bach dominates the serious music releases this month, with Victor responsible for the unusual album featuring violinist Jascha Heifetz playing both solo parts of the Concerto In D Minor, Columbia issuing the master's sacred arias reverently sung by contralto Carol Brice, and The Pittsburgh Symphony's capable treatment of the composer's Suite No. 2 for flute and strings. Reiner conducts and Sebastian Caratelli is the flutist... Debussy's fragile Sonata No. 2 for flute, viola and harp, effectively performed by Milton Katims, John Wummer and Laura Newell, is another Columbia album for discriminating music-lovers... A record event is Victor's Wagnerian program directed by Arturo Toscanini with the NBC Symphony playing the stirring Ride of the Valkyries, Siegfried Idyll and a Faust Overture... If you like French tenors, Raoul Jobin should suit you with his Columbia collection of arias from French operas... Another in Victor's Heritage re-issue of classics of another day, is the 1907 dishing of Schumann-Heink singing Donizetti's "Brindisi."

Can This Be Love?

(Continued from page 47) at nine. That's too far for too little unless you think you're in love. Or isn't it?

It seems that almost the day after anyone gets a divorce or separation in Hollywood these days, he or she immediately falls in love with someone else. And real love, as I've had the happiness to know it, doesn't happen like that.

But in Hollywood, apparently, even love is different. Take Lana Turner and Tyrone Power, for instance. This fall while Ty was still married to Annabella, he and Lana threw a joint super-duper party at Mocambo with Lana named as hostess and Ty as host on the invitational telegrams! And Danny Kaye had barely moved out of his wife's house before columnists and radio reporters predicted that his next wife would be Eve Arden! And even Greer Garson. The day after she filed suit to divorce Richard Ney, Greer was having a cozy dinner in public with George Sanders!

BUT to get back to Hedy and Mark. In trying to understand their romantic interlude you should first ask two questions. Is Mark star-struck? And was Hedy unconsciously using Mark to get out of the doldrums caused by the break-up of her marriage with Loder?

I've never seen a girl so mixed up in all my years in Hollywood as Hedy was following her separation and divorce from John. It wasn't until Mark Stevens came into her life again that she snapped out of what ailed her and became the old Hedy I used to know.

Hedy and Mark first met back in 1942. Hedy Lamarr, the great beauty and star, had been loaned to Warner Brothers by Metro, to star for them in "The Conspirators." And while she was at the studio she met two men who were to become very important in her life; John Loder who had a role in a movie on the sound stage next door, "Passage to Marseilles," and Mark Stevens who had a bit in the same picture.

I remember Hedy describing that first meeting with Mark. "He was in a corner of the sound stage and no one was taking the slightest notice of him." Except Hedy. Moved by compassion—or admiration—Mark was wearing a naval uniform and it suited him—Hedy singled him out from everyone else on the set and talked to him. She talked about his ambition to be a good actor. And she encouraged him to believe in himself. You can imagine the effect this would have on a movie newcomer. Here was the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and a famous actress to boot, talking to a nonentity called Steve Richards! He worshipped her there and then.

Hedy was not married. Neither was Mark but he didn't ask for a date. In Hollywood that isn't done. A bit player calling a star for a date! Too presumptuous.

And that was where Mark made a mistake because Hedy liked him—and perhaps more important, she believed in him as an actor. And when Hedy made "Experiment Perilous" she marched to the front office and demanded Mark for a big part in the picture with her. Warners refused to loan him. And shortly afterwards Mark bought off his contract. He was free matrimonially too, then. But Hedy wasn't. The meeting with John Loder at Warners had developed into love and they had been married. Not long after, Mark married Annette Hayes. And that seemed to be that.

But it wasn't quite. Even though she was—at that time—happy with Loder, Hedy, when she co-produced her own

New RCA Victor Records... "The PICK OF THE POPS!"

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Here's a brand-new album of records by the original Miller band: *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, *Perfidia*, *Runnin' Wild*, *Bugle Call Rag*, *Missouri Waltz*, *Pavanne*, others. P-189, \$3.15.

SAMMY KAYE!

Swing and sway to eight "Year Round Favorites," including *Easter Parade*, *April Showers*, *Summertime*, *Indian Summer*, *September Song*, *White Christmas*. Album P-184, \$3.15.



BERYL DAVIS!

The lovely new English star sings *Pass that Peace Pipe* and *The Best Things in Life are Free*. You'll go for Beryl's voice—soft, sweet and sultry. Record 20-2483, 60¢.

"The Student Prince" Album—Al Gaadman and his Orchestra. Includes *Deep in My Heart*, *Dear*, *Just We Two*, *Serenade*, *Student's March Song*, others. All-star cast. K-8 (P-180), \$3.75

"New Orleans Jazz"—Irving Fazala and his Dixieland Band. Eight selections. HJ-12, \$3.75.

Freddy Martin and his Orch.: *Hara Staccato* and *On the Santa Claus Express*. 20-2476, 60¢.

Tony Martin: *The Christmas Song* (Merry Christmas to You) and *Begin the Beguine*. With Earle Hagen and his Orch. Record 20-2478, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: *Hand in Hand* and *Santa Claus for President*. RCA Victor Record 20-2482, 60¢.

Charlie Spivak and his Orchestra: *Tennessee and —And Mimi*. Record 20-2422, 60¢. Prices are suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.

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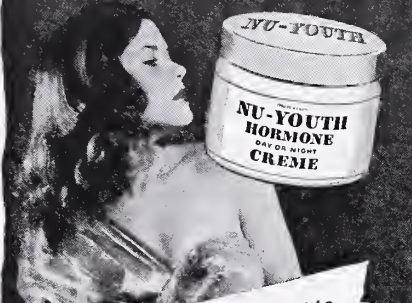
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movie, "Dishonored Lady," remembered Mark and again tried to borrow him for the most important man's part in the picture—to play the one man she loved. But now Twentieth Century-Fox refused to loan Mark—he was under contract there at the time and Hedy signed Dennis O'Keefe instead. Perhaps it was just as well because Loder also had a big role in the picture as Hedy's wealthy admirer, and the man she hated most. Soon enough both Hedy and Mark separated from their mates and got together anyhow.

However, to the direct question "When are you getting a divorce?" Mark always replied, "I don't know, nothing has been arranged." Still when Hedy returned to town this state of affairs didn't deter him from being the first man up the steps to the plane, and in full view of every reporter and photographer, he and Hedy put on a love scene better than any either of them have ever done in their pictures!

It was this lack of reticence in their romance, of course, that made everyone wonder whether it was on the level. When people are really in love, do they pose all over the place gazing into each other's eyes?

As Hedy and Mark did at Lake Tahoe, for instance. Even when they played golf they posed for caddies or anyone else with cameras. Whoever wanted to snap their picture could do so. And as you can see on these pages, Mark was delighted to have his picture taken with Hedy at her Beverly Hills home.

Mark's studio did not like the resultant publicity. Neither did Annelle Stevens, as apparently she was prepared to change the suit for separate maintenance to one for complete divorce. "It's no good," Mark's friends told him. "You have your baby to think about. Put a stop to this before it goes so far you can't stop it."

At last Mark listened and the reconciliation took place.

But Mark did not return to his home with Annelle. Instead he went into the hospital with a nervous breakdown. Annelle visited him every day.

Meanwhile, Mark has signed over all his present property and all future earnings to his wife, but has decided not to return home until he completes shooting on his picture, "A Street with No Name," on location in Washington, D. C.

A reporter gets a little confused in Hollywood. And so would you if you had listened as I have to stars ecstasizing over a new romance and saying "This is it" and the next day marrying someone else.

Like Hedy and Mark. For, the day before he went home to Annelle, he and Hedy, holding hands, were in a trance at the Coronet. Yet in the same hour that he and Annelle reconciled Hedy said, calmly: "I talked to Mrs. Stevens on the telephone. She seems to be a lovely woman. She and Mark have a baby. I told Mark I thought he should try to save the marriage."

Can this be love? It's so confusing!
THE END

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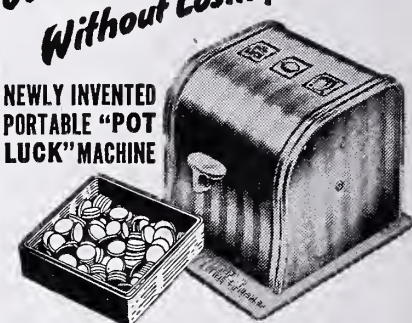
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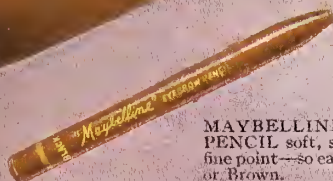
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